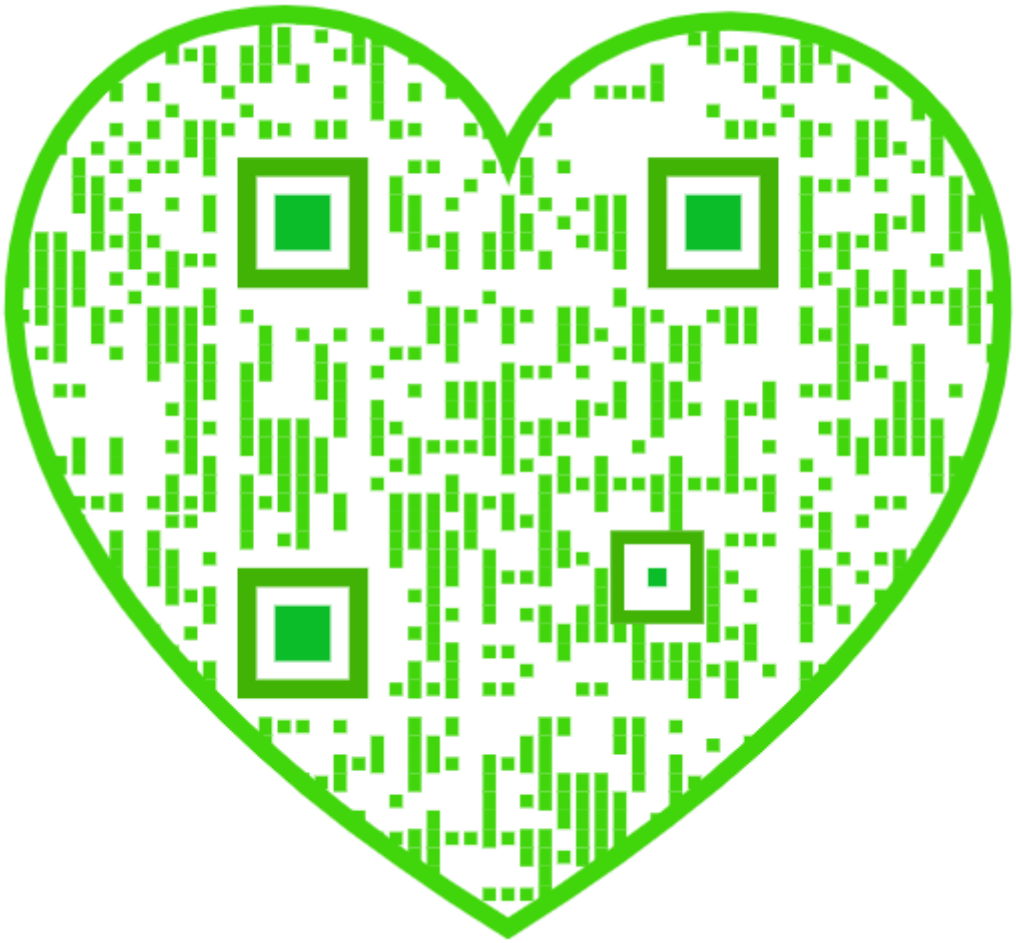
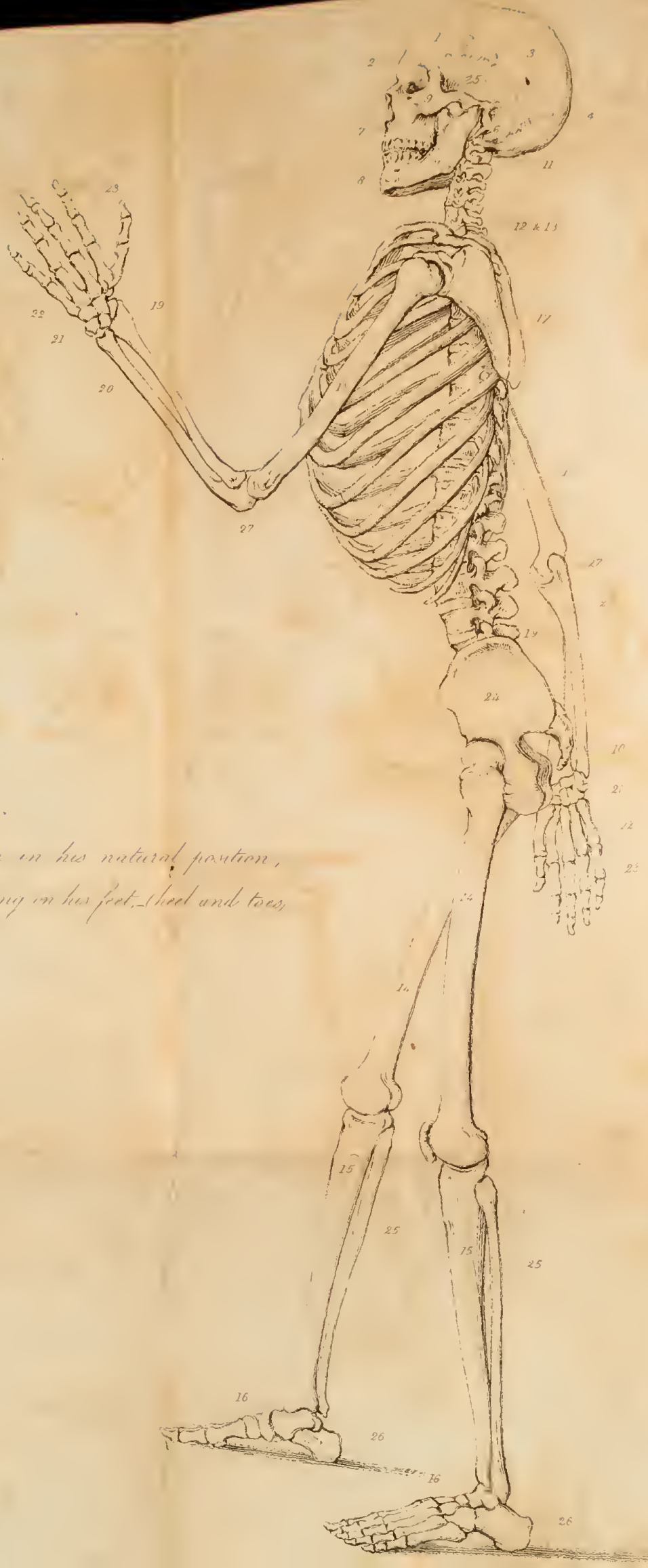


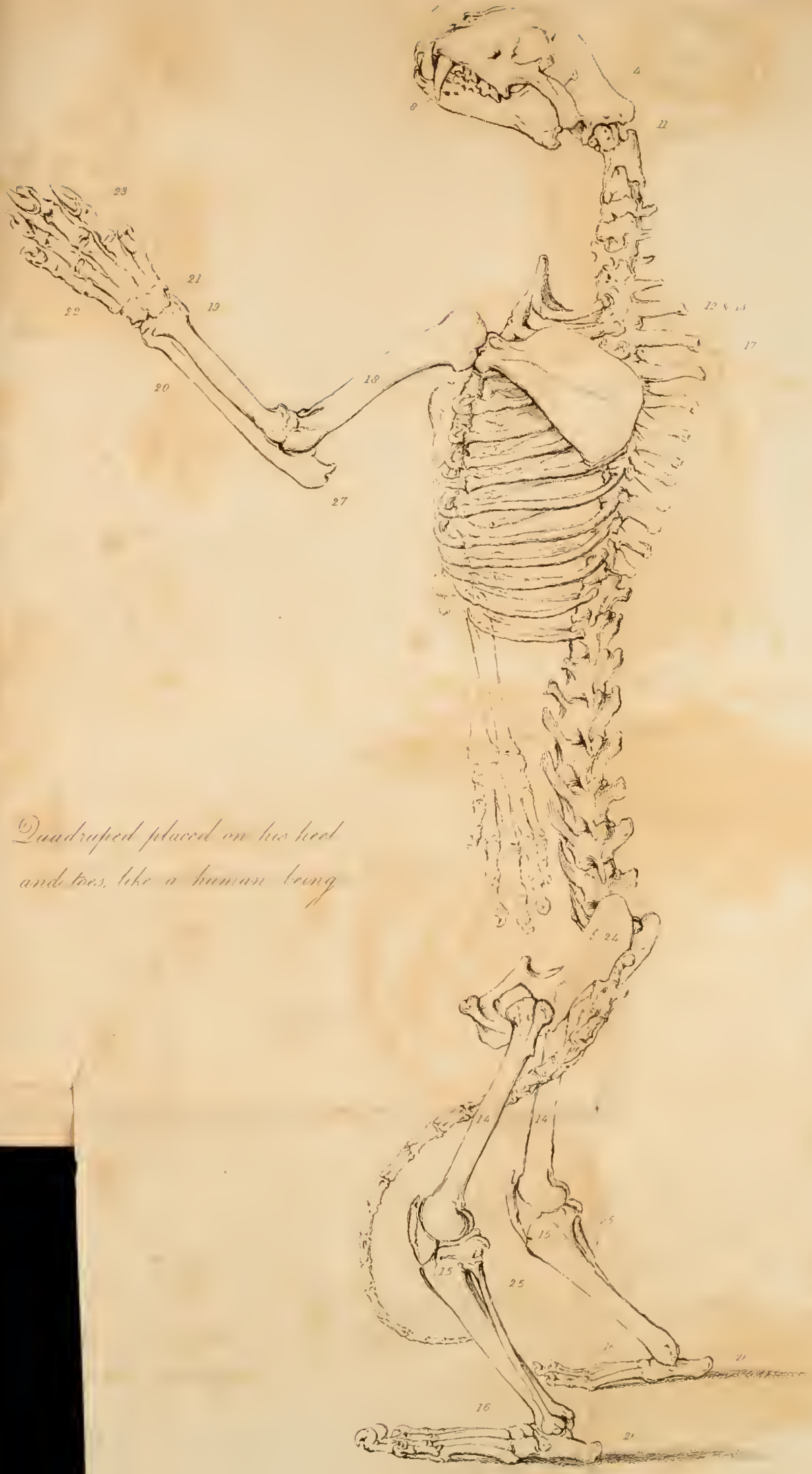
LECTURES

ON

PAINTING AND DESIGN.



Man in his natural position,
standing on his feet, heel and toes.



A Quadruped placed on his head and toes, like a human being

LECTURES

ON

PAINTING AND DESIGN:

ORIGIN OF THE ART—
ANATOMY THE BASIS OF DRAWING—THE SKELETON—
THE MUSCLES OF MAN AND QUADRUPED—
STANDARD FIGURE—
COMPOSITION—COLOUR—ANCIENTS AND MODERNS—INVENTION.

BY

B. R. HAYDON,

HISTORICAL PAINTER.

WITH DESIGNS DRAWN BY HIMSELF ON THE WOOD,

AND ENGRAVED BY EDWARD EVANS.

"And I now see how superior painting from nature is above every thing that our imagination, assisted by our memory, can conceive."

David Wilkie, aged 18, *Aug.* 22, 1804—*Extract from a letter to a friend of his youth, Thomas Macdonald.*

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1844.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY MANNING AND MASON, IVY-LANE, ST. PAUL'S.

DEDICATED

TO

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,

THE POET,

WITH AFFECTION, RESPECT, AND ADMIRATION,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

London, September, 1844.

PREFACE.

FINDING in early life, the great want of a concise course of anatomical investigation by a painter, and fit only for a painter's use, I have endeavoured in these lectures to supply that deficiency, taking John Bell's admirable work on the bones and muscles as my guide, and adding all I had ascertained from dissection and reference to the antique, rejecting what belongs exclusively to the surgeon, and omitting no internal muscle which affects the external shape. It is hoped the student will be pleased to have his road shortened; for, although my own pupils have always had the advantage of this method, it is only now for the first time placed before the public.

As the lectures are arranged, the amateur may go at once from the first lecture to the fourth; for what is generally stated in the first, is summed up in the fourth, *i.e.* if he dislike to go through the second and third, however interesting: not so the student in art; the course laid down for him is the regular course of all students who wish to master the elements of conveying thought

by the imitation of things, and no one lecture, nor any part of any lecture, must be neglected, from beginning to end. I consider every reader, as I considered every individual of each audience, a pupil, who comes for the information required to understand the art, either as an intellectual pleasure or a practical profession.

It is here supposed that every reader is ignorant of the subject: he is taken by the hand, he begins at the beginning, he goes through step by step; and if he will studiously read every lecture, and not go to another till he know and comprehend the preceding one, and put in practice what he learns, I promise faithfully to bring him to that delightful reward for all his anxieties at last,—"a hand and eye obedient to his conception."

I need not intrude on the reader the heart-beating anxiety with which I delivered my first lecture at the Mechanics' Institution, September 1835. From the oppression of the authorities in art, without any cause, and my subsequent resistance and opposition to them, I had brought on myself the enmity of all those who hoped to advance in life by their patronage; loss of employment, from their continual calumny, brought loss of income; the rich advanced loans to finish great works, they were persuaded by the authorities not to purchase; the usual consequences of debt and incompetency followed; and perhaps no man ever appeared before a public assembly with such a load of unjust accu-

sation, abominable falsehood, or determined opposition, as I did on that night. I knew that my principles, my motives, my character, would bear the strictest scrutiny, and I gloried in the air of defiance with which I was watched; as I proceeded, the applause increased, and I concluded my lecture amidst such a burst of enthusiasm as had not often been witnessed on art. Before this, I had endeavoured to found a school on the principles of the Old Masters. Eastlake was my first pupil: I watched and guided his progress with the affection of a brother, in his drawing, dissection, and painting. The Landseers, Lance, Harvey, Prentice, Chatfield, followed; but the authorities considered a school on the principles of dissection and drawing inconsistent with their dignity, and the plan went to the earth, overwhelmed by their ridicule, oppression, and abuse, in the general ruin of my affairs.

These lectures have been given to all classes, without the suppression of a single thought, or the concealment of a single principle; and why have they been successful?—because they are honest. Let a man speak what he believes to be the truth, let him speak it as if he was sincere, all parties will hail him. My object was to implant sound principles of High Art in the public mind; that was my calling, and I can answer to my conscience I fearlessly obeyed the impulse. I now publish them to the world, and hope they will be suc-

cessful. I feel a pleasure in Messrs. Longman being the publishers, and if the first series be approved, the second shall immediately follow.

To Edinburgh and Liverpool, and to the different audiences of Manchester, Birmingham, Bath, Leeds, Leicester, Newcastle, and Warrington; to the London Institution, the Royal Institution Albemarle-street, and to the University of Oxford,—I return my grateful thanks; but it is natural I should particularly remember *that* institution which first gave me the opportunity so eagerly desired by me, and so long and pertinaciously denied me in London. However, I have lived to see all began which I left my father's house to accomplish, and I shall yet live to see British High Art acknowledged by the world.

B. R. HAYDON.

London, 14, *Burwood Place*,
August 29, 1844.

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ERRATA.

Page 27, line 10, *for* "μερι," *read* "περι."
— 128, — 14, *for* "No. 1, B. B." *read* "A. A."
— 267, — 7, (*note*), *for* "madidus si," *read* "madidus sit."
— 319, — 7, *for* "men," *read* "man."
— 331, — 2, *for* "grandness," *read* "gaudiness,"

HAYDON'S LECTURES ON PAINTING.

LECTURE I.

Genius gifted, not acquired—No dating the Origin of Art—Basis of all Design, the Human Figure—Necessity of a Standard Form of Man; how to ascertain it, by placing a Quadruped on his two Heels and Toes like a Human Being, and ascertaining by Comparison what is peculiarly Human and what Brutal—Reference to the Elgin Marbles and Antique in Evidence of the System—Neglect of Drawing in the English School—Art stopped by Reformation and Civil Wars—Public Patronage ceased—Anatomy, basis of Drawing—Question if Greek Artists dissected—Collateral Evidence they did—British Deficiency Accidental, not Natural—Causes—Prospects of Art—Conclusion.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

There is an anecdote related of Garrick, which is not at all inapplicable at the present moment. Garrick was subpœnaed on Baretti's trial; when he appeared before the court, though he had for thirty years been in the habit of speaking with the greatest self-possession in the presence of thousands, yet the instant he appeared in an unusual situation he became so perplexed and confused, that he was actually sent from the witness-box by the judge, as a man from whom no evidence could be gotten!

If this were the case with one who had obtained his immortal reputation by public appearance, how much

more likely is it to be so with another who, for thirty-one years, has lived in the solitude of his study, and who now for the first time, after many humiliations and great variety of fortune, ventures to intrude on an assembly so keen and intelligent.

What he may, however, want in experience, he will endeavour to make up by honesty of purpose; what in self-possession, by an unflinching, impaling, and merciless research for truth; and when he has done, he earnestly hopes he may not deserve to be sent from the box, as a witness from whom no evidence could be gotten.

The foundation of the production of all excellence in art or science is the possession of genius. There is no faculty of the mind about the nature of which there have been such fierce disputes. Some asserting that education and external impression have more to do with difference in men, intellectually and physically, than inherent gifted powers of mind or body. Others, "that the bounteous gift which nature sews up in us" is alone genius, and that education or accident have no effect; while there are many, and illustrious men among them, who believe that genius is nothing more than the result of a strong, general capacity of mind, without any predominant predilection; and while, at the same time, one species of accidental impression might have induced a man to develope his powers of mind in painting, another sort of accidental impression might have made the same man a poet, a musician, a mathematician, a mechanic, or a warrior. Reynolds, in his beautiful Discourses, has said, "If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency."

This is certainly a most seducing doctrine; but as likely to lead virtuous young men to misery and a mad-house as to happiness and reputation. Reynolds' Discourses are perpetually contradicting themselves on this very faculty.

If you take them as a code of consistent laws developed on one principle, they are inconsistent; for not only on genius, but on many other great points they are contradictory; but if you take them as separate discourses, delivered at separate periods to the same men, who were first infants in art, then became youths, and required other nourishment, and lastly grew to men, and could venture on substantial food, nothing can be better adapted for the gradual progress of mind in painting than these exquisite productions.

If you have great genius, industry only can prove it; but if you have not, industry, though it may increase by practice the powers of your mind and hand, will certainly never supply the original deficiency of nature. Though there can be no question that idleness and immorality, though ever so highly gifted, will never accomplish so much good as virtue and industry, however humble the talent may be that accompanies them; yet, if circumstances and labour make all the difference in men, allow me to ask if you believe that any circumstances or any education would have made Johnson's Boswell Alexander the Great, or Tiberius the benevolent Howard? Industry will improve mediocrity, but never elevate mediocrity to power.

What is every man who instructs in the art, thoroughly convinced of? It is this,—what is teachable, he can teach; what depends on organization of eye or power of mind, *he cannot supply*. He can teach to draw,

decently; he can teach to compose, fairly; but he can no more give susceptibility for colour to the brain through the eye, than Mozart could by teaching bestow a susceptibility to sound, where the brain through the ear was defective: he cannot teach expression of the passions; he can teach no man how to invent.

The theory of Reynolds was the theory of the Johnsonian period, though Burke was a living thunderbolt of refutation. Johnson said genius was nothing but a mind of large general powers *accidentally* determined to some particular object,—and Mad^e^ de Staël, in Corinne, that genius was only the ordinary faculties of us all, carried to a greater pitch of refinement than most men possess them. But neither theories go far enough,—neither theory will account for inherent predilections, which fathers, mothers, and nurses, know to exist in children, and which accident, by inflaming, developes with furious power. It appears to me, that *genius* for either poetry, painting, music, mathematics, or war, is undoubtedly dependent on a mind of great general powers for its development, but with the addition of such intense susceptibility to receive impressions through the senses on the brain from one particular thing, as instantly to excite the powers of the understanding to assist in the development of that particular susceptibility.

Reynolds has said, you must have no dependence on your own genius! Was this the feeling of Alexander, when he embarked for Asia? Columbus, when he sailed for America? Napoleon, when he invaded Italy? Wellington, when he defended Portugal? Michael Angelo, when he painted the Capella Sistina (though he had never painted in fresco before); Raffaelle, when

he entered the Vatican; or Phidias, when he adorned the Parthenon? Certainly not; nothing but dependence on their own genius could have produced the great results which followed their efforts,—the consciousness of power is not the impudence of conceit; and no men are more aware of the weaknesses of human nature than such men as I have alluded to; they know whatever their genius may be, nothing but the most incessant industry can develope it; they know well, however high their heads may tower in the clouds, their feet must rest upon the earth, with all its imperfections, if they wish to excite human sympathies.

Sir Joshua again adds, "I am convinced that assiduity unabated by difficulty, and a disposition eagerly directed in the pursuit, will produce results, which some call the effect of natural powers;" and yet he acknowledges after, "that Carlo Maratti did all that industry could do, but that he *wanted strength of parts*, in which men are certainly not equal, a want that cannot be supplied!" (Discourse VI.) And again in the same discourse he says, "If a man have not the powers of using the materials of invention, it must proceed from a *feebleness of intellect!*"

Can any of you wish a more palpable refutation of Reynolds' own favourite theory, than the quotations from himself? If inherent predilection, susceptibility, or organization of mind, are nothing, you must believe that if the apple which fell on Newton's head had fallen on Titian's, it would in all probability have produced the same result! Now we are all convinced it *would not* and could not have done so; we are all convinced Titian would have taken up the apple, and studied its sun-burnt beauty of colour, while to Newton's

inherent organization of mind the fall suggested the great principle of *gravitation!*

Whilst I presume thus to express the principle on which I ground my conviction of the hopelessness of pursuing any great object in art or science under the idea that any industry will supply the deficiencies of nature, yet wherever talent does exist, and indisputable evidence has been given of its existence, in the humblest amongst us, or in the highest, it is the duty of government, the rich, and the Sovereign, to afford it every assistance.

One of the most absurd laws in Athens, was the prohibiting the exercise of the fine arts to any but free-born men. As if any man ought to have been considered unworthy to exercise any powers of mind, by any law of any creatures who like himself were obliged to eat and sleep to keep up existence, if the Almighty God had not thought him unworthy of his gifts! On this delightful principle, what would have become of the Fables of Æsop, or the Comedies of Terence? both of whom were slaves.

Having thus cleared the way, by laying down the principle of my belief, viz. that genius is a *natural* and not an *acquired* power, which accident developes, but cannot *create*, I shall not plague you or myself with a useless discussion as to where the arts first had origin, whether in India or Egypt, Italy or Greece, before the Flood or after the building of Babel: according to my principle, the very first man born, after the Creation, with such a peculiar and intense sensibility to receive impressions through the eye, on the brain, of the beauty of colour, light and shadow, and form, so as to be irresistibly impelled in his earliest childhood to attempt

the imitation of what he saw and felt by lines and colours to convey his innocent thoughts and combinations, in him originated PAINTING!

The very first man who felt more deeply than colour or effect, the beauty of form as an actual substance, and set about imitating what he saw by substance itself, in him originated SCULPTURE.

The very first man again, who received more strongly than either colour or substance, the impressions of sound, in him originated MUSIC.

And lastly, the very first man whose recipient susceptibility to the beauty of form, colour, substance, or sound, was not adapted to receive such exclusive impressions from either, as to be propelled to convey his intellectual associations by their positive imitation; but whose expansive powers preferred words as the most subtle conveyers of thoughts excited by the impressions of things, with all their infinite varieties and shades of difference, past, present, and future, moral and physical, and gave vent to his immortal impressions in measured cadence, in him originated POETRY.

Coleridge said painting was a something between a thought and a thing. This is not enough. Painting is the art of conveying thoughts by the imitation of things. Painting conveys ideas by form, colour, and light and shadow; but colour, and light and shadow, can do little without form: an exact knowledge of the forms of things, in their essence, cleared from all consequences of accident or disease, is therefore the great basis of conveying ideas clearly; and the power of representing things exactly as they are, constitutes the painter in domestic art; while that of restoring them to what they were at creation, constitutes the great

painter in high art. As colour, and light and shadow, can do little but express a mysterious sentiment, *form* is the basis of all art; and a deep knowledge of the human form, the basis of the knowledge of the forms of all other objects in nature; and a power of drawing the human figure, as it ought to be drawn, the foundation of the power of imitating every thing else a painter requires to use, as an instrument to convey thinking.

You must all be aware that in England, since the Reformation, from the art being entirely left to pursue its own course, depending on the patronage of liberal individuals, this great leading doctrine of all the great schools abroad, has been almost entirely neglected. Such was the absurd sophistry with which men defended their inexcusable ignorance, that once in argument it was maintained against me that the English School ought to draw badly, because every school had a character, and this was the known character of the English school! According to this delightful principle there is hardly a vice morally, or a defect physically, which ought not to exist as a distinction of character! If a man is disposed to murder, don't disturb him! it is a bit of character; men would be all alike if it were not for these distinctions! Thieving is but an enviable variety among human propensities, and falsehood but an agreeable deviation from the main and tedious road of truth! So of the English school: you would not have it draw finely, would you? all other schools draw finely, why should not the English school be indulged in its infantine desire to be distinguished by drawing ill? why should all schools be alike? why should the imitation of heads, arms, body, legs and feet, and hands, be like their prototypes? why should they be correct?

Is it not better, more various, more original, to paint the breast of a man so delightfully as not to know it from his back? to draw a leg like a nine-pin, and a knee like a kidney-potatoe—surely! Our manufactures to be sure suffer, however indestructible their material, by comparison with the manufactures of France, whose schools make a point of drawing finely, and of educating artists and artizans alike at first. But what of that? what have manufactures to do with the greatness, the wealth, or the intellect of a country? we all know —nothing.

We said before, *ignorance* of form in manufacture is an agreeable variety in the national character; so to keep it up, let us still continue ignorant of form; but as we differ from those lazy sophists who lay down a principle as a sound one, when it is only to excuse their own incapacity and indolence, so we know that we have but to add the great principle, viz., that a knowledge of the human figure in art and manufacture is the basis of all superiority, to our inherent, original, powerful, and various genius, to place us where we shall be, in due time, at the head of all the schools of art in the world, we will not agree with these supporters of error. What has been the cause of this almost general ignorance in English art of the construction of every object represented, with some eminent exceptions? it proceeds entirely from the manner in which English artists get money before they get knowledge. If they have no independence, they are compelled to it; because what is the first impression on the mind of any man disposed to patronize a young painter? Let his genius be what it will for high art, for landscape, or for animals, is it not to give him employment to paint himself or the family he loves?

The consequence is, a young man, the moment he finds plenty of money rewarding his efforts to please his friends, is not very likely to turn back and devote two years to acquire a knowledge of form, or the essential requisites of fine drawing.

Let us suppose that any of us have—as many of us have—a little darling fond of drawing; well, he draws the candlestick on the table and the snuffers in the stand, and papa perceives it is meant for the snuffers and the candlestick, so do mamma, sister Mary, and brother Frederick! Papa says, "try to draw mamma, my darling!" My darling tries, and wonderful to relate, it is pronounced by all the family *very* like mamma about the nose and eyes, but not so like about the mouth and chin. While some, with vast profundity, affirm there is *a* something yet to do, too deep for explanation. Our darling is a great genius of course! he tries papa's friends, and his little cousins; gets plenty to do, grows a fine boy, raises his price, and gets a deal more! He comes to London—money rolls in—he paints a lucky hit of a Lord Chief Justice, a native of his town—a house is taken—a gallery built!—generals and admirals—lords and ladies—dowagers and beauties, crowd his rooms, and there is something so exquisitely delightful in this successful interchange of sympathies, that can you wonder our hero looks with contempt on Michael Angelo, who spent twelve years in dissection—while *he*, our little darling, has jumped into rank and fortune without dissecting at all!

Our darling at last becomes a great man (for there is nothing excites the gratitude of a human being so much as being successfully painted); ridicules high art at the tables of the nobility, quizzes the poverty of its

professors to their wives, blights by a sneer every feeling for its public encouragement at a minister's inquiry; saves an enormous fortune, and wonders why anybody can have the impudence to say there is no encouragement for historical painting.

I appeal to your common sense if this be exaggeration, if this be not true to the very letter, and if this species of artists have not had all the power and all the opulence for seventy years, till they have reduced high art to its present condition. But for such a system, could I have seen such an advertisement as I will now read, taken from a powerful weekly newspaper, (*Examiner*, July 3, 1831, p. 432).

"To Parents and Guardians.—An artist, with an increasing business, wishes to take a pupil.—N. B. One practised in drawing would be *preferred*." So that if he could not have drawn, he would not have been *refused!* Now, gentlemen, to illustrate the absurdity, the melancholy absurdity of such a state of art, let us change the object; let us imagine in a literary institution, a literary gentleman is necessary; what would you say, if your Committee were to advertise as follows:—

To Parents and Guardians.—Wanted, a gentleman, as an assistant librarian.—N. B. One practised in spelling would be preferred! Be assured, spelling in literature, is drawing in art; and in no country but in England could such a disgrace have appeared in the journals as I have just quoted. This melancholy state of things is fast ending, because there is an evident conviction from late continental intercourse, that it is too ridiculous to be permitted to last any longer; a man has no more right to intrude on society as a painter who cannot draw, any more than a literary man who

cannot spell, or a surgeon to cut off a leg, who has never dissected.

Do you suppose such an appeal could ever have existed in ancient Athens, or in Rome, in the fifteenth century? or in any other country but England, now existing on earth? Never. Do you then any longer wonder at the general ignorance always apparent in an English Exhibition, of the construction of every thing represented from a hero to a vegetable? Do you wonder any longer that our Exhibition is like a story told by a giant of great genius, struggling to convey his meaning in a language while he is ignorant of the grammar? It is impossible that a people so thinking as the English could be an exception in their mode of proceeding with the arts to their system in every thing else they undertake, but from some peculiar and overwhelming cause.

If they build a house, they never begin at the attic; they always lay a keel first, before they build a ship! In commerce, in philosophy, in politics, in science, in poetry, they have proceeded on the principle of beginning at the right end; but in art, they give every year indisputable evidence of genius, as well as proof that their mode of conveying their thoughts has been founded totally on the wrong one.

The local cause of this strange condition was, first, the Reformation in Religion, and, second, the Civil War, which threw the art off its balance, and left it to individual caprice, by depriving it of its public patronage as an engine of state; and nothing can restore design to a healthy condition, but a hearty conviction of our existing deficiencies, and an unflinching determination to root out and remedy our singular defects.

The first great step in the reform of design, as applied to art and manufacture, is to be assured that the human figure is the basis of all drawing, and then to settle on such principles as cannot be shaken, a lasting and imperishable standard of the form of the most gifted being on earth, viz. man, and to ascertain what are his physical superiorities as a species, and what are his mental, as expressed by his physical figure; so that the principle may be comprehended and adopted as a leading basis for the use of all those who devote themselves to sculpture and painting, either as tutors or students. Secrets should be banished from art, as they have long been from science; be assured, if all men were always to tell all they know, if rule and principle were daily increased, still there would be something unknown and untouched, to be discovered by genius, while nature continued to shine with her accustomed splendour; and, as Reynolds says, I venture to intrude the following principles of my own practice with diffidence, and when better are suggested, shall withdraw them without regret.

Many years ago, whilst dissecting a lion, in my early youth, I was amazingly impressed with its similarity as well as its difference in muscular and bone construction to the human figure.

It was evident the lion was but a modification of the human being, varied in organic construction and muscular arrangement, only where it was necessary he should be, that his bodily powers might suit his instincts, his propensities, his appetites, and his lower degree of reasoning power.

On comparing the two, I found the human being stood erectly on two feet, the lion horizontally on four.

On placing the lion on his two hind feet, resting on the heel and toes like the human being,* I found he could not remain so; I found he had no power of grasping with his fore-paws (answering to the human hand, and but a modification); I found he could not move his fore-paw arms right from the shoulder, nor his hind-feet limbs right from the hip; I found his feet flat, his body long, his brain diminished, his eyes *above* the centre of his head, his jaw immense, and vast muscle occupying that portion of the scull, to assist the action of the jaw, which is filled by brain in a human creature; I found his spine long, his pan-bone narrow, his inner ancle lower than the outer, his chest contracted, and his fore-arm as long as his upper-arm.

I put down these distinctions as points characteristic in head and figure of a brutal and unintellectual being.

I then examined the man: I found his power of grasping with his hand, by the action of his thumb, perfect; I found the motion of his arm free from the shoulder-joint, and his thighs free from the hip; I found his feet arched, his inner ancle the highest, his pan-bone large, which, by resistance to the action of the great extensor of the legs, increases their power, his eyes at the centre of his skull, his upper-arm longer than the fore-arm, his spine short, and his brain enormous.

I put down these distinctions as characteristic in face and figure of a superior and intellectual being.

These differences are facts—they were intentional, or accidental!—they were formed by the Creator, or they were not!—if they were as they were, there was

* See Plates, and compare the Skeletons.

reason in the differences, and that reason issued from the Creator's mind. Surely, then, it was justifiable to lay down a principle of form from ascertaining these distinctions. Full of delight, reference was at once made to the Metopes of the Temple of Theseus (which, being executed fifty years before the Parthenon, were more likely to develope system than the latter works from the Parthenon itself, where art is so exquisitely concealed); and all the points put down as characteristic of a perfect human figure, were so evident, as not to be mistaken; and both in the works of the Parthenon, executed by Phidias and his school, and in those of the Temple of Theseus, the principles of a standard figure were so distinct, that I will defy any artist to have developed them so systematically and so decidedly without intention and without knowledge.

Encouraged by such delightful confirmation, I came to the following conclusions: they have been my own guide for nearly thirty years, and I can recommend them as a sound and practical code for building a standard human being, which can be varied to suit the different characters and infinite differences of nature, according to the artist's particular want.

All objects, animate and inanimate, but principally men and brute animals, are the instruments of a painter and sculptor, as influenced by passion or intention, acting on feature or form, excited by some interesting object or some powerful event.

Man, being the principal vehicle of conveying ideas by his features and form; the *first* thing to ascertain is the immediate causes of his motion as a being directed by his will; the next, the great characteristic distinction of him as man, and as a species and an intellectual

being, distinguished from animals; and the last, which of these causes of motion are excited by any particular passion or intention.

We cannot ascertain, and never shall be able to do so, how an intention acts by the will on the muscular arrangement of the frame, any more than we can ascertain what vitality is,—we only know it by its consequences; and the duty of the great artist is to represent the consequences of an idea acting on the form and feature, on the parts which it does influence, and on the parts it does not, so truly, as to excite associations in the mind of the spectator of the very idea which has agitated the being represented.

The bones are the foundation of the form, and the muscles and the tendons the means by which he moves them, as his passions or intentions excite him.

Each particular passion will excite a given number of these means, and none more or less than are requisite; the rest will remain unexcited.

The bones, the things moved, and the muscles, the things moving, are all covered by skin; and the mechanism of the art is to express the passion or intention, and its consequences, by the muscles that are and those that are not influenced, and to shew the true effect of *both* acting *beneath* and shewing *above* the skin which covers them.

When the mind is thoroughly informed of the means *beneath* the skin, the eye instantly comprehends the *hint* above it; and when any passion is wanted to be expressed, the means and their consequences (if the artist be deeply qualified) will be as complete in form, and as true in effect, as nature, and the idea represented will be doubly effectual by the perfection of the means of representation.

If the character be a god, his feature and form must be built on these unalterable and eternal principles, for how can we represent a god but by elevating our own qualifications?

These are the principles then of a great Greek standard of figure, ascertained most carefully by comparing a brutal form with an intellectual form, and confirmed by a careful reference to the greatest Greek works existing—of the finest and the only perfect period of art in the world—by the greatest and only perfect artist the world ever saw—Phidias!

First—Select what is peculiarly human, in form, feature, and proportion.

Secondly—Ascertain the great causes of motion.

Thirdly—Remember the opposite contours of a limb can never be the same from inherent formation, nor of a body if the least inclined from the perpendicular.

And Fourthly—That the form of a part varies with its action or its repose, and that all action depends on the predominance of some of the causes of motion over the others.

The peculiar characteristics of a form which belongs exclusively to an intellectual being, and the causes of its motion, being ascertained, and none more or less being selected, for a given action; as external shape depends on internal organization, acting on external covering, the forms must be essential.

This is the standard of man's figure as a species, and the principle by which to estimate the period of all the works of antiquity; for, as the great works vary from neglect of this principle, they were executed either before it was ascertained, or have degenerated to some other system, less founded in nature, afterwards.

It is this union of nature with ideal beauty, the probabilities and accidents of bone, flesh, and tendon, from extension, flexion, gravitation, compression, action, or repose, that rank the Elgin marbles above all other works of art in the world.

The finest form that man ever imagined, or God ever created, must have been built on these eternal principles: the Elgin marbles have as completely overthrown the old antique, as ever one system of philosophy overthrew another. Were the Elgin marbles lost, there would be as great a gap in art as there would be in astronomy if Newton had never existed: they have thrown into light principles which could only have been discovered by the successive inspirations of great geniuses, if ever at all; because we have had what the Greeks had not, a false system to overthrow, and misplaced veneration and early impressions to root out.

In painting, they will destroy the absurd system, that all essential details, though the consequence of the nature of things, are incompatible with expression; as if colour were not more likely to detract from the power and truth of an expression, when it was neglected, than when it was beautiful and consistent with the feeling and expression to be conveyed. Every truth of shape, the result of the inherent organization of man as an intellectual being; every variation of that shape, produced by the slightest variation of motion, in consequence of the slightest variation of intention, acting on it; every result of repose on flesh as a soft substance, and on bone as a hard; every harmony of line in composition, on geometrical principle, proving the science of the artist; every beauty of conception proving his genius, and every grace of execution proving practice

had given power to his hand, can be proved to be combined in these productions. A celebrated Professor has said there is a difference of style in some of the Metopes: there is *no difference of style* throughout the whole collection; there is a *difference* of *execution*, because different pupils must have been employed; but they are all on the same great and grand style, to depart from which, in painting or sculpture, is to depart from the great principles of the Creator of man!

This great doctrine seems to be, to make every thing used as the instrument of thought in art, essentially, the perfection of its species; never to depart, for the sake of effect, from the natural and inherent characteristics of animal or man. A horse was essentially from the hand of Phidias, a horse; with his projecting eye, his flexible and breathing nostrils, his flat jaw, his restless lips! A bull was a natural bull; a dog, essentially a dog! Even down to his fish; for Martial says of his fish in an Epigram—

> Adde aquam et natabunt:
>
> *Add water and they will swim.*

Could there have been a more beautiful illustration of his art, or a higher compliment? The young men whom I now address, have no idea of the state of the art in the world when these works burst upon it.

Will they believe that neither Michael Angelo, nor Raffaelle, nor Julio Romano *dared* to represent a horse *as he naturally was?* Will they believe, they all *sunk* his eye; because, after Lysippus, it was thought to be poetical to give a horse the look of a human being!—was there ever such absurdity? And will they believe that all the historical painters of modern times, with

one exception (Northcote), when they painted a poetical horse, notwithstanding the noble horses of our own country, were so far held in awe, by the abominable productions of the degenerated ages of antiquity (after Alexander), that they feared to make a horse like a horse, because it was not poetical! A horse, with a human eye, is as much a monster as a man with a horse's eye. What I say of the horse was equally applicable to the human heroic figure of the same period of art; and from these chains of absurdity, and prejudice and ignorance of what was truly poetical, viz., nature *elevated*, but not *perverted*, the Elgin marbles have rescued us *for ever*.

The question will naturally now occur, how came this man and the Greeks to attain such perfection? Were they immortals? Were they free from disease, from passion, or from vice? No: they were men like ourselves, liable to fevers and to appetites; they were men not essentially handsome; for Cicero expresses his wonder at the plainness of the Athenians: but they were idolators in religion, and heroes in politics. Here was the great and secret stimulus; they painted a picture, or executed a statue, on a principle of religious enthusiasm, or patriotic gratitude: be assured, they were neither larger, handsomer, nor more intellectual than the moderns; they felt the same deficiencies, and they tried to supply them by the same means.

There must have been a time when a Greek was born as well as us; there must have been a time when the infant saw for the first time, and the boy thought for the first time. However keen and susceptible were Greek intellects, they had no additional faculties which we possess not.

Now comes the interesting question, what was the principle of such perfection? Michael Angelo, Da Vinci, Raffaelle, Rubens, Tintoretto, and Titian, dissected; did the Greeks dissect? or were they so superhuman, as to be able from mere quickness of eye, without the use of the understanding, to comprehend at a glance the endless varieties of a figure in action? were they to act on principle in every thing else but painting and sculpture? Could they have hinted at all at the hidden anatomical points of the tenderest female beauty, and yet be ignorant of the internal construction they have hinted at? It is a known fact, that the greatest Greek artists, Euphranor, Apelles, etc., wrote learned treatises on the art, which, according to this modern theory, must have been only the art they had gained by the eye, with little use of the powers of their understanding.

With all the acuteness of the Greeks, they never invented a government to compete with the British Constitution—here we have beat them in the face of the world; why should they be able to beat us in art, and yet be ignorant of its greatest and most essential foundation?

Genius is the basis of excellence; form, the basis of art; and dissection the basis of a knowledge of form; yet it must be told you, the most eminent scholars and surgeons do not believe that dissection of men was practised by the great Greek artists. No, says John Bell, they did not dissect, because the Gymnasium was open to them; no, says Sir Anthony Carlisle, they did not dissect, because their figures were all in repose. No, says Payne Knight, they did not dissect, because they never obtained anatomy; no, say the most eminent scholars, they did not dissect, because there is no allu-

sion to art and anatomy in their medical literature; no, say all, they could not have dissected, because—

First,—The body was held in sacred awe.

Secondly,—There were laws against dissection.

Thirdly,—Their poets speak of a dead body with a religious and delicate feeling.

To all which I reply. We hold a dead body in awe. Our poets speak of death most pathetically, allude to its violation with superstitious veneration, and imprecate the vengeance of heaven on all who trespass on the sanctuaries of the dead!

Among us, too, all must acknowledge there were laws of the severest nature, prohibiting the stealing bodies for dissection; and yet, we all know we did dissect, have dissected, and were dissecting—ay, at the very moment that the law was repealed. As to laws among the Greeks, where are they? No scholar can tell me; and if there be laws, does not the passing a law to prevent a crime presuppose its previous existence, from which society has suffered?

Besides, all the laws, all the superstition in the world, would not prevent men of genius pursuing their own course to knowledge,—we know it has not. We know that Vesalius, when a youth, in spite of the anathemas of the Holy Inquisition, seduced his brother pupils to follow him to a dark and blasted heath, to steal a dead body in chains on a gibbet; and that he alone, in a hideous storm of thunder, when deserted by all his friends, who took fright, did get to the gibbet, took down the body, and brought it into Padua, on his own glorious shoulders.

In my humble opinion, the ground of inference from the Greek poets, their laws, or the comparative ignor-

ance of their great medical men, Hippocrates, etc.* are not so strong as the stand which we can make, in defence of the supposition that the great Greek artists did dissect, on the ground of their glorious works before our daily eyes.

There you will never see anatomical knowledge exposed, not warranted by nature, and the particular action wanted;—*there* you will never see a muscle marked which ought to be invisible, or one invisible which ought to be seen;—*there* you will always see the deepest knowledge of nature and science, the one aiding, but never superseding the other; and then, because the Greeks have made a *real* use of their anatomical science, and did not obtrude it like Goltzius or John di Bologna, you infer they did not know it at all—reasonable deduction!

John Bell, in his Italian travels, says (page 107, vol. ii.), "In seeking to discover whether the ancients knew anatomy, the importance of the question as it relates to Statuary, is *not so much* to ascertain whether they had this knowledge, as whether it would have injured or improved their works, and in what degree an acquaintance with the science would be advantageous to a modern artist."

I beg leave to say it is quite the reverse. It is of the greatest consequence to ascertain whether the Greeks had sufficient knowledge of anatomy in art; because, if ascertained, a very solid and principal cause of their excellence is settled.

"What need had they of anatomy," says he, "who studied by a surer rule?" He means the mere habit of the eye. I reply in Mr. Bell's own words—"they used anatomy as a corrector, but no more."

* Which is not true.

To the moderns, Mr. Bell says, "Anatomy sparingly applied, is the best *substitute* for the exhibitions of the Circus." This is a mistake,—anatomy never was, to ancients or to moderns, a *substitute* for nature, *but an assistant,* and any artist who makes it a substitution, mistakes the *means* for *the end of art.*

Mr. Bell says the ancients did not know anatomy, yet he censures the Hercules and the Boxers *for too great an obtrusion of anatomy!* so that first the Greeks were ignorant of anatomy, and yet exactly in proportion as the internal construction was obtruded, where ignorance must have been apparent, did they display knowledge! obtrusive knowledge. Is this not absolute contradiction, or very like it?

Mr. Bell acknowledges Hippocrates dissected apes: this is a very near point to the knowledge of the construction of man. Will you believe any man of genius would stop at an ape?

Everybody talks of the Greeks as if they walked about *naked;* whereas, they had hats, boots, cloaks, shoes, and tunics! The great artists have taken the liberty, for the display of their art, to put them naked, in many situations, where it is known they never were so;—but to suppose they were always walking, talking, or riding, as we see them on vases, bas-reliefs, and in statues, is nearly as absurd as to assert we did so ourselves.

The other opposer of the utility of anatomy in painting was Sir Anthony Carlisle; he, like John Bell, argues on the abuse, and not the proper use, of the science: permit me to examine his grounds of denial, and in the end you will agree with me, they are not tenable or constant.

In 1807, July 4th, Carlisle wrote a paper in the *Artist*, a periodical on art at the time, wherein he says, "*minute* details of the human structure, so necessary in physic and surgery, are totally useless in historical painting and sculpture."

Of course minute details are; but because surgical details of parts never seen are useless to a painter, are details of parts always seen useless to a sculptor or painter, who express their thoughts by a representation of the visible parts of the human frame shaped by the action of the internal ones? Again, in his lectures at the Academy, he said, "it was a *curious fact*, that the old sculptors among the Greeks knew nothing of anatomy, *because* all the figures which had reached us are in comparative repose!"

Your imagination will immediately recal the indolent repose of the fighting Gladiator—the quiet sleep of the struggling Boxers—the Egyptian sedateness of the dancing Fawn—the unmoved serenity of the gasping Laocoon—the architectural stiffness of the Apollo--the motionless look of the Horses and Men on the Parthenon frieze and metopes, as well as those in the Ægina, Phygaleian, and Thesean marbles. Ridiculous! so far from being in repose, they are all in momentary muscular action; and let any surgeon point out, if he can, a single error in muscle or bone!

Besides, it must be obvious to common sense, that even if they were in repose, it would not require less knowledge to be correct, but more, because the parts are hardly visible, or at least as much knowledge as to mark the parts where violence obtrudes them on the eye.

Thus, the two assertions, that the Greek artists were ignorant of anatomy, because most of their figures are

in repose, and that figures in repose require less knowledge than figures in action, having been shewn to be unfounded, the conclusions drawn must fall to the ground.

Another antagonist, in specimens of ancient sculpture, published by the Dilletanti Society, sec. 76, says, "artists in modern times have oftener been mislead than benefited by anatomy; for the appearance of a body when dead, is so different from what it is when living, that it affords *but little information!*"

Will any man pretend to believe, that after tracing the origin and insertion of the muscles, the distinction between bone, tendon, and muscle, and then referring to life, to ascertain how the causes beneath the skin influence the shape above it, will afford but *little information?*

The abuse of anatomy is no argument against its use! If Michael Angelo, Bandinelli, and John di Bologna, sometimes paraded their anatomical science, Phidias never did; and therefore Phidias is as fair a specimen of its beauty as Goltzius is of its deformity. The mere practical experience of the eye, without the understanding is stored to assist the eye, will go very little way indeed.

The objections which have been made to the knowledge of the great Greek artists in anatomy, have been made by those who can argue on nothing but classical inferences; as if the inherent propensities of human beings, the trifles that set the greatest minds to work, the mode by which all minds have acquired knowledge from the beginning of the world to the present moment, and the works that the Greeks produced and which are now existing, were not as solid grounds for argument as classical conjecture.

It is urged that if Hippocrates, a medical man, gives no evidence of regular anatomical knowledge, why should the artists be so peculiarly endowed? Bear this in mind. The knowledge of an artist may be profound for him, but be very shallow as applied to the medical practitioner.

Our anatomical knowledge is a degree any mind can acquire, and the means of acquiring it would suggest itself to the simplest mind; and how comes it, if dissection were not practised, that Hippocrates, *περι οστεων φυσιος*, compares an internal part of a man with the same internal part of a dog, as to weight and size?—and I maintain that no artist but must have been bewildered, when studying in the Gymnasium, at the struggling, fighting, wrestling, pushing, and tumbling of the men, unless his mind had been previously stored, and his eye was guided by his understanding, with regard to what he must dwell upon, and look out for, as they wrestled.

Because the muscles are flaccid in death, an artist must be a very sensible one to make them so in a living being; and if he cannot *properly* avail himself of the treasures dissection opens to his practice, he had better relinquish all hopes of drawing.

Death makes no difference in tendons and bones, origins and insertions; the knowledge the great artist acquires by this sound process, he uses when he studies or watches a living figure breathing with vitality, flushed by action, and animated by thought.

We all know the ancients had leather like ourselves —how did they get it? I suppose from the skins of animals—animals were therefore skinned. Will it be asserted that Phidias and his pupils never saw an

animal skinned? Or will it be asserted that if they did, they could not perceive the whole muscular arrangement of animals laid open at once?

It must be granted, that it is more than probable they had seen horses, dogs, or both, in that situation—would not the association pass into their professional reflections that the parts of an animal under the skin had some effect on the living animal when his skin was on? Surely; and be certain that the first horse they saw galloping, after having observed the skinned one, they would observe, like men of genius, the parts in action *on* the skin which they had observed *beneath* it.

Is it not more than likely they would not rest with the knowledge of the structure of animals? Do you think it possible they would not comprehend the infinite advantage of applying the same principle to man? What if it were forbidden, by law, religion, or prejudice,—would these influence a man of genius in the depths of his study?—would that stop him from gratifying his burning thirst to advance the beauty and truth of the Divine art he was born to honour?—Never.

To recapitulate: The objections made against the knowledge of the Greeks on these points, are, first, that there were prohibitory laws; secondly, religious prejudices; and thirdly, that their medical books make no allusion to the art.

I reply, we have laws and prejudices; and few, if any, of our medical books allude to the connexion with art; yet we know they are connected; but what are these objections in comparison with the complete evidence of their illustrious works before our daily eyes: the knowledge *there* displayed could not have been the mere result of a practical and superficial eye.

The Theseus, Ilyssus, and Metopes, are unanswerable proofs to all practical men that the knowledge of the great Greek artist was something more, and that anatomical science to a certain degree, in conjunction with perpetual reference to nature, could alone have been the principle of such faultless perfection.

The most wonderful man of the last age was certainly Burke. On all matters of art he seems as if absolutely inspired by the spirit of Phidias. In his letters to Barry when in Italy, and in his letter to him under the anonymous signature of R. J. L., there are principles laid down for students, which cannot be too often repeated, and which ought to be graven in golden letters over the door of every school of design in Europe.

"Remember (says Burke, p. 87, vol. i.),* there is a great deal of mechanism in your art, in which, however, the distinctive part of the art consists, and *without which* the first ideas can only make a good critic, but not a painter. I confess I am not much desirous of your composing many pieces, for some time at least. Composition I do not value near so highly; but that *exquisite masterly drawing,* which is the glory of the great school where you are, has fallen to the lot of very few, perhaps to none in the present age, in its highest perfection. If I were to indulge a conjecture, I should attribute all that is called greatness of style and manner of drawing to this exact knowledge of the parts of the human body, of *anatomy* and perspective; for by knowing *exactly* and *habitually*, without the labour of particular thinking, what was to be done in every figure they designed, they attained a freedom and spirit of outline;

* Barry's Works, 2 vols. 4to.

because they could be daring without being absurd: whereas ignorance, if it be cautious, is poor and timid; if bold, only blindly presumptuous. This minute knowledge of anatomy, and practical as well as theoretical perspective, by which I mean to include foreshortening, is all the effect of labour and use in particular studies, and not in general compositions. Notwithstanding your *repugnance to handling of carcases, you ought to make the knife go with the pencil, and study anatomy in real, and if you can in frequent dissections.*"—This is Burke.

Again, page 53—"You must be an artist, and this you cannot be, but by *drawing with the last degree of noble correctness*—leave off sketching. Whatever you do, finish it; let me entreat that you will overcome that unfortunate delicacy that attends you, and that you will go through *a full course of anatomy, with the knife in your hand.* You will never be able thoroughly to supply the omission of this by any other method."

"Your distinction," he says, "between abstract ideal character and beauty and imitative art, is just; but I think you carry it too far when you depreciate the one to raise the other. So far from setting them at variance, it behoves every friend to the art to endeavour to evince the necessity of *uniting them;* without the power of combining and abstracting, the most *accurate knowledge* of forms will produce only uninteresting trifles; but *without an accurate knowledge of forms*, the most happy power of combining and abstracting will be *absolutely useless.*"

"The painter," says Burke, "who wishes to make his pictures (what fine pictures ought to be), *nature elevated and improved*, must first gain a perfect know-

ledge of nature as she is: before he makes men as they ought to be, he must know how to make them as they are; he must acquire an accurate knowledge of all the *parts* of *the body* and *countenance*. To know *anatomy* will be of little use, unless physiology and physiognomy are joined to it." Again—

"Works of real merit are produced by a laborious and accurate investigation of nature upon the principles observed by the Greeks—first, to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the common forms of nature, and then by selecting and combining, to form compositions according to their own elevated conceptions."

"This is the true principle of poetry and painting. Homer and Shakspere had perhaps never seen characters so strongly marked as Achilles and Lady Macbeth, and yet we feel those characters are drawn from nature; the *limbs* and *features* are those of common nature, but *elevated* and *improved!*"

"We are told," he says again, page 262, "many ancient artists bestowed their whole lives upon a single composition. We are not to suppose they employed themselves in chipping one block of marble, but that the greatest part of their time was employed in *studying nature*, particularly the vast and intricate branches of physiology and pathology, in order to enable them to execute perfectly the great works they had conceived."

"These sciences are in a manner *neglected by the moderns;* but the author of the Laocoon was as deeply skilled as Halle or Gaubius, and hence he has been able to give that consistency of expression which prevails through the whole body, from the face, through every *muscle*, to the ends of the toes and fingers."

Burke adds, "I was once told by a person who

had studied these branches, that every discovery he had made disclosed to him fresh beauties in that wonderful group of Laocoon, and to understand it thoroughly would require more knowledge of the human body than most of our anatomists attempt to know."

"It is not enough (he continues) to know the forms, position, and proportions of the constituent parts of the animal machine; but we should know the nice changes that are produced in them by the various affections of the mind, as grief, agony, rage, etc. Without this, we may produce splendid compositions and graceful figures, but we shall never produce that perfection at which the ancients arrived; a perfection to which I fear the constitution of modern society is an insurmountable object."

"Such a minister as Pericles might perhaps overcome it; but considering the present system of education (with no professors at the Universities, I add), it is scarcely possible that such a one should appear."

"To distinguish between *what is good* and what is *bad* falls to the lot of many; but to distinguish between what is *barely good* and what is *truly excellent* falls to the lot of *few;* and it very rarely happens that any of those few are *Kings* and *ministers*, who are able and willing to reward an artist for giving up his whole time to one object, which he must do, if he mean to make it truly excellent."

All these inimitable remarks are extracted from a letter written to Barry, by Burke (the greatest genius of the last age, violent as his passions were), not in leisure and peace, but when harassed by the turmoils of the Home Office, and, though distressed himself, was supporting Barry through his studies, by his own pecuniary aid. Mengs said, seventy years ago, we had

not the works of the Greeks, which they themselves esteemed the most; and had he lived to see the remains of the Parthenon, his conjecture would have been confirmed. It was a great proof of his critical sagacity.

Burke's great and admirable letter will, I trust, confirm the wavering and refute the doubting, as to the course of study amongst the ancient Greek artists; and I conclude this part of my subject with a quotation from Hippocrates, in favour of my theory, to which there is no reply. Though all the classical men I have consulted were not aware that any medical book contained any passage, establishing such connexion as anatomy and art. "But some say (says Hippocrates), both physicians and theorists, that it is impossible for a man to understand the medical art, who does not know what a man is, or how he is stuck together; but of these things, whatever is said by sophists or physicians, or is written about the nature of man (physically), *belongs less I think to the medical art, than to the art of design.** Chap. 36, de Vet. Medicina. Surely, then, if the great proof against the connexion of anatomy and

* Λέγουσι δι τινες καὶ ιητροι καὶ σοφισται, ὡς ουκ ἔστι δυνατὸν ιῆτρικὴν εἰδέναι οστις μὴ οἶδεν ὅτί ἐστιν ἄνθρωπος καὶ ὅπως ἐγένετο πρῶτον καὶ ὅπως συν, σπάγη. εγω δὲ τουτεων μεν οσα τινι ειρηται σοφιστῆ ἢ ιητρῶ ἢ γεγραπται περι φύσεος ησσον προσηκειν νομιξω τη ιῆτριχῆ τεχνη ἢ τῆ γραφικη.

Quoted by Emeric David, in his Prize Essay on Sculpture.

Again, in Celsus, page 6, Millegan Ed. (Vita), Celsus lived in the time of Augustus, but he refers to the practice of Herophilus, 570 B.C., and Erasistratus, 257 B.C., actually dissecting living criminals. "Longeque optime fecisse Herophilum et Erasistratum qui nocentes homines, a regibus ex carcere acceptos vivos inciderint, considerintque, etiammum *spiritu remanente, ea, quæ*

painting was that no ancient medical author alluded to the connexion, what becomes of the proof, when it is found the Father of medicine himself establishes the fact, and such was the opinion at Oxford; and with the evidence of their sculpture before our eyes, it is just to conclude the knowledge displayed could not be the mere result of practice.

The *Theseus*, *Ilyssus*, and Metopes, are unanswerable proofs to all practical men, that the knowledge of the Greek artists was something more than the external, and that anatomical science sufficient for art, in conjunction with perpetual reference to nature, could alone have been the principle of such faultless perfection.

Gentlemen, I will now conclude this lecture of general principle, to be subsequently detailed and proved in my future ones. I am delighted to appear before you; for years past I have written short articles in daily and weekly newspapers, always with my name, not, as was often asserted, for the bewitching intoxication of a day's immortality, but to reach the taste and understanding of the people and nobility.

I therefore seized the offer made me by your committee, and I glory in meeting you face to face. I reverence your virtuous and innocent thirst for knowledge—your shrewd sagacity—your manly simplicity, and I am convinced, as a love of knowledge increases, so will a disgust at vice.

We are all mechanics in different degrees, struggling under sentence of death in our different callings; that,

natura ante clausisset. Neque esse crudele, sicut plerique proponunt hominum nocentium et horum quoque paucorum suppliciis, remedia populis innocentibus seculorum omnium quæri."

when the period is ended for which we are hired, we may merit the reward according to the quantity and the quality of the work we have executed for Him who sent us.

If by my efforts I can advance your taste, or refine your feelings, for "high art," and prove its connexion with your various callings; if I can rekindle the lost feeling for its national importance, or prove its immense value to manufacture; if I can give you a deeper insight into its eternal principles, than can be gathered in the heat, turmoil, and varnish of a spring exhibition, *one* of the great objects of my life will be realized: but remember, nothing will, nothing can, be effectually of use, till Schools of Design be established in the great towns, of which the knowledge, the deepest knowledge of the human figure must be the *corner stone.* Till "high art" has made its legitimate impression in high quarters, and by State support is placed *at least* on a level with portrait: for can it be supposed, that the country which has produced Alfred, Shakspere, Milton, Bacon, Locke, Watt, Nelson, Wellington, Hogarth, Wilkie, and Reynolds, will not produce men to bear comparison with Raffaelle and Phidias, if the principles of encouragement are again put in force which developed their powers, and art become again what it was once in England, an intellectual engine in the hands of the State.

The English do nothing in a hurry; the necessity of this principle of support has been gradually gaining strength, and I have not the least doubt will be ultimately and triumphantly carried.

As a curious evidence of our degeneracy in taste, allow me to read you an extract from Strutt:—

"Nor did the painters *confine* themselves to portrait. Historical delineations are frequent in ancient manuscripts, besides which they had larger pictures, representing passages from history and the actions of great men; such a one was presented to the Church of Ely, by Etheleda, the widow of the famous Berthwood, Duke of Northumberland, in the tenth century, wherein *she* had *caused* to be painted the history of the great actions of her *deceased lord*, in order to preserve the memory of his *valour* and other *virtues*."

Now this was the noble feeling in the tenth century. What would the noble Duchess have said had she witnessed the example of the national feeling of the nineteenth. What would the widow of the famous Berthwood have said, if she had visited London in 1816, one year after the *Battle of Waterloo*, and there saw the following commemoration of its national glory! What would she have said had she seen what I saw, a penny sheet of foolscap cut into rays of glory by a foot-guard, with WATERLOO printed in the middle, and hung with laurel outside the iron rail at the guard-room entrance at Whitehall! Here was a poor private, with a soul above his station, who blushed for the legislature of the times, and who did his humble endeavours to commemorate his feelings of the national glory on a penny sheet of paper with common ink. What would she have said had she visited St. Paul's—dark, dirty, black and cold St. Paul's! Would she not have said, What! no pictures to illustrate the beautiful deeds of the great Christian founder! What! admit Neptune, and Fame, and Victory, and all the Heathen Gods and Goddesses, —admit Music, and Poetry, and Sculpture,—but banish Painting!—that glorious art, which in our barbarous

age was the source of happiness, great deeds, and beautiful commemorations!

Suppose the Duchess taking a walk in the streets—suppose she stopped at a print shop. There she would certainly not have seen the great actions of deceased lords, in order to preserve the memory of their valour and their virtues. *There* she would have seen, in simpering affectation, *the Forsaken!—the Disconsolate!—the Forlorn!—the Enamoured!—the Bewildered!—the Beloved!—the Bereaved!—the Bewitched!—the Undoing!* and *the Undone!* close to a prize ox or the last favourite of the Derby!

But enough of this man-millinery of Painting! Winckelman and Du Bos attributed our want of high art to our latitude, forgetting that Rubens was born in the same degree. The reasons are local, and not natural: we were as advanced in art in the tenth, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, as any other country in Europe. The Reformation in religion, which founded our liberties, destroyed our art; and the Church and State, wanting it no longer as a machine for religious or state purposes, have left it ever since to flounder on by itself; the nobility and the opulent are content with portraits of themselves and their beautiful families, till all feeling as to the public importance of painting is nearly extinct, except among the middle classes, who have no means but their shillings. But, allow me to observe, I firmly believe that the dawn of a brighter day has streaked the horizon. Allow me to congratulate you all on the greatest thing which has happened for art in England at any time, viz., the appointment, with the consent of Government, of a committee to investigate the principles of design as applied to manufacture, and the effect of all Academies on art.

We all know the sifting and searching habits of a Committee of the House, involving the keen feelings of a democracy with the high spirit of aristocracy—nothing escapes them, persons or principles; and I am convinced such a Report will be given, as will set this important question in a true and new light before the country.

The question of design in manufactures involves the question of state support to the higher branches, without which the former never did and never can flourish; for the perfection of design in manufactures depends on the perfection of design and position and encouragement of the poetical and elevated branches.

Historical painting at the Reformation received a blow it has never recovered, and never can, unless the principles which guided the Greeks, the Italians, and our own sovereigns, Edward I. and Henry III., and the nobility of that glorious time, be again revived. Then, their state apartments were adorned with the best efforts of the greatest painters; then there was a religious, a grand, and a national feeling. Portrait was not forgotten, it cannot be; it is interwoven, as it ought to be, with our dearest associations; it is only when it usurps, as it does now, that the injustice of the legislature, in not affording to historical painters the support individuals cannot bestow, that its predominance is complained of: but also here, permit me to say, we owe an eternal obligation to portrait-painting; for the art would certainly have been extinct in England, when it was no longer wanted for the purposes of religion, had not our domestic sympathies been so acute in all their relations as to keep alive portrait, which, though now it is become the staple,

if not the *greatest* staple manufactory of the country, yet it preserved the art from destruction after the Reformation and Civil Wars.

Though Schools of Design are requisite for the taste and knowledge of the people, yet the people are not the only class that require to be inspired with just views; Professors of art at the universities are as much needed as Schools of Design.

Lectures on general views, illustrated by reference to great works and great examples, would place the taste of the nobility on the same line as their mathematics, classics, or knowledge of political history; and elevated national views in matters of art are as requisite to complete a statesman, as extensive knowledge in the political relation of nations. With Professors at the universities to instil high views in the statesman, and Schools of Design in the great towns, headed by a great central school in London, backed by moderate and judicious state encouragement, I appeal to you all, if ten years would not make such a difference in the state of English art and manufactures, as to make us regard the 70,000 pictures which have been produced the last seventy years, with a few exceptions, in fright and terror.

Reynolds was of opinion that the art in England would rise to the greatest glory, but I know no glory to which it can rise, where *his* genius would not be felt. West said, he knew no people since the Greeks, so capable of carrying it to the greatest excellence. And Richardson said, "I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but if ever the great, beautiful, and grand style of art revives—it will be in England."

Gentlemen, this ever has been, from my earliest

youth, my own deep-rooted conviction: you know I have never flinched—and I tell you all, I *never will*—in all my desperate struggles to advance this glorious cause,—one day in a prison, and the next day in a palace,—never for one instant, as my friends can confirm, have I *lost sight* of this great object.

I love my country; I glory in its poetry, its philosophy, its heroism, its real mechanical power. Why should we not place art on a level, in the repute of Foreign nations, with these great departments? Is there any just reason? O yes!—the climate is *foggy*—the people are commercial, and have no taste,—we are worried with political squabbles,—it will *never do!* I answer, the climate of England is more adapted for great effort than any other in the world! Were not the Medici commercial, and who more enlightened? And pray were there no political squabbles in Italy and Greece? Why the art was advanced in both countries, surrounded by nothing else; with the addition too, of poisoning and stabbing among friends, which must have been an agreeable variety in countries where coroners' inquests were never heard of!

All these weak objections are the futile objections of futile minds. "*It will never do.*" O how I HATE that expression! When Wellington said he would break the charms of Napoleon's invincibility—what was the reply? *It will never do!* When Columbus asserted there was another hemisphere—what was the reply? *It will never do!* And when Galileo offered to prove the earth went round the sun, the Holy Inquisition said, *it shall never do! It will never do* has been always the favourite *watch cry* of those, in all ages and all countries, who ever look on all *schemes* for the

advancement of mankind, as indirect reflections on the narrowness of their own *petty comprehensions*.

There are no examples in the history of this divine art of such noble disinterestedness as have ever been shewn by the English Historical Painters. Hogarth and others adorned the Foundling for nothing, Reynolds and West offered to adorn St. Paul's for nothing, and yet were refused! Barry painted the Adelphi without remuneration; but as Burke beautifully says, "The temple of honour ought to be seated on an eminence. If it be open through virtue, let it be remembered too that virtue is never *tried*, but by some difficulty and some struggle."*

* Reflections on French Revolution.

LECTURE II.

ON THE SKELETON, ETC.

LECTURE II.

On the Skeleton—The Basis of Muscular Knowledge—General Description of it—Comparison with that of the Quadruped—Brain the Seat of Intellect—The leading Principles of Phrenology of great use to Artists—Where Genius or Character exists—No Skull of a Genius or strong Character can be shewn without the External Projection following the Internal Organ: but it is not proved that the External Projection and Internal Cause are always followed by the Character or the Genius attributed to such Cause and such Projection—State of Taste in England—Tendency to touch, secrete, and break, fast dying away—How to study the Elgin Marbles, and what Period of a Student's Progress—Difficulties a Stimulant—Conclusion.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

In the last Lecture I had the honour to read to you, it was my earnest desire to impress you all with the vast importance of a knowledge of the human frame to the art of design, and the necessity of establishing a standard human figure, as a guide to tutors and to students.

I proved to you the deplorable neglect hitherto of a deep knowledge of the human form in the English school, which I shewed you was owing to the joint consequences of the tendency to portrait, and of the Reformation in religion, which stopped the progress of the art, both in sculpture and painting, as a vehicle of religious feeling or public commemoration; though, at the period the Reformation began, there were evidences existing then, in St. Stephen's chapel, executed by

Englishmen, before the Reform took place, as natural in proportion, as simple in attitude, and deep in expression, as any figures in the Campo Santo at Pisa, one of the earliest public works of the Italians.*

Flaxman truly says in his first Lecture, p. 28, "The commands for destroying sacred paintings and sculpture prevented the artist from suffering his mind to rise to the contemplation or execution of any sublime effort, as he dreaded a prison or a stake, and reduced him to the lowest drudgery in his profession.

"This extraordinary check to our national art occurred at a time which offered the most essential and extraordinary assistance to its progress."

Now, though a stake or a prison would not and could not have prevented an extraordinary genius from developing itself by some vent or other, yet there can be no doubt that they have, morally, a general and pernicious effect on the timid, modest, and more controllable talent of a country.

Flaxman proceeds to say, "That the Civil Wars completed what fanaticism had begun; and English art was so completely extinguished, that foreign artists were always employed for public or private undertakings."†

* Before they were destroyed in repairing the chapel, I went down and sketched them, about 1816 or 1817.

† In 1538, Henry (in consequence of the tricks discovered, which had been practised by the Catholic priests, with pictures and statues, to impose on the people,) issued an order against them, but judiciously separated the legitimate respect for pictures and statues from the abuse of idolatrous worship practised by interested hypocrites.

"In the sixth Article in the Constitution for the Clergy by Convocation, 1536, it is ordered, that images shall be preserved in churches, but all worship referred to God."—*Rapin.*

The art, as Reynolds says, no longer associated with public feelings of any description, sank entirely into

In Henry's injunction, pictures and statues are called "*Bokes for unlerned People*, to remember saintes, and their faith, charity, and other virtues, and gyfts of God;" the "image of our Saviour;" it proceeds, "paynted on cloths, walls, or wyndows, is an *open Book*."

In his letter to Cranmer, 1542, Henry's sentiments are the same, and he continued to protect pictures and statues; but having loosened the rein too rapidly, the people could not be checked, their disgust had been roused; and though there is no people on earth so slow to be excited as the English, there is no people on the earth so difficult to curb when once they are roused.

In Edward VI.'s reign, all classes equally became infuriated. The Duke of Somerset, as Protector, and sanctioned by Council, ordered all images to be thrown down and destroyed, without distinction; it was followed by a statute, "And be it further enacted, that if any person or persons, of what estate, degree, or condition soever he, she, or they be, body politick or corporate, that now have or hereafter shall have in his or her custody, any images of stone, timber, alabaster, graven, carved, or paynted, taken out of church or chapel, and do not destroy or cause to be destroyed and defaced the same images, and every one of them, and deliver or cause to be delivered to the mayor, shall, after the last day of June (being thereof lawfully convicted), forfeit or lose to the king our sovereign lord, for the first offence 20*s*., for the second offence 4*l*., and for the third offence, being lawfully convicted, be imprisoned at the king's will."—*Statutes at large*.

This prosecution went to such excess that, in Elizabeth's reign, it became a fashionable lark to sally forth and knock pictures to pieces; and in the State Trials is a curious trial of Henry Sherfield, Esq., Recorder of Salisbury, who concealed himself in the church, and with a long pike knocked a window to pieces;—as he was doing this, he was watched through the door, and seen to slip down, headlong, where he lay groaning for a long time, and a horse was sent for to carry him home; he was fined 500*l*., and imprisoned in the Fleet: and the Attorney-General for the Crown, 1632, said there were some people he verily believed would have knocked off the Cherubims from the Ark.

individual portrait and personal patronage, and never has recovered its dignity in England, and never will

By the eminent witnesses examined, it was evidently a matter of religious conscience in Sherfield, who complained that his pew was opposite the window, and that the representation of God by a human figure disturbed him at prayer.

Queen Elizabeth issued a proclamation forbidding the further destruction, "without the *advice of the Ordinary, or the advice of the Queen's Majesty, or her Council!*"—thus reserving the game to herself and Council, as royal sport. She was the bitterest persecutor; she ordered all walls to be whitewashed, and all candlesticks and pictures to be utterly destroyed, so that no memorial remain of the same.

In Charles I.'s time, on the Journals of the House is found, 1645, July 23rd: "Ordered, That all pictures having the second Person in the Trinity shall be burnt."

"Ordered, That all pictures having the Virgin shall be burnt."

Walpole relates, that one Bleesse was hired at half-a-crown a-day to break the painted glass windows at Croydon church.

Cromwell, by an act of his simple will, put a stop to this barbarism.

The result of this continued persecution was the ruin of "high art;" for the people had not taste enough to feel any sympathy for it independently of religion, and every man who has pursued it since, who had no private fortune, and was not supported by a pension like West, became infallibly ruined. In a MS. of Nicholas Hillier, is the following indisputable passage:—"Nevertheless, if a man be so induced by nature, and live in time of trouble, and under a government wherein arts be not esteemed, and himself but of small means, woe be unto him, as to an untimely birth; for of mine knowledge it hath made poor men poorer, as amongst others many, the most rare English drawer of story works," etc. etc.—*Painting under Edward VI., Walpole.*

Historical painters, left without employment, began to complain. In the time of Edward VI. and Elizabeth, we find them petitioning for bread! See *Townshend's Historical Recollections.* They revived a little with Charles I. and II. Thornhill got employed in the early part of the last century; then came the Society in St. Martin's-lane,

till legislature, people, and Sovereign, are convinced of its public power, as an engine of Religion or State on the minds of the people; and Design become in England, as it was in Greece, a portion, a necessary portion, of education in all classes.*

1760, and in 1768, was established the Royal Academy, *to help high art*, but there being still no employment for it, the power in art fell into the hands of portrait painters, who have wielded it ever since, with individual exceptions, to the further decay and destruction of this eminent style. The granting a Committee of Arts, by Lord Melbourne, 1835, was a great boon, and will be the basis of a great reform; and the most extensive diffusion of taste and knowledge will certainly be the result of Schools of Design, both to the people and the nobility, in the course of another half century; and when they are fixed on the admirable basis of the School of Lyons, viz. making artist and mechanic *start together*, it may fairly be argued, a revolution in art and patronage will and must be the consequence of such a system.

* It is curious that mistaken views of religion have in all times been the prime cause of the ruin of art. It was not *Alaric* or *Theodoric*, very justly says the author of the History of Art, in the Musée Français Napoleon, but an edict from *Honorius*, ordering the Early Christians to destroy such images *if any remained.—Musée Français Hist. de l'Art.*

When I was at Oxford, July 1840, I saw and read Dr. Wells' little work, the Rich Man's Duty, on the Adorning and Beautifying our Churches; and the curious Journal, at the end, of William Dowsing, of Stratford,—a parliamentary visitor, appointed under warrant from the Earl of Manchester, for demolishing superstitious Pictures and Ornaments of Churches, etc., and by calculation, I find he and his agents destroyed about 4660 pictures, from June 9, 1643, to October 4, 1644; evidently not all glass, because when they were glass, he specifies them.

POPE'S LETTER TO ALLEN.

April 3rd, 1736.

"A man not only shews his taste, but his virtues, in such ornaments; and whatever examples may strike us, we may reason-

The first great step towards this essential reformation will be the establishment of a great central school of Design in London, with branch schools in all the great manufacturing towns; and the next, the principle of laying it down as an axiom never to be swerved from in any school, whether for manufacture or art, that the human figure is the basis of all power of drawing; and the last, the establishment of Professors of Art at the great universities,—so that our statesmen, in the intervals of their severer studies, may be informed of the common principles of art, and of its vast importance to morals, manufactures, and wealth, that in after years, when they wield our destinies as statesmen, they may not be obliged to be at the mercy, for a decision, in affairs of national taste, of those whose

ably imagine to have an effect upon others. So that history itself, if well chosen, upon a rich man's walls, is very often a better lesson than he could teach by his conversations."

"I can't help thinking," adds Pope, "and I know you will join with me, you who have been making an altar-piece, that the zeal of the early Reformers was ill-placed in removing pictures, that is to say, examples."

Sir Robert Harlow, 1645, gave orders for pulling down and demolishing of the Popish pictures, and superstitious pictures at Hampton Court . . . . . and the Popish pictures . . . . . were demolished which were in the glass windows . . . . . and orders given for new glazing with plain glass.

And among the rest, there were pulled down the picture of Christ nailed to the Cross, which was placed right over the altar, and the pictures of Mary Magdalene and others weeping by the foot of the Cross, and some other such idolatrous pictures were pulled down and demolished.—*Jesse's Hampton Court*, quoted by *Blackwood*, 1840.

interest it is to keep the people ignorant, and guide the minister falsely.

"Colours fade—language becomes obsolete—thought and form alone remain," as Fuzeli beautifully says. And form is the vehicle of thought and expression, and the basis of all things represented in painting; the bones, which give origin to the muscles, are the foundation of the human form,—the muscles the organs of its actions and thoughts,—and a knowledge of both, the first step, the only step, to render your conceptions intelligible in art without absurdity, and your forms decided without pretence.

Be assured the art has never yet had a legitimate beginning in England. "The sun of art has set here," said a morbid but eminent painter lately. Be assured the sun of art has never yet risen.

We have had comets indeed, with all their uncertain, irregular, and blazing irregularity; but we have never yet had a SUN shining in the cool effulgence of a morning sky—blazing with steady heat at its meridian, or sinking in golden glory when its day was passed! Be assured we are but now in the *dawn* of a legitimate and steady sun-rise.

In the evidence before the Committee of Arts, take my word there are symptoms of breaking day. I always said the appointment of this Committee would prove the greatest lever in my time, and so will the country find it: the necessity of design, as a part of education, is *acknowledged by all*—Professors, masters, and workmen. The utter failure of academies all over Europe, to produce genius, was proved. The great men, Massaccio, Michael Angelo, Raffaelle, Leonardo, Titian, Correggio, Tintoretto, Rubens, Velasquez, Reynolds, Hogarth, and

Wilson, came from the workshops of individual artists —the workmen were then more artists, and the artists more of workmen, most admirably said Professor Waagen of Berlin.

To what circumstances, said Mr. Ewart, the chairman, to Mr. Morrison (the head of a great Manchester house in the City), do you attribute the superiority of Foreign manufactures in art to our own? To the fact, said Mr. Morrison, that on the Continent they have *public schools for teaching the Art of Design.*

To another gentleman (the buyer of a house at the West-end), it was asked, to what circumstance do you attribute the superiority of France in the manufacture of French gloves? To the knowledge the manufacturer has of the *shape* of the hand, was the reply.

Of course, every French manufacturer can draw the hand, before he presumes to make a glove to fit it,—the reverse is the case here; the hand is convex outwardly, and concave inwardly — no man is aware of this, who does not study the shape. I am of opinion, said another witness, that design is so extensively useful that I would make it, after reading and writing, a necessary concomitant part of education. I think it quite as easy to teach design, as writing.

Mr. Cockerell said, that art and manufacture had always been better directed in France, by the interference of Government, than by our own individual and scattered efforts, especially in the higher departments; by Professors of Archæology, by premiums, by exhibitions of art gratuitously,— thus diffusing a taste through every class, manufacturer and purchaser; the result, added he, to my mind, has been a conviction of the necessity of such means being established in this

country, which, superadded to our vast capital and unwearied industry, would place us at the head of all arts and manufactures! I have often deplored, said he, the indifference of the Government to where the honour of England was concerned in art, and found in all our manufactures the want of a great master mind in design to direct them. Professor Waagen again added, that the reason why high art had not taken its proper station in England, was the want of Government employment in our public buildings, and pointed out the House of Lords as an admirable opportunity. Mr. Morrison inferred it was the duty of statesmen to be informed on principles of art, and it was actually found that, where in one branch of manufacture we were superior to the French, it was owing to the masters having taught their apprentices to draw!

The necessity of design being thus acknowledged by all, let us proceed at once, without more delay, to the skeleton—the basis of all design!

When an artist studies anatomy, the greatest art in that study for him is to be fully aware what part of the human frame, however curious, he does *not require*, and what, however superficial to a surgeon, to him is of the most essential consequence.

I beg you all to recollect, this lecture will not be the lecture of a surgeon, but of a painter; that it will not be a lecture of hidden curiosities, but of gross probabilities; that its object will be to shew you how the external covering is affected by the bone, tendon, and muscle; and to prove to you how the greatest men in the art fully understood what was underneath the skin, before they presumed to attempt a representation of what was above it.

The most extraordinary part of the human being is the head! which is divided into skull and face.

The skull has two parietal, one frontal, one occipital, and two temporal bones.

The face, one upper and one lower jaw—the upper jaw has two nasal bones and two cheek bones, the lower jaw has its angle and its chin,—and these are the leading points in the head to guide the painter. With the æthmoid and sphenoid bones, and a host of processes, we have nothing to do, but as matters of research and interesting knowledge.

After the head comes the trunk, which is divided into neck, breast, and two clavicles, abdomen, pelvis, and spine, which is again divided as follows: First—

SPINE.

7 Neck Vertebræ, 12 Back Vertebræ, 4 & 5 Loin Vertebræ, sometimes 6.

Second—TRUNK.

24 Ribs, Sternum, and 2 Scapulæ.

Remember most particularly the *Vertebra prominens*. Where the back ends and the neck begins, it is literally in forming your back *a lighthouse*. Now we come to the—

PELVIS—divided into, first,

Os Sacrum, Os Coccygis, Os Ilium, Os Ischium.

In describing the extremities, they are named Upper and Lower, the

UPPER is divided into

Shoulder, Arm, Fore-arm, and Hand.

The LOWER into

Thigh, Leg, and Foot.

Again,— The HAND is divided into

Carpus (or wrist), Metacarpus (or bones upon the wrist), then Thumb and Fingers.

The Wrist (or Carpus) is divided into
First Row

Scaphoid, or boatlike bone	Lunare, or moonlike bone	Cuneiforme, or wedgelike bone	Pisiforme, or neat little bone.

Second Row

Trapezium,	Trapezoides,	Magnum, or great.	Unciforme, or hook-like.

The Carpus supports

Five Bones, called Metacarpus, which support

Four Fingers and a Thumb—fore, middle, ring, and little.

The Lower Extremities are divided into

Thigh, Leg, and Foot.

The Thigh rests on the Leg—divided into

Fibula and Tibia, which rests on
Tarsus or Instep, divided into

Os Calcis, or Heel—Astragalus—Naviculare—Cuboides—and Cuneiforme,—then comes the

Metatarsus, supporting

Great Toe, and the four other Toes.

This completes the general view of the Skeleton, as far as the Painter, Sculptor, and Manufacturer, are concerned. Now we will proceed with detail.

The most beautiful portion of the human figure—the most important—the most intellectual—the part of the human body, where centre thought, expression,

sympathy, and passion,—in fact, the consciousness of life and death, and immortality, is the

HUMAN HEAD!

At the bare mention of this exquisite portion, how many delightful associations, divine expressions, infinite characters, and endless beauties, crowd the mind! "and God said let us make man in our own image, after our likeness: so God created Man in his own image, in the image of God created he him."

Firmly and conscientiously I believe it; and if there be one part of the human frame more than another that would not in *perfection* disgrace the Deity, it is a perfect human head.

You hear ignorant insensible people say, there is nothing in shape of skull or shape of feature. What, nothing! will any human creature believe that gravitation was or could be discovered by a skull and face like

these? You laugh—but why? Because you *know* they never were, never can be, and never will be; why again? because, first, The external shape of skull depends on internal organization of brain. Secondly, Because size and shape of brain prove its strength and health,

or its imbecility and disease; and thirdly, Because the brain is the immediate organ of the immaterial soul; and the muscular expression of the features, the consequences of the action of the brain by nervous connexion, on the muscle of the face influenced by the action of the immaterial mind.

The brain is the intermediate organ, the immaterial soul, the *cause;* and the expression of the features, the consequence.

The features express by their action the *result* of thinking, feeling, appetite, or passion.

Is there then nothing in shape of skull and shape of feature? Absurd and thoughtless assertion!

The phenomenon of mind is developed by the action of the brain, as the phenomenon of motion is by the action of the muscle. But this no more says mind is material than that motion is material, the brain is the organ by which we are conscious of the existence of mind.

If the brain be diseased, our consciousness is confused, irrational, and unsound.*

* Lord Brougham says, p. 104 of his Discourse on Natural Theology:

"The evidence we have of the existence of the mind is *complete in* itself, and wholly *independent* of the qualities of the *existence of matter.*"

And yet Lord Brougham says—

"After the body is dissolved, we no longer perceive the mind, because we never know it by the senses; we were only aware of its existence in others, by its effect *on matter,* and had no experience of it unconnected *with body.*"

* * * *

"It had connected again," he says, p. 109, "with the matter, which it *used to act upon,* and by which *it used to be acted on.*"

Why, if the immaterial mind did not depend on the healthy action of the brain for a sound development, does any physical affection of the brain interrupt its reasoning power?

For instance, Lord Castlereagh destroyed himself, because, first, he had deranged his digestive powers, by overstraining himself in the House of Commons, which derangement, as is known to all surgeons, threw more blood into his brain than was necessary for its action; his brain became turgid; he was haunted by horrid visions, dreadful apprehensions, and miserable depressions. But mark, the instant the carotid artery was stabbed, and blood flowed copiously from the brain, his reason returned, and he said with perfect composure, "*It is all over.*" His brain being relieved by the flow, for a moment before dying, resumed its reasoning, and Lord Castlereagh remembered his depression, what he had done, and what was and would be the result!

Yet, again, he acknowledges "our ceasing to perceive any effect produced by it, on any portion of matter; the *only* means *we can have of ascertaining its existence*, is therefore *no proof it does not exist*." Of course not;—but Lord Brougham, *first*, says, "the evidence of mind to us, is *wholly independent of matter*;" and yet he says, "*mind* has connexion with *matter*, by mutual action; that we have no notion of its *existence*, but by its effects on matter;" and yet, p. 105, he says, "a knowledge of the mind's existence is *independent* of matter."

Lord Brougham says, "we only know the existence of matter through the operations of mind;" and I add, we only know the existence of mind through the operation of matter, viz. brain,—without that species of matter we can have no consciousness; therefore the consciousness of the existence of mind here is not independent of matter: for let a man be born without a brain, and he would have no consciousness of anything,—the nature of the mind may be spiritual or material, consistent with its separate existence, but not in this world.

The same causes produced the same depressions in poor Sir Samuel Romilly; but again, the moment blood flowed from the wound he gave himself, his brain got active and clear; and, aware of his condition, Sir Samuel Romilly wished to explain himself to the world while there was time, and called for "pen and ink," but he died before he could accomplish it!

There is something peculiarly affecting in those two instances; and they prove indisputably the mind recovered its power of deduction *only* when its organ got physical relief.

Had the mind been totally independent of matter as a vehicle of action, why does it not in such instances regulate, command, and suppress, the absurd conclusions of the brain?

Though mind be a distinct and immortal essence, *we* are only conscious of its existence by the excitement of a physical organ; and *first*, the inherent construction, and *then* the healthy action, affect the soundness of its conclusions *here*. Where then is the absurdity, as external shape *depends* on internal organization, of associating certain results from certain shapes, produced by certain causes, when such shapes, results, and causes, have been found to exist together in the greatest men?

It is therefore clear, whatever may be the immateriality of the mind, it has no power to regulate, on earth, the organ by which we are made conscious of its existence, if that organ be irrecoverably diseased, or diseased for a time.

A diseased brain destroys physically the power of rationality, whatever may be the capability of the

essence, independent of all matter. The Bible account of the union of the two is the finest, "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground."

Thus man was formed, but he lay inanimate: the Creator then *breathed* the breath of life into his being, and instantly the lungs *played!* the heart *beat!* the muscles *contracted!* the brain *deducted!* and man *knelt* in gratitude to his Creator.

Further of that incomprehensible union of soul and body we shall never know, and never be able to discover.

It is at last taken for granted, by anatomists, that the power of thinking lies in the brain; I suppose I am correct in thus saying so: size of brain is not always evidence of intellectual power, any more than size of body is of muscular power; unless health accompany the body, so that there be no fat, and the brain be healthy, so that there be no water; but if construction and health accompany each other, intellectual power and muscular strength may fairly be inferred in either case from size.

As the head and face are the most essential parts to us, so it will be found they are the most essential parts in painting and sculpture; and he who devotes himself to head and face, and gives them the predominance over figure and form, will, as in the case of Raffaelle, be sure to secure the sympathies of mankind.

Perfection in art lies in the union of the two; this has never been done by any modern, and *here*, as usual, we must go to those idolaters—the *immortal Greeks!*

Raffaelle, instigated by his genius, adhered to the head and face, as immediate vehicles of expression, and

he gave the head an undue preponderance as to size. The Greeks generally made their figures seven, seven and a half heads, eight heads, and even nine heads high. Raffaelle seldom more than six, and sometimes five. Raffaelle's figures look like apostles and saints, but they have not that godlike length of figure, which is apparent in the proportion of the Heroic Ages of Greek art, or that vast air of physical power which you see in the giants of Michael Angelo.

The size of the head is a very essential point in regulating the height of your figure; a figure as large and high as the dome of St. Paul's will look essentially short, if his head and hands and feet are large; and a figure twenty inches high * will look heroic and tall, if the head and hands and feet be small. In the finest figures, the head in *height* and feet in *length* are the same; in the Apollo, the head is less than the foot. He is a tall god by his *head*, and not too tall in consequence of his feet being the *ordinary proportion* to the other parts of his body. This is a beautiful combination, and evidently intentional: there can be no doubt, if the brain be, as it is, the organ of the soul, that the basis of phrenology is in degree true. There is no doubt in my mind, from perpetual observation, that the intellectual powers, when they exist, lie in the front of the brain; the moral feelings on the top of the brain, and the appetites in the back of the brain.

It does not always follow, that a head of such a size is caused by such feelings, powers, and propensities, because disease may be the internal cause of appearance;

* See small bronze Hercules—British Museum—by or after Lysippus.

but it does always follow that such feelings, powers, and propensities, have such and such external development from internal construction.

The great proportion of mankind can be modified by education and circumstance; but there are some so constituted, inefficiently or powerfully, that no circumstance or training in the one instance shall ever turn them aside from realizing their burning impressions, or, in the other, ever elevate them to produce anything. These and these alone are the fair examples of phrenology.

Shew me a hero—a poet—a painter—a musician—a beauty insatiably amorous—a tyrant, a murderer, or a thief,—all, remember, illustrious in their respective departments, and in which their phrenological development does not prove the truth of the principle, and I yield.

Education never can account for the contradictions, and absurd, inconsistent, and strange opposites, we find in men: can parents or tutors, can nurses or mothers, make infants that can just run, open and cunning, candid and deceitful, generous and mean, daring and cautious, bold and timid, never! and yet we constantly find in our observation in children, and of our intercourse with mankind, creatures of such opposite tendencies, subjected from birth to the same treatment, physical and mental. It is all very fine to call this study "bumpology, to set a given number of barren spectators to laugh." I would divide believers and unbelievers thus: the believers are the phrenologists; but surely it is but fair to say, that they who do not believe are the bumpologists. We do not believe in *bumps*, but in the causes that first produced them.

Whereas, the unbelievers see not beyond the surface, and rest their faith only on the external projection.*

These preliminary conclusions were essentially necessary before beginning finally with the head. I will now proceed with the skull in detail; and at once let us regard one of the most important bones in it, viz.

The Os Frontis (Plate A, No. 1).

Externally, it has high ridges, on which the eyebrows are placed, and hollow chambers called Sinuses (Plate A, 2), which are wanting in the child; every man must recollect when these sinuses projected in his forehead.

John Bell says, these sinuses, being hollow, add strength to the voice, and I believe it, and that he had observed them very large in a giantess; I have observed them always very large in large men with loud voices, and this may be the reason why the ancients always gave the foreheads of their gods such projecting sinuses; for Jupiter, Neptune, Plato, and Hercules, were all celebrated for their awful voices; added to which, the corrugator muscles which knit the brows, project with more force here when the sinus is capacious.

Remember, in drawing children, they never have any projection here, and no sinus till above fifteen. Whereas Fiamingo, in his meretricious alteration of the child's skull, gives an intimation of a sinus.

* Many years ago, when Spurzheim was in England, a celebrated anatomist was ridiculing the whole theory in his presence at table; Spurzheim offered to tell his leading characteristic; the challenge was accepted, and Spurzheim, after feeling his skull, said, your predominant feeling is self-conceit.

The whole company laughed heartily, and the anatomist did not deny it, and nobody else could, for it was true.—*From Spurzheim.*

Though there may be a bone in the quadruped, which answers to our os frontis, it is too insignificant to dwell on, otherwise than to contrast it; therefore set it down at once, that a *large*, *broad*, *and powerful frontal bone is essentially an intellectual characteristic for a standard human head*, and will be found in all the most elevated and celebrated human beings—in Shakspere, Michael Angelo, Raffaelle, Milton, Tasso, Ariosto, Bacon, Buchanan, Socrates, Hippocrates, Scott, Alexander, and Napoleon. The next bones, which join the occipital to the frontal, are the

PARIETAL BONES (Plate A, No. 3),

which are essential to the form of the head; they form the greatest part of the cranium, and, as the phrenologists say, the moral feelings lie under them; a character of head can be rendered atrocious or pious, by their elevation or depression; see a most remarkable and collateral evidence in Nero and Socrates, and the traditional heads of our Saviour.

Let the intellectual look of the frontal bone be what it may—depress the parietal, you diminish the proportion which keeps the eyes in the centre, and give an animal and a wicked air. So that the parietal bones ought, in a standard head, to continue without the slightest depression the shape of the frontal bone, and gradually and beautifully unite the back of the head with the front, as we see in Christ, and all pious, virtuous, and good characters.

The next bone is the

OCCIPITAL (Plate A, No. 4),

which holds up the back of the brain, gives origin to many of the greater muscles which move the head and neck, contains the lesser brain, and transmits the spinal marrow.

About this bone and round the ear lie our animal propensities, say the Phrenologists; and the heads of Socrates and Nero are wonderful illustrations. Nero being all animal, and Socrates intellect and animal too, as the woodcut shews you.

THE TEMPORAL BONE (Plate A, No. 5),

is the next; and is remarkable for its processes, essential to the drawing of the head. First, The Zygomatic process, which is the arch under which the temporal muscle acts; it joins the cheek-bone, and gives form to the cheek; at the end is the hole for hearing, and underneath the Mastoid process (Plate A, No. 6), into which the muscles of the neck go; and this process is a guide to the artist in drawing the head, and a lever for muscular action.

These are the essential bones of the skull, which are as necessary to be understood as the bones of the face.

In the quadruped, you will perceive great hollows on each side the parietal bones, which diminish vastly the brain, to make room for two large muscles which go into the jaws, move them with enormous power, and give a roundness and ferocity to the shape.

I now come to the bones of that part dependent on the skull for character and expression, which contains the brain, viz.

THE FACE,

which is composed of a great many small bones — under the name of upper (Plate A, No. 7) and lower jaw (No. 8). The upper jaw is to painters most essential; for, first comes the nasal process, which forms the sides of the nose. It is arched outwards to give the nostril shape; its sides support the nasal bones, and the cartilages of the wings of the nose are fixed to its edges. The upper jaw is the basis on which the cheek-bones stand.

From the lower circle is a semicircle for the teeth, called Alveolar process, which does not exist in the infant, but grows with the teeth, and is absorbed with age. In the infant, the jaw not being formed, the shape of the mouth is not altered; but in age, the jaw having been formed in manhood, the moment the teeth and alveolar process fall away, the jaw rises up, the lips double in, and the external shape, in consequence, is one of the greatest characteristics of age and feebleness, and more mortifying to human nature than any other that happens to it, in its progress to the grave: there is nothing so prostrates human vanity. There is a story told of Opie: he was painting an old beau of fashion! Whenever he thought Opie was touching the mouth, he screwed it up in a most ridi-

culous manner. Opie, who was a blunt man, said very quietly, "Sir, if you want the mouth left out, I will do it with pleasure."

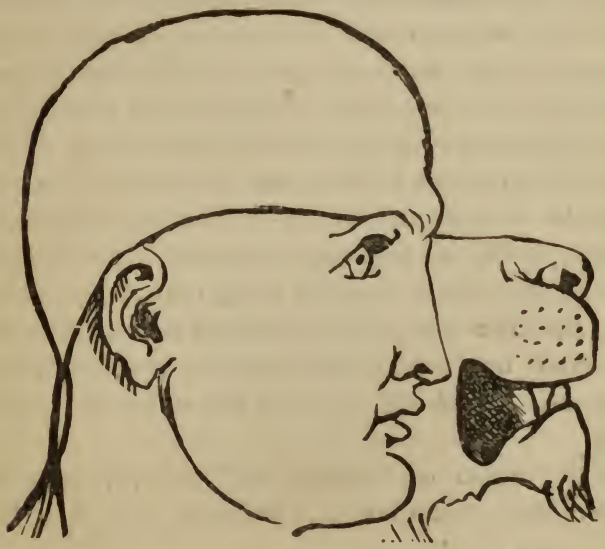
THE CHEEK-BONES (Plate A, No. 9),

ossa malæ, join the Zygomatic process, and form part of the eye-holes; then comes the lower jaw, square at the chin, angular when it turns up to go under the zygomatic process, and nearly straight from the chin to the angle, though it was circular in Napoleon, and is so inclined to be in the Apollo.

The condyloid and coronoid processes hinge it for action, but though not seen ought to be understood.

Thus ends the bones of face and skull, as far as painters, sculptors, and artizans are concerned; and this description ought to be studied by the student with the skull of a brute and man together.

In comparing the head of an intellectual being with



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the head of a quadruped, you will see in the small skull of the one, and large skull of the other, that the eyes of the quadruped are above the centre, and the eyes of the intellectual being below or at the centre; that the quadruped has great projection of jaw, and that his brain is narrowed to make room for two muscles necessary for the mastication of his food.

The ancients hardly ever placed the eyes below the centre of the head in their most poetical heads; considering this proportion of brain as giving room enough above for the development of the highest intellectual powers (more brain seemed a *lusus naturæ*).

This, I would take, then, as the principle for a standard head.

There have been exceptions in high characters; Bacon, Buchanan, Hippocrates, Socrates, and Sir Walter Scott, had their eyes *below* the centre; these may be considered *exceptions*; and I had a child, who died at three years old, whose wonderful intellectual power was so great, and development so mature, that it pressed down on his immature vital powers, over-excited his nervous system, and destroyed him!

Though, on great occasions, such instances may be made use of by an artist, yet they are too rare for a general principle; and the ancients never adopting it, except in portrait, should be esteemed conclusive. Let the principle be then for a standard head, that the eye be in the centre from the chin to the top of the head; varied, to elevate or depress the character wanted by the great artist, as it may suit his necessities in subjects given.

In the heads of Socrates and Nero, to which I alluded, the parietal bones of Nero are as if shaved off,

while the occipital bone and the parts round project enormously. In Socrates, the animal characteristics are equally apparent; but the parietal bones keep their shape. Thus exemplifying, according to phrenologists, the character of each.

There is nothing in which the ancients shewed such skill, as the manner in which they preserved *beauty* in every thing; beauty in expression, beauty in youth, beauty in age, beauty in action, beauty in strength.*

There is a vulgar notion abroad, that the antique noses are in a direct line with the forehead; it is quite a mistake.

People see no difference in antique heads; straight noses and short upper lips are grossly believed to be the characteristic of all ancient heads.

The line the antique noses make with the forehead is a gentle angle; and though, as a standard, upper lips ought to be short,—is the character the same in the Venus, Bacchus, Apollo, or Hercules—though they have all short upper lips?

He has entered very little indeed into the genius of the ancients, who sees no difference in the Niobe, the Venus, the Hercules, and Jupiter, the Gladiator, or Achilles, because their general proportion of feature seems regulated by a standard principle.

One of the finest examples of preserving beauty, even in maturity, is given in Niobe the mother.

The difficulty was to make her as beautiful as her daughters; to keep up, in fact, the family likeness, and yet to make her evidently the mother, regard the deli-

* In Tytler's Letters, some one says, "their faces did rather *beautify* their sorrow, than their sorrow cloud their faces," which illustrates the meaning.

cacy and success, the knowledge of nature, and the refined taste, by which this is accomplished.

When the most beautiful women have had large families, there is, after their meridian, a little tendency to double-chin, which is never seen in the braced elasticity of youthful beauty.

To have altered the form of her cheek, to have a little sunk her eyes, to have wrinkled ever so slightly her forehead, would have injured the beauty of her features; but by keeping the form of the face unaltered, and giving a little double-chin, the end was attained; a look of maternity, without ugliness, was given, and beauty still left triumphant, even in age.*

This is one of the endless beauties that are seen day after day, and hour after hour, the more one studies the works of these great men; and you do not find them out by going at settled hours and settled times to investigate their work.

An artist should have their productions in every part of his house, to catch his eye, and entrap him into reflection as he passes by.

By such artifices he keeps his attention ever on the alert; and many of his deepest conclusions may perhaps have occurred to him at such accidental musings on his staircase.

* In early life, at a rout, I admired and followed, during the evening, a mother and her daughters, distinguished for their beauty; the mother did not look old, and yet looked the mother: on scrutinizing and comparing mother and daughters, I found there was a little double chin in the mother, which marked her, without diminishing her beauty. I went at once, on my return, to my studio, to the Niobe mother, and found *this very mark* in the Niobe mother, which I had never observed before, under her chin.

To conclude; the head is four noses from top to chin, and from ending of hair in front, three to chin; make the forehead broad, not "villanous low," as Shakspere says; the eyes, an eye, separate; the face, from the root of the hair to the chin, three noses; the upper lip, a fourth of the nose; the ear, two noses sideways from the nostrils, etc.

If the eyes are nearer, the head becomes apish;—if broader, peculiar. I am no friend to endless and minute divisions. The compasses should be in the eyes; the cheeks must be round, and end straightly in joining the jaw; the head should be oval, the largest part upwards; and nothing destroys beauty so much as continuing the roundness of the cheek to the chin, it will give an air of vulgarity at once to the most refined expression.

In the *Anatomy of Expression*, Sir Charles Bell compares the head of a child, by Fiamingo, with the natural head.

Fiamingo sunk the eye and raised the top of the head. In nature, the eye of the child projects, and the head goes backward; the forehead is flat, and there is no sinus.

What right had Fiamingo to take off a natural projection behind and put it on the top, and call it ideal? he might as well put his nose under his ear, and say, O, this is my notion of *ideal* beauty!

"I believe," says Bell, "this elevation of the head was on the principle of the ancients, presenting us with an ideal head, without copying nature."

The Elgin marbles had not then come among us. An ideal form! what absurdity!

What is the true ideal?—it is restoring every species to its essential characteristics of form, given by God at

its original creation, cleared from all accidents of disease or distortion.

Ideality, on any other principle, is *Deformity*. Though Bell, a man of elegant and pure taste, doubted the soundness of the principle of the ancients, which made them sink the eye in the horse,—when a projecting eye is a necessary characteristic, his defence lying in his heels, his pupil being slit, so that he might see out of the projecting corner,—yet to men and children, with the whole world of art against him, he dared not apply the same principle.

Let me entreat all young men to mark the leading points of the skull. In every head painted by Michael Angelo, Titian, Raffaelle, Correggio, Rubens, or Vandyke,—you see in every one a mastery and knowledge of the skull.

Cuvier reduces the variety of our species to *three:* the Caucasian, or white; the Mongolian, or yellow; the Negro, or black.

The Caucasian, to which we belong, is known by the beauty of the oval-formed head, varying in complexion and the colour of the hair; from this variety the most civilized nations have originated, ourselves for instance.

The Mongolian is known by high cheek-bones, flat visage, narrow and oblique eyes, straight black hair, scanty beard, and olive complexion.

Great empires have been founded in China and Japan by this race, but they have remained stationary in civilization.

The Negro is confined to the south of Mount Atlas. He is marked by black complexion, woolly hair, compressed cranium, and flat nose; the Negro has always remained in comparative barbarism.

Thus ends the head; and remember, many artists have become great by attending to the head alone. I will now proceed to the

Spine,

In form as important, as the head is in intellectual expression.

If the spine be badly formed, the finest limbs dwindle; the finest features and finest skull get distorted, and finest hands grow long and skinny. If the spine be finely formed, every other part of the body partakes of its beauty, more or less, as if it were the main pipe.

The line from the bottom of the *os coccygis* (Plate A, No. 10), to the end, where the skull rests (Plate A, No. 11), is nearly Hogarth's line of beauty.

At first, the neck curves in, then, after the vertebra prominens (Plate A, No. 12), it gradually curves out till it joins the lumbar vertebræ, which again curve in; the pelvis again curves out, and yet a perpendicular line dropped from the head will end nearly at the *basis* of support.

The spine is composed of twenty-four distinct bones, called vertebræ, from the Latin *vertere*, to turn; they conduct the spinal marrow, support the whole weight of the trunk, head and arms, and perform, at certain points, the chief turnings of the body.

The vertebræ are arranged according to the neck, back, and loins.

The loins have five large and strong, and perform the chief motions of the trunk.

The back has twelve,—they are also large, but smaller than the loins.

The neck has seven, and their motions are wider than the others.

Sometimes men have six vertebræ in the loins; and I have observed boxers, of long curved loins, have infinitely greater power of flinging their shoulders with a blow of their arm, and thereby increasing the force of the blow, than those who have short loins.

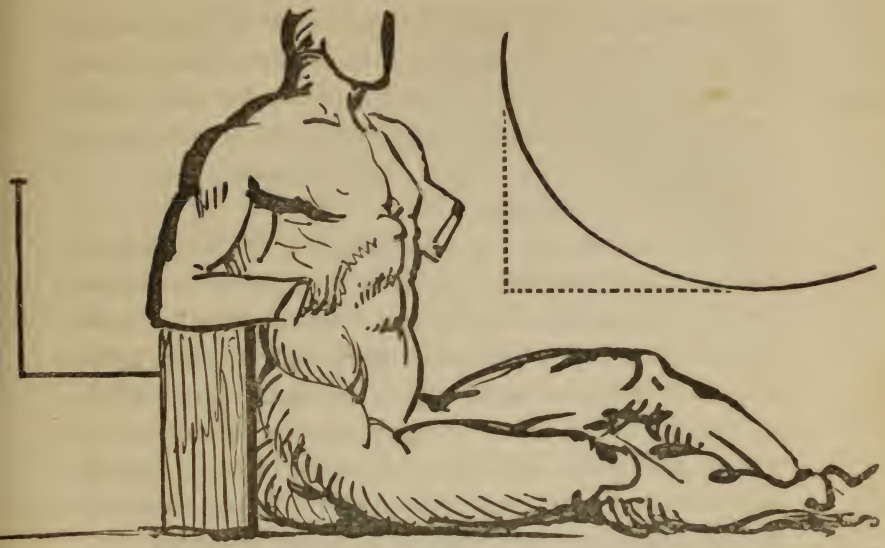
The short-loined men, Gregson, Oliver, etc., I should suspect, on dissection, would have been found with only *four* vertebræ; while the Game Chicken, Jem Belcher, and Tom Cribb, and Gulley, would very clearly exhibit six. Nothing is so awkward as short stiff loins; and though Gregson had the most extraordinary strength and beauty of chest and arms, yet his defective eye and short loins made him the victim of more active and less powerful men, viz., the Honorable Member for Pontefract.

Had Gregson's eye and loins been as correct as Gulley's, every blow would certainly have been the death of his opponents.

I saw Gregson stripped, and compared with the Theseus, when the Elgin marbles were in Park-lane, in the yard of the house now the Duke of Gloucester's. From the miserable shortness of his loins, he could not bend on the navel, the great evidence of a finely constructed figure. His thighs and legs, arms and chest, were certainly as fine and large.

I saw Jackson also compared, and he had the power of bending in the navel, and the superiority of his figure was extraordinary, though, in combining beauty with strength in the chest and arms, Gregson was the superior.

The consequence of not being able to bend in the navel is, that the body goes at a right angle with the thighs, which is most offensive, thus—



whereas, when, from the perfection of the construction of the loins, the man has that power of bending in the navel, the lower part of the body is joined by a portion of an ellipsis, and thus the shoulders and thighs gradually unite, thus—

the Greeks always built a figure with this power in the loins, because it is always the characteristic of fine nature,—and because it is agreeable to the great basis of their sculpture, architecture, and painting,—which in form are built on the ellipsis; while Roman art took the circle for its foundation.

Barry said there was no difference, in his Lectures to the Students of the Royal Academy, between Roman art and Greek art; but had he studied with the knife in his hand, as you remember Burke advised him to do, he would not have made such a mistake. Every curve of Greek architecture, every projection of muscle in Greek sculpture, and every form in Greek painting, were built on the principle of the ellipsis; while the circle influenced the Romans in every thing in their art.

The vertebræ of the loins make a large thick massy column, a fit base for the back, neck, and head, which they support and balance.

Above all things, remark the vertebra prominens (Plate A, No. 13), where the back ends and neck begins —in drawing, it is literally a lighthouse,—it is a landmark; if you place it wrong, or miss it, your shoulders will be a deformity.

In figures of the most abstract form, like the Torso, it makes a single diamond shape when surrounded by muscle (No. 1, Fig. 7); but, as figures descend in style, it makes more diamonds than one. To shew the exquisite discrimination of the Greeks in the Theseus, which is not so abstracted as the Torso, though more perfect in its kind, there are more vertebræ shewn at this part (No. 2, Fig. 7), than there are in the Torso. In the Gladiator, which is the perfection of the brute

man, and nothing more, neither heroic nor deified—there are yet more vertebræ (No. 3, Fig. 7); so by this little marking, at any time, you can judge of the style of the rest of the figure: if there be but *one* (No. 1), it is a mark of highest style, and the rest of the figure will be in harmony; if there be more, it is of inferior character, and the rest of the figure will agree. Imprint this on your minds, for you will find it borne out by evidence from art as well as nature. With the Atlas and Dentatus we have nothing to do, but as instances of curious contrivance.

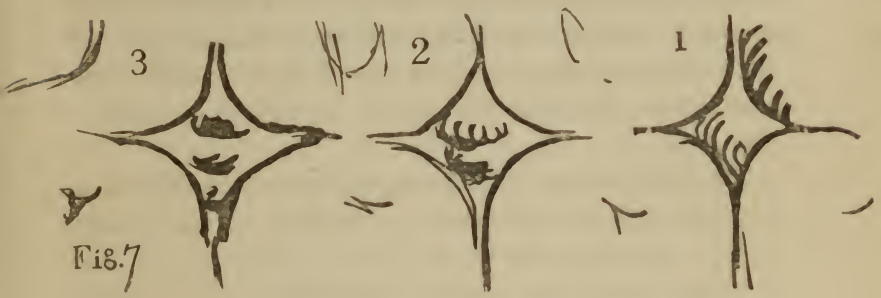


Fig. 7

Be assured, in concluding the spine, there is nothing more important to all designers, than a clear comprehension of the bearings, balancings, and shape, of a perfectly formed neck, back, and loins. I now come to the thorax, almost as essential—

Thorax.

The ribs give form to the thorax: there are twelve, viz., seven true ribs, because joined to the breast bone, or sternum; and five false, because ending by a cartilage in one another.

The cartilages of the ribs complete the thorax, and form the limited edge of the cavity; and it is from this

cartilaginous circle, that the great muscle of the diaphragm has its origin, forming the partition between the abdomen and the thorax. This edge is very peculiar in the antique; for, in all the finest figures of men, the training and efforts to increase strength, expand the ribs, and push out the external border into a circle,—I suspect that, though externally it looks circular, the real edge of the ribs in the finest men would be still found underneath in the natural shape, and that the extreme circular shape is produced by the beautiful swelling from continued action of the rectus and oblique muscle coming, as they do, from and into the border,—for I had a model with the circle of the antique externally, and where he drew in his breath you saw the border of the ribs the reverse shape underneath it.

Phidias, in one of the finest figures of the Metopes, the fighting one, where he is drawing in his breath, shews with his usual nature, the border of the ribs bending downwards, and not upwards.

The sternum or breast-bone is the next: it divides the pectoral muscles; the clavicles roll on it like a fulcrum, and the swelling of the pectoral muscles round the bottom make another diamond shape, so visible in the antique. In man, the back is short, and chest broad; in the quadruped, the back is long, and chest narrow. Therefore, in a standard form, remember, make your chest broad, and your back, in comparison with your limbs, short. There is no part more characteristic of a noble and elevated form, than a fine spine and a broad chest,—lay that, therefore, down as another principle in forming your standard man.

Remember the contour and bones of the thorax, and

the hollow between the last rib and pelvis; the shape and position of the pelvis is never lost sight of in any action. I now come to the pelvis; broad in a beautiful woman, narrow in a standard man, and narrower still in quadrupeds. The pelvis (Plate A, No. 24), that important part in designing men and women, is composed of the ilium, sacrum, pubis, ischium, and coccygis.

The pelvis is composed of a circle of large strong bones, standing like an arch between the lower limbs and the trunk; it gives a powerful support to the body; its sockets are large enough for the thighs to roll in; its movements are free and beautiful, bearing the trunk above, and rolling on the thigh bones below; and says John Bell, "it is so truly the centre of all the great motions of the body, that when one believes the motion to be in the higher parts of the spine, it is either the last vertebræ of the loins bending on the top of the pelvis (as I have told you, a rare and essential beauty of form), or the pelvis rolling on the thigh bones" (a detestable characteristic, as it makes an angle).

It is named pelvis, because it is like a basin: the first bone to be attended to is the ilium (Plate A, No. 24); it is covered a little over the edge by those broad flat muscles which form the hip muscle of the antique and fine nature; and at the sides, from the spine, come the great muscles which move the thigh; yet, owing to the rim of the ilium, the division in the ending of the hip muscle and beginning of the thigh muscles is beautifully distinct.

The ridgy circle is the spine, which ends in four processes before, upper and lower, and two behind. The two behind are guiding points, and the cause in the loins of the Venus of those two beautiful dimples pro-

duced by the skin adhering to the two processes and the flesh pressing round them. From the upper spinous process go the Sartorius inside, and tensor vaginæ outside. The rectus femoris goes from the lower process, and the muscles from the hip; so superbly marked in the Elgin marbles, especially by the Theseus. The ischium is below—we sit on the *tuber-ischii;* from these points issue the massy flexors of the thigh. The pubis is in front, and the sacrum behind, of a triangular shape; the point of the coccygis and the two processes of the ilium are excellent guides in drawing the loins.

The form of the pelvis is characteristic in the highest degree. In man, the shoulders are broad, and haunches small; the thighs in a direct line with the body, which gives a firm step, graceful, and noble; while the voluptuous breadth of the female hip causes the gentle approach of the knees in woman,—the step is therefore hesitating, tender, timid, unsure, and bewitching; the most lovely women always walk with a timid apprehension; they cannot help it; they do it from their inherent construction. In contrast with both, man and woman, comes the form of the quadruped; his shoulders and chest are narrow, and so are his loins,—both being essential to his horizontal motion.

Let me impress on all artists the great importance of thoroughly comprehending the spine and pelvis. In front, the two processes, pubis and spine, of the ilium; behind, the two other processes and the sacrum, the ischium and its tuber-ischii, and the setting-off the thigh bones from the sockets; all these things must be learned again and again by heart, like boys at schools; must be drawn again and again, till the mind and hand go together, and there is no more difficulty in forming

them, than in making the letters of the alphabet, and must be studied with and on the real skeleton.

I will defy any artist to form the haunches correctly in their various motions, if they be not deeply acquainted with the bone and muscular construction of this beautiful part.

I now arrive at the

LOWER LIMBS:

Thigh (No. 14), Leg (No. 15), and Foot (No. 16), Plate A.

The thigh bone is the greatest in the body, and ought to be so, supporting, as it does, very unfavourably, the whole weight of the body; the neck standing off, as it were, at right angles: the body seldom rests on both bones equally, but leans from one to the other, and sometimes wholly on one.

The body of this bone is thick, it bends outwards; and remark this, in the drawing of the thigh, it has a head and neck, and two processes, called trochanters, major and minor.

These are very essential in drawing the hip, and in setting on the thigh. The trochanter major is never entirely covered, muscles arise all round it, and leave it clear and apparent, as in the Theseus and fine nature: the great glutæi muscles go in and round it, especially when the figure sits, as the Theseus does; and the leg and thigh of the Theseus twist from the trochanter, underneath the opposite leg.

The trochanter minor is not seen, but the groin muscles go into it, and by their obliquity turn the bone round. The linea aspera need only be named; but the condyles, in which the thigh bones end, are most important.

The inner condyle is the largest, to make up for the

oblique position of the thigh bones, represented by the pelvis above. On the fore part of the bone glides up and down the pan-bone, and over the back part come the hamstrings; and there is a deep notch, where lie the great arteries, vein, and nerve of the leg.

The next bone is the *tibia*, from its resemblance to a pipe,—on it rests the thigh bone; and the projection of the pan-bone leaves, as you perceive, hollows underneath, above the head of the tibia, on each side, which, being filled with cellular substance, make up the external shape of the knee.

I scarcely know a knee properly and simply defined, except in the Elgin marbles; and I request you all to attend to this bone construction, that you may comprehend the other markings of the knee, of which this is the base.

The bone construction is first, the condyles, then the grove in front, then the pan-bone and hollows, the head and bump of the tibia and fibula, which are the leading bone-guiding-points, and must be mastered.

On the fore part of the tibia is a *bump* for the great ligament of the patella, which is united to the great tendon of the three great muscles which go over the patella into the bump. This projection, in the finest and most delicate female forms, must be *hinted*, as it is always seen in nature. It completes the drawing of the knee, and in all the Elgin marbles is never omitted, and it never ought to be, any more than the vertebra prominens of the neck, the outer trochanter of the thigh, or the dimples of the sacrum, seen in the back of the Venus.

The tibia further down forms the shin; and, in a finely-formed shin, it curves gently outward till it joins

with the instep; and, before it ends, forms the inner ankle; which, in man, is the highest, and in the quadruped, when he stands like man, is the lowest.

The fibula (No. 25) is connected with the head of the tibia, outside is the great tendon of the biceps femoris, and it goes into it. The fibula ends in the outer ankle, and is lower and a little behind the inner.

The inner ankle lies a little obliquely forward, determining the obliquity of the foot, which must be of importance, because there are so many provisions for it. First, the oblique position of the trochanters; next, the oblique position of all the muscles from the groin to the trochanters; and lastly, the obliquity of the ankles; the inner ankle advancing a little before, and the outer ankle receding a little on one side, which turns the foot outward.

In forming the leg, thigh, hip, and foot, it is important to remark their relative positions. When the knee is square towards you, the ankles and foot turn out; when the ankles are square, the knee turns in; and when the foot is directly in front, the knee turns rather in; when the foot turns a little out, still the knee is not quite square.

In the lion, the leg and thigh never being straightened to the same degree as in man, the power not being wanted, the provision to obtain it is not so perfect as in man.

The pan-bone is a lever in a man, which, by resisting the action of the extending muscles of the leg, increases their power; so that in proportion to its breadth and its resistance, in that proportion is the power increased.

In man, the pan-bone is *broad*, whereas in the lion it is, of course, *narrow*.

A broad and powerful knee-pan bone is an essential characteristic of a standard form for man; and there is no part young artists make such mistakes in, as they do in making small pan-bones, under the supposition that it is graceful and beautiful.

The pan-bone is in reality a lever or pulley; it is oval, the smaller part downwards; it receives the four great extensors of the leg: the projection of this bone on the knee removes the centre of motion, and increases the power. When the knee is bent, the pan-bone sinks into the hollow; when it is extended, the patella rises, and raises the mechanical power exactly in proportion as the muscles lose their power.

This is of great importance, and the Greeks were thoroughly versed in the construction. I dissected a knee specifically, as I did hands and feet, to get hold of its principle. The next part, in concluding the lower limbs, is the

Tarsus (No. 16, Plate A), or Instep.

It is composed of seven large bones, which form a firm and elastic arch for supporting the body.

First, the astragalus, which influences the shape of the foot after the lower ankle; the effect of it is visible in the feet of the Venus; it is joined backward to the os calcis, and forwards to the scaphoid.

You cannot form a foot finely without understanding the position and influence of this important bone.

The os calcis (No. 26, Plate A), or heel bone, forms in the lion the first great projecting bone behind in the foot, when the lion is in his natural position.

The os calcis projects, like his elbow (No. 27), disproportionably in the lion, when placed on his heel

and toes,—therefore a projecting heel is a brutal mark of form in man.

Into the human os calcis goes the enormous tendo Achillis,—the great cord for the action of the calf. The heel is the lever in the lion, therefore it *projects!* The pan-bone is in the man, therefore it is *broad.* The pan-bone is not so essential in the lion, therefore it is *narrow;* and man does not need so great a lever in the heel as the lion, therefore it does not project so much.

A small pan-bone and projecting heel are animal characteristics of form,—while a limited projection of heel, and broad pan-bone, are human characteristics.

Now follows the os naviculare and cuneiform bones, on which are placed the metatarsal bones, and on them the toes.

The great toe has two phalanges, and the others three. Remember in forming your foot that it should be arched, and the second toe longer than the great one. The foot, in a European, is twice in length to the top of the pan-bone, and again twice to the top of the ilium.

In the lion, the foot is as long as the leg, principally from the projection of heel.

The contrast is evident here, as in every other part: to degrade a human being, bend his knees and lengthen and flatten his foot,—to elevate him, increase rather than keep to his exact human proportions, straighten his knees, and arch his foot.

I have studied feet, which were never disgraced by shoes, where the great toe was free and distinct, and the second toe the longest always.

Turn in the great toe, and shorten the second toe, and you have a Rubens' foot in perfection! and, instead of pressing the end of the toes round the nail, let the

nails hang over the toes, and your feet will be the quintessence of vulgarity and distortion. Toes, entirely without curb, spread out like the fingers,—therefore, I think, the regulation of the ancient sandal kept the toes beautifully together.

There is no part of the human body so excites my sympathy, as the unhappy condition of the unfortunate toes; born, like the fingers, with the same inherent right to constitutional liberty, they are condemned, as soon as they are wanted, to a gloomy, cruel, unjust, and unrelenting imprisonment. In every other part of the body the clothing is made to suit the shape and convenience of the part covered, but the feet alone are always an exception,—cramped, confined, and tortured, they are forced to suit themselves to the boot that covers them, instead of having the boot made to fit their natural projections.

A foot unrestrained and free is one of the most beautiful parts of a human body. Mengs lamented the few really antique feet we had: how he would have rejoiced, could he have seen two of our Elgin feet, fresh from the chisel of Phidias, teeming with life, skin trembling, and blood circulating!

A real ancient foot or hand is a real treasure. Hands are less frequently found than feet, being more detached from support; we have two or three feet in the Elgin marbles, and they are matchless. The feet of the Venus are antique, and are exquisite: the hands were added by Bernini, and are a disgrace to the statue. I will now conclude the skeleton, by describing the shoulder blade, arm, fore-arm, and hand, equally important to a standard form, and equally deserving your intense and thorough investigation.

You will perceive the lion has scapula, arm, fore-arm, and hand.

In man—the arm is long, the fore-arm short, and the hand shorter still, and the motions of the scapula free.

In the lion—the hand, fore-arm, and arm, are nearly of equal proportions, and scapula restrained in its motions.

Remember, it is a grand characteristic in the form of man to have the upper arm longer than the fore-arm; fore-arm longer than the hand, which is a foundation for a gradual increase of power from the shoulder to the hand: whereas in the fore-arm and hand lie the greater power of the quadruped; the reverse in the muscular and bone construction of the European.

The Scapula (No. 17, Plate A),

is a singular bone; it lies on a bed of muscle, and moves about on a cushion; it is the principal cause of all the various markings of the shoulders; and unless you understand the shape and motions of the scapula, I will defy you to form or draw your back as it ought to be.

First.—There is its spine, a strong ridge of bone, ending in a process hanging over the shoulder bone, and called acromion. The spine divides the muscles on the scapula; the muscles on the back and neck going to the scapula, move the scapula; those on the scapula move the arm; those on the arm move the fore-arm; those on the fore-arm move the hand;—and the perfect freedom of all the motions of the scapula and arm is one of the great characteristics of the form of man. The lion has only the power to move his arm backwards and forwards; his ulna bones are tied to his side. While man can make a perfect circle with his

hand, his shoulder being its centre. In the lion, consequently, all the muscles of the scapula are feeble and flat; because they are not wanted for the narrow nature of his actions. A lion has little pronation and supination of the fore paw; while man has perfect pronation and supination of the hand; and all the muscles which enable a man to perform these actions, are peculiarly human characteristics of a standard form.

The scapula is a thin bone, triangular in shape, the base towards the back; the spine ends in the acromion; and unless the artist is perfectly aware of the termination of this process, forming as it does the apex of the shoulder, he cannot draw the shoulder rightly; and a projection of this point, and a fulness of the deltoid here, which rises from it, are chief causes and chief marks of superior strength.

There is another process, called coracoid, which gives origin to an essential muscle in the drawing the arm; next comes the collar bone, or clavicle, which resting on the breast bone in front, is attached to the acromia at the end; mark well, and understand well, this union, for when I come to the muscles, you will find your comprehension of the muscles greatly assisted by your knowledge of the bones as a basis.

The os humeri (No. 18), or arm bone, is round in the middle, but twists into a hinge joint at the elbow. Observe its proportion to the fore-arm bone and hand—look at the quadruped's. At the end are the two condyles, their chief use is to give a larger fulcrum to the muscles of the fore-arm which rise from these points. The outer tubercle gives rise to the extending muscles; the inner, which is largest, to the bending muscles, which require greater power, for it requires greater

power to bend, grasp, and pull, than merely extend, which is but an antagonist power, and does not want such mechanical provision for strength.

In drawing the arm, remember the inner tubercle is lowest, so the hinge joint is oblique, which makes the hand and arm fall naturally towards the face and breast when crossed; the fore-arm is composed of two bones called

Radius and Ulna (Nos. 19, 20, Plate A).

The Radius (No. 19) is so called from its being like the spoke of a wheel; the Ulna (No. 20), because it is like a measure: the radius holds the wrist (No. 21), and turns with it; the ulna belongs to the elbow, forms it, and by its joint, bends and extends the arm.

The chief process of the ulna is the olecranon (No. 27), which is the elbow; it serves as a long lever for the muscles which extend or make straight the arm.

In the lion you see, like the os calcis, the projection of the olecranon (No. 27, Plate B) is immense, in proportion to the length; inside, is the coronoid process, which is a lever for bending the muscles of the arm.

The ulna is attached to the arm bone, but free at the wrist; while the radius is attached to the wrist, and holds the hand.

The end of the elbow and shape of the radius are always visible in forming the wrist; and Vandyke was peculiarly delicate in painting and touching this part.

In all the Elgin marbles, wherever a wrist is seen, the ulna and radius are distinct and visible, in the plumpest female, or most muscular man; they are always visible in nature in the most delicate female hand; but under a false taste, allow me to tell you,

their effect was entirely smoothed away, and no appearance of their influence visible, any more than the projection of the horse's eye, or varied shape from repose in contrast with action, in all the most distinguished antique statues before the Elgin marbles came among us.

At my entrance among these divine things, for the first time with Wilkie, 1808, in Park-lane, the first thing I saw was the wrist of the right hand and arm of one of the Fates leaning on her thigh; it is the Fate on the right side of the other, which, mutilated and destroyed as it was, proved that the great sculptor had kept the shape of the radius and ulna, as always seen in fine nature, male and female.

I felt at once, before I turned my eyes, that *there* was the nature and ideal beauty joined, which I had gone about the art longing for, but never finding! I saw at once I was amongst productions such as I had never witnessed before in the art; and that the great author merited the enthusiasm of antiquity, of Socrates, of Plato, of Aristotle, of Juvenal, of Cicero, of Valerius Maximus, and of Plutarch and Martial.

If such were my convictions, on seeing this dilapidated but immortal wrist, what do you think they were on turning round to the Theseus, the horse's head, and the fighting Metope, the Freeze, and the Jupiter's breast?

O may I retain such sensations beyond the grave! I foresaw at once a mighty revolution in the art of the world for ever! I saw that union of nature and ideal perfected in High Art; and before this period pronounced by the ablest critics as *impossible!* I thanked God with all my heart, with all my soul, and with all my being,

that I was ready to comprehend them from dissection. I bowed to the immortal spirit, which still hovered near them. I predicted at once their vast effect on the art of the world, and was smiled at for my boyish enthusiasm!

Honour to those who felt for years a craving—the great works before their eyes never gratified! Honour to Charles Bell, who, in his *Anatomy of Expression*, lamented the want of nature in the horses of antiquity; what he found wanting in horses, I found wanting in men—and the Elgin marbles alone supplied that want.

In the wrists of all the women in the old sculpture, I never before saw such a palpable effect produced by the radius and ulna, as was the case here; every great modern painter would have been afraid to mark their effect, so much was he held in awe by the pompous pretences of celebrated things in a false style.

The upper part of the radius rolls on the ulna in a button-like form; the lower part of the radius is hollowed, and expands to take the wrist.

The styloid process is to be re-marked in the ulna,—it is a peak.

The end of the ulna does not join the wrist, and is not a part of the wrist; but it is attached to the wrist by a tendon, which slips over it, and which goes into the metacarpal bone of the little finger. Of the

Hand and Fingers

I could give a distinct lecture, so various and endless are the beauties of this wonderful construction: first, is the wrist; then the bones on the wrist; and lastly, the fingers on these bones.

The wrist is a congeries of small bones, *arched*

outwards; the metacarpal bones are five long bones, radiated and partaking of the arch; the little-finger-metacarpal-bone turns towards the forefinger metacarpal bone, and a knowledge of this is essential to a power of forming properly the hand. The fingers placed at the end of these bones have free motions.

The *wrist* (No. 21) has eight small bones, in two rows; placed first, is the os scaphoides, hook-like, it holds one end of the ligament under which the flexors pass; then, os lunare, os cuneiforme, closely wedged between the cuneiforme and pisiforme; the os pisiforme is small and round, it projects into the palm, and forms an essential part of the form in drawing, and the great flexor of the wrist goes into it.

From the os trapezium, the thumb stands off; the os magnum is the bone Vandyke always touched so exquisitely; the unciforme receives the ligament from the scaphoides,—all these bones have the broad ends outwards and small ends *inwards.* The metacarpal bones (No. 22) are close at the ends, and branch out; the second from the forefinger is the longest, and at the end of it is the projecting knuckle—the leading knuckle in the hand.

The fingers (No. 23) follow, and have three phalanges; and the great human distinction in the hand from the hand paw of the quadruped, is the vast and perfect power of grasping by the action of the thumb. The lion has no power to grasp, because he is without adductor muscles, which form the ball of the human thumb. The bones of the fingers are groved inside and arched out,—the middle finger longest; and remember, the little and forefingers bend inwardly towards each other, the middle finger is straight, and

the little finger inclines to the ring finger, which at once gives the drawing of the hand.

Neither Raffaelle, nor Michael Angelo, did hands and feet to such perfection as the Greeks; and unless artists ascertain the perfect internal construction, they never will be able to do them to such perfection.

A Greek foot or hand, in sculpture, is more like an exquisite cast from a perfect living model, than a work of human art.

I have thus completed the bones,—the foundation of the human figure; and rely on it, unless the leading points of the skeleton are fully comprehended, no study of muscular arrangement will ever make any impression.

I fear it is not so attractive as a lecture of a more general nature; but no lectures on composition, colour, light and shadow, form or expression, would or could be of essential use, unless based on a thorough knowledge of the anatomical structure of the frame.

A surgeon perhaps may smile at the superficiality of our anatomy; but let me assure him, his superabundance and deeper knowledge may often perplex, instead of clearing the head of a student.

It would thus always be better, if anatomy were explained by a painter; but owing to the rapidity with which money is made by the support given to portrait, it is not very likely men will qualify for such duties, when opulence is so often obtained without anatomical knowledge; and poverty pursues those who relinquish the opulence within their reach, for the sake of, and for the delight ever attending the removal of ignorance.

The eminent portrait painter is apt to believe that the skeleton, or the muscles, can very little help him who covers all with cravats and lappels; but, if his neck

beneath a little oftener influenced his cravat above, it would not be any great source of remonstrance on the part of his sitters; nor would they complain of any injustice, if their heads were regularly placed right between their shoulders, their bodies well upon their legs, or their legs and feet well upon the ground.

Portrait painting has of late years become so predominant, that it is really considered the established *unlimited* monarchy of painting.

When a man of great genius appears, when he has produced a great work, in spite of overwhelming difficulties, what is the outcry instantly amongst the leading portrait painters of the day? Is it, how can we help him to do another? how can we influence the patrons to reward him for doing this? No, no. Why does he not do busts, why does he not do portraits? They begin directly to exert their ingenuity to find out reasons why he ought to do as they do, and why he ought not to have had the impertinence to do what they are unable to do. If he have a private fortune, he is a fool to waste his time on a great work; and if he have none, he is a man of no principle, to execute a great historical work in spite of it. When he begins a great historical picture, they predict he will never conclude it; and when he accomplishes it, they abuse him for conceiving he had the power to complete what they had neither the power, nor inclination, nor talent, to imagine.

Here is a man come among us, who insists on dissecting before drawing, and drawing before painting—*the Apostate!* Who proves that the hand has four fingers and a thumb, and that the middle knuckle is the highest—*the Republican!* Who asserts that kings,

dukes, and ladies, should not be painted on their tiptoes—*the Infidel!* Were *we* ever known to insist on such absurdities? Did *we* ever dissect before we drew, or draw before we painted? Never, never! *We* loved the art too well, *we* had too much respect for its dignity.

Hogarth predicted exactly what has taken place—that the portrait painters would have more influence and power than ever, by being embodied under the sanction of royalty and fashion; and I assert, without fear of refutation, that High Art, and the respect for it, or the conviction that its support was and ought to be the first object of every great country, is so entirely gone out, that articles have appeared in the leading journals, trying to prove it has no right to more support than the other branches, if as much! Such an article, when the Academy was founded, would have been considered rebellion against human sense.

Do you suppose I undervalue portrait—that delightful art, which brings down to us the beautiful and intellectual, the hero and the sage of past ages, and carries onward the resemblance of those equally celebrated now, for the admiration of ages which approach. Not to see and acknowledge the value of such an art would be to be blind and insane!

How often have I studied Vandyke's and Reynolds' portraits; how often have the principles of their art been carried into High Art, from which they were originally drawn.

The great distinction of the English nation from all other nations, is an *intense perception of moral right.* The contrast struck me amazingly in France: there the people, in 1814, seemed not to have the most distant notion of it.

A fact is truth (morally)—a portrait is a fact; and I shrewdly suspect our dreadful predilection in that direction for fac-similes of dear Mamma and Cousin Billy, is not more from domestic sympathy, than from the rapture of the fact of actual resemblance.

If a great battle be fought,—which will be preferred, a grand picture of the battle, or a portrait of the man who fought it, in his *very* boots, his *very* coat, his *very* hat, and his *very* waistcoat? Of course the portrait—Why? because the fact of resemblance we can estimate, but a grand composition of this great event *may* or *may not* be like, say we.

It may be a *very fine picture*, there is no doubt of that; but, my dear friend, the cavalry *did not* charge when the Duke stood by the tree.

In a committee of any borough in England, that very fact would decide the question against the grand picture, and destroy the prospects of an angel in genius.

Look at our chimney-pieces, what ornaments crowd their beauty?

An endless mixture of indisputable facts! First, there's a bit of the Great Pyramid; then, a brick from the Tower of Babel; next, a drop of the Red Sea in a bottle, and a pebble from the very brook where David got his stone from, which killed Goliath, with certain collateral hints there *is* a probability this may be *the* stone. This is not from a love of property, it is not from a selfish desire to accumulate; it is nothing but an intense relish for the indisputable evidence of the existence of celebrated things. Will you believe, I picked up at a stall an old edition of Waller, and in it I found a bit of black paper stuck inside; underneath it was written, "This is a bit of one of the celebrated Cartoons at Hampton Court!"

Now, gentlemen, suppose every visitor for 200 years had been inspired with similar veneration, how many Cartoons do you think would now be in existence? —Again, why do our interesting friends, William and Mary Smith, in Easter week, write their immortal names on the cheek of the Venus, or cut their distinguished initials in a true lover's knot, or the no-less-never-to-be-forgotten day of the month, on the palace door of their queen; on the same principle, *a relish for a fact.* Betsy and Henry, their first cousins, *may* visit the same retreat, William has no desire of immortality, —"that last infirmity of noble minds," not he; *only* if *Harry* come after, he will have undoubted evidence that *Billy* was there *first.*

This principle, *the love of fact*, will also account for that infantine imbecility to touch every thing we see; whether it be a fine picture, a beautiful statue, or an extraordinary man. Do the English feel assured of the correctness of their eyes?—not in the least; after seeing, up go the fingers, and very often not satisfied with sight and touch, they taste.

When the well was pointed out in which the poor Italian boy was burked, a genteel woman, well dressed, knelt down and tasted the water!

And when Blucher and Platoff were in England, people were not satisfied with seeing or shaking hands, they insisted on bits of their dress, and portions of the hairs of their very heads!

In fact, an Englishman never seems convinced of the truth of his perceptions, until every sense has conveyed them to every iota of his understanding.

No class of life escapes this contagion; men of high birth will laugh at this weakness, and tell you anecdotes

of themselves;—which actually happened to me; for a friend of Lord Byron joined me in censuring this propensity, and then told me a story of himself, about bringing away *a bit* of the chair of a celebrated man!

> "Of Eve's first fire he had a cinder,
> The broomstick of the Witch of Endor."

But, gentlemen, it is time to tell the country that such childish propensities disgrace us in the eyes of the world.

It is time to assure you all, that the meanest pauper in Italy or France, would rather cut his name on his own body, than disfigure a beautiful statue, or steal a bit from a celebrated picture.

Painting never will, and never can, in its noblest walks, ever take root among us, nor all the lectures in the world inculcate a love of it, if such barbarism be not exposed, corrected, and put an end to. Let us shew more sensibility to the beauty of imaginative truth, the foundation of which exists in our nature, than to that propensity to *fact* and *fact* only, which in morals I grant is the foundation of all principle, but which must be relaxed a little, when works of poetry or painting are to be felt or estimated.

In our respective circles, let us check our friends and correct our children: if we do this, in a few years, gardens will be enjoyed, without the flowers being destroyed or the fruit being eaten; pictures will be relished, without being touched; statues contemplated, without having their beauty disfigured or disgraced by initials; and great men will come among us without danger of losing their hair, or the skirts of their coats.

In Egypt, the French remained two years, and preserved a beautiful sarcophagus in one of the Pyramids;

the English army had not been two days at Cairo, before orders were issued from head-quarters to prevent English officers and soldiers knocking off bits to carry to their friends.

You will have perceived I have a great enthusiasm for the Elgin marbles, because I can prove them the only works where vitality and ideal beauty are united.

Before concluding this lecture, it may be useful to say a word or two on the manner in which the Elgin marbles may be best studied by the student; because, if studied at the wrong time, they may mislead as much as they will benefit at the right one.

It is my opinion, they should be the conclusion, and not the beginning of the first years of application. I would advise most strenuously, that the student should accustom himself to draw figures only, which are *perfect* in head, hands, and feet, and not habituate his hand and mind to the lazy indulgence of sketching fragments, however divine. After he is able to go through a complete figure, the Gladiator, the Apollo, or the Laocoon,—let him make the Elgin marbles the intermediate course to nature, directly after mastering these academic and stately examples.

His hand being correct as to proportion and parts, the Elgin marbles will prepare him for nature, shew him the difference between mere system and vitality, and he will then go to the natural model, capable of taking full advantage of her transient beauties.

I beg to reiterate the soundness of the principle inculcated by Reynolds, viz., that of copying the model before you, with all its defects, without presuming to alter one single weakness, not even the distortion of the toes, when you make a study.

I will predict at any time from a drawing in the Life Academy, the fate of any young artist, let his promise be what it may.

When I see a drawing square and impudent, dashing and ideal,—small knees, large calves, with granite flesh, and iron joints, and dandy figure—let that heaven-born boy, whoever he be, turn a deaf ear to mamma's flattery and uncle's predictions, and break his stilts at once. But when I see a drawing with all the modesty of nature, square only where nature is square—curved where she is curved; and straight where she is straight; which has all the individual langour of a tired model, such as models always are, with no flourish of trumpets, and no anatomical skinning of nature; then, I know if that boy have imagination, there is a basis on which to calculate future excellence, and if he have not, he will be sure to be excellent where imagination is not essential.

If you do not draw nature, first, exactly as she is, what basis, hereafter, will you have to make her as she ought to be? How can you refer to your drawings as documents of what nature is, in order to make her as she ought to be? how can you clear accident from essence, if you do not first be sure what is accident and what essence? Such were the drawings of Wilkie, Edwin Landseer, Eastlake, Lance, Collins, and Mulready; but such were not the drawings of hundreds of papa-geniuses, and where are they?

Too much cannot be said of the Elgin marbles, but they may be studied at the *wrong* time, and *then* they would ruin a student just as much as they would serve him at the *right* one.

The Royal Academy has done a great deal of good

as a school; it is a great pity it ever went further than a school; and in the course of time all the academies of Europe will be reduced to schools only, as they were at first.*

There is nothing in the world so annoying to patrons and academicians as a painter's writing or lecturing: so long as mere critics write on art, the nature of the subject is never properly explained, and the authorities are perfectly indifferent when critics are the only instructors of a nation; but there is nothing so much dreaded by the profession as a qualified artist taking up the pen on general principles, without condescending to individual criticism, to improve the taste of the people or advance the views of the nobility.

Whatever the artist says is to the point: he knows the ground, and is aware of the abuses; he concentrates his thoughts; "and one paper written by an artist," says Reynolds, "is of more value than pages poured forth by the theoretical connoisseur."

When principles are laid down in *writing*, they are before the world, and can only be refuted by opposite principles written with more truth or equal power.

By *writing*, you get rid at once of all the petty subterfuges, made use of by a certain class in society, to destroy the effect of unwelcome truth.

By *writing*, you weaken the silent sneer of conscious ignorance, that conceals its own want of knowledge,

* What we want in art is the same disciplined system of education we have in literature, medicine, and the church;—were men allowed only to practise in art, on the same principles as they are allowed to take a degree, we should have the same general diffusion of correct drawing as we have now of literature and physic.

and spreads an icy doubt over the unanswerable conclusions of its adversary.

By *writing*, you negative the solemn nod of self-importance, which receives your deductions as if you only explained the previous convictions of his own understanding.

By *writing*, you paralyse the pale-faced doubter, who, unable to bring forth a single argument in support of his objections, yet contrives to throw a mysterious apprehension into the minds of your auditors that he sees deeper than yourself.

When I used, thirty years ago, to state what I have stated to you now, as to truth of association from feature and form, face and skull, the superiority of the Elgin marbles, and the revolution they would produce; a few shakes from the awful heads of old amateurs, or a condescending smile of admission from an old R.A., dismissed my listeners with *pity* and *contempt* for my unripened presumption.

Directly on seeing the Elgin marbles, it was my lot to feel the future in the instant; and what I asserted in their future influence and enormous superiority, Canova, eight years after, confirmed. On my introduction by Hamilton,* I asked Canova what he thought of them; and he instantly replied, with a glistening Italian fire, "Ils renverseront le systême des autres antiques." Mr. Hamilton replied, "I had always said so, but who believed me? and what was the result of the principles I laid down? why many a squeeze of the hand to support me under my infirmities, and many a smile in my face in mercy at my delusion." "You are a *young* man," was often said, "and your enthusiasm is *all very proper*."

Because the minds of those who thus talked to me

* Author of Ægyptiaca.

were unfurnished with materials on which to be enthusiastic, they imagined my mind was equally unfurnished; and as *they* saw no cause on which to be enthusiastic themselves, they concluded that *my* enthusiasm was the dream of a distempered imagination, or the immature fancy of thoughtless inexperience; whereas *my* enthusiasm was then, is now, and ever will be hereafter, the *consequence*, and never the *cause* of my conviction.

I have lived to see the triumph and the glory of these immortal productions! I have lived to see them purchased by an English Parliament, and contributed by my writing to influence that purchase! I have lived to see England visited by illustrious foreigners to study their principles, after having studied them myself, night after night, in a damp and dusty pent-house! I have lived to be the first to send a cast of the Ilyssus to Rome to Canova.* I have lived to be the first to

* *Extract from Canova's Letter of Acknowledgment, (Received Dec. 2, 1817).*

"Je viens de recevoir la lettre que vous me fites l'honneur de m'écrire le 10 du mois passé, pour m'annoncer l'expedition du plâtre d'Ilysse que vous m'avez envoyé, à la verité je l'ai reçu il y a quelques semaines, et je vous prie d'agréer les sentimens de mon âme reconnoisante à votre bonté.

"Vous ne pouviez (à vous dire vrai), me donner un témoignage d'amitié plus marqué, et vous ne vous êtes pas trompé sur le desir ardent que j'avais de posséder quelques morceaux de ces fameux chefs d'œuvre de l'art qui ont formé mon admiration. Vous voyez qu'en vous témoignant ma haute reconnoisance je veux bien me charger du devoir de vous rendre quelque service, et de vous prouver par les faits que l'on ne peut pas être plus sensible que je le suis au precieux souvenir que vous daignez avoir de moi, et de l'estime dont vous m'honorez.

"Je vous renouvelle maintenant les assurances de mon respect, et de la consideration avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur de l'être.

Votre très humble serviteur,

à M. B. R. Haydon. ANT. CANOVA.

introduce them into Russia, and I shall yet live to see the glory of English art and the emancipation of British artists.

England has ever had to fight her way through contempt of foreign nations, to greatness in every thing, where accidental and not natural causes obstructed her advance so rapidly as the continental nations.

Through contempt and sneers, she forced the world to acknowledge she could produce great soldiers; and the time is fast coming, when Europe *shall* believe she can produce great painters too.

But let me tell the youth who hear me, it will only be done by the energy of their successive martyrdoms; till the attention of all classes be roused to the injustice of letting men suffer, when a drop from the ocean of public expenditure would place the art at once on that level, from which the absurd excesses of the Reformation and Civil Wars drove it, and from which the embodying the portrait painters in power have kept it ever since.

If there be any noble-minded boy who hears me, who is resolved to devote himself to keep alive the historical feeling which Hussey, Barry, West, Reynolds, Fuzeli, Etty, Hilton, Lane, and myself, have contrived to save, that is all, from utter decay; let me tell him his bed will not be a bed of roses, and his habitation as often perhaps a prison as a palace; but if he be of the true blood, if he possess that great characteristic of our dear country—Bottom!—neither calumny nor want, difficulty nor danger, will ever turn him aside from the great object of his being.

But, if such a youth shrink from endurance—if his heart cower at opposition—let him be assured he is not built for a Reformer in Art—*his* light is any light but light from heaven!

The spirit which must animate a boy in England for High Art, is the spirit of Luther, who, when he was told he would be murdered if he went to the Diet at Worms, replied,—"if every tile on the house-tops of Worms was a devil—I'd go!"

Remember, the CROSS which now glitters on the domes of our cathedrals as the guide to heaven, was once the gallows of the Romans!

Remember that labour is the price of every thing valuable, and *suffering* the only medium for the correction of error.

West said, in his letter to the Northern Society, that he knew no people since the Greeks so likely to revive grand art as the English! and Richardson said, I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet; but if ever the great and beautiful style of art revive, it will be in England.

It is prophetic of our future eminence, the nation is getting rapidly enlightened; and is it not singularly interesting in the history of this great country, that exactly at the very right time, the finest productions of the Ancient Greeks, works which they themselves estimated as their highest efforts, should come among us, after being unknown comparatively since the decay of the Romans; and that they should instil principles which will enable us in time to rival that illustrious people from whom we received such models, in poetry, philosophy, oratory, and art.

Reynolds said, the last words he should wish to pronounce in the Academy, were, Michael Angelo! Michael Angelo! The last words I should wish to utter in this world, till art gave way to more awful reflections, while my voice was articulate, and a fibre of my vitality quivered,—are, Elgin Marbles! Elgin Marbles!

LECTURE III.

ON THE MUSCLES.

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ON THE MUSCLES.

GENTLEMEN,

My last Lecture was on the Bones—the foundation on which the muscular arrangement acts; on which the muscles arise, and are inserted; and without which the animal machine could have neither consistence, basis, nor motion.

The proportion and shape of the bones are visible in the head, joints, hands, feet, and shoulders; the bones are moved by the muscles, influenced by the will, excited by an idea, or an intention, of the brain—how, the deepest anatomists are not wiser than we are!

A muscle has generally a tendinous origin, but always a tendinous insertion, more or less; tendons are a species of string at the end of the muscles; the muscle contracts and pulls the tendon, which drags the part after it.

Remember, the distinction between muscle, tendon, and bone, is the cause of all the variety of form in the human body.

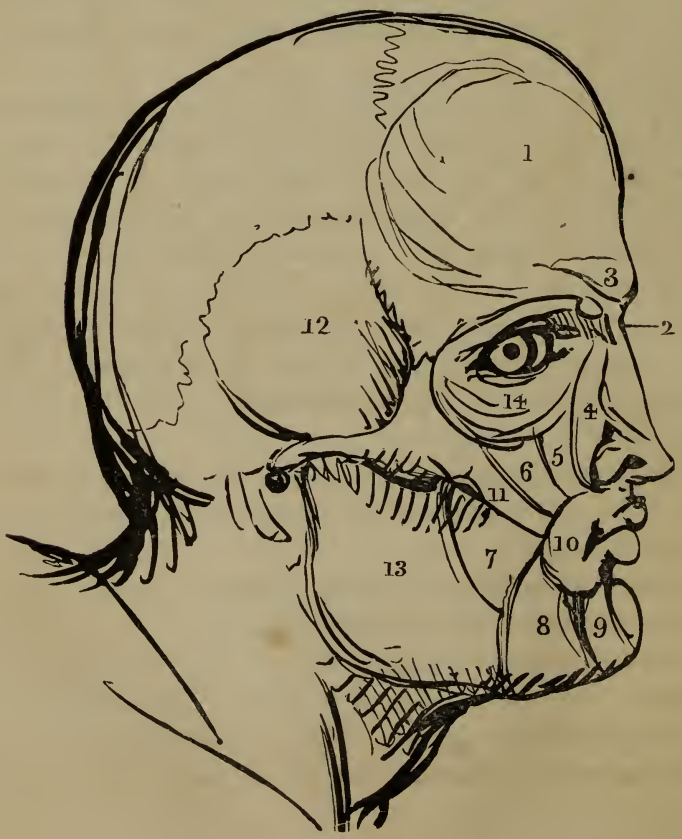
Bones are angular; tendons, straight; muscles, circular in action, and elliptical in repose.

Never forget that the form of every part of the human body varies with action and repose; that the opposite contours of a limb can never be the same from inherent formation, nor of a trunk, if the least

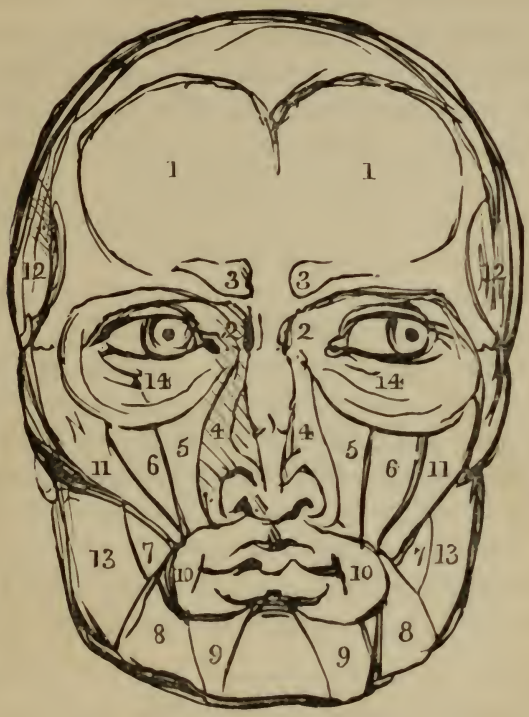
inclined from the perpendicular; that the bones are the things moved, and the muscles the things moving; and that both muscles and tendons are covered by skin, which the great Italian painters were apt to forget if they were skilled in anatomy, but the illustrious Greeks—never!

MUSCLES OF HEAD AND FACE.

The first muscles for the artists to study and master are, of course, the muscles of the head and face, by the action of which passions are expressed, and feelings communicated to the spectators.



The first muscle of the head and brow is the *occipito frontalis* (1), which spreads over the scalp, and by two



little ribbon tendons (2 2) goes in at the root of the nose.

By its action you can move the hair, and its insertion delicately unites the brows of a beautiful woman with the beginning of her beautiful nose. In painting or drawing a head, be careful not to miss this essential beauty.

The tendons are broadly separate, and complete the drawing of the root as well as the beginning of the

nose, and sweep the circle of the eyebrows into the line of the nose.

The next muscle is the CORRUGATOR (3), which is antagonist to the last, knits the brows, and wrinkles the skin between; the *levator palpebræ superioris*, the lifter of the upper eyelid, is of no use to us. The frontalis raises the eyebrows, and by the slip of tendon here pulls them down; the corrugator pulls them inwards, and knits the brows—the hidden lifter of the upper eyelid opens the eyelid, and the orbicularis oculi (14), closes the eye when we have dust in it.

These are the muscles of the brows and eyes, and must be carefully remembered in expression.

Mere fright lifts the brows. Terror and horror, partaking of emotion deep and pathetic, knit them; rage, anger, pain, knit them. In insanity, the brows are vacantly raised, while the sneer and malignity of insanity are visible in the mouth and eyes.

Now come the muscles of the face and nose; and every student in painting should master them like his alphabet, and be able to sketch them at once.

LEVATOR LABII SUPERIORIS ALÆQUE NASI (4),

Lifter of the upper lip, and wings of the nose,

arises from the nasal process close by the tendon of orbicularis oculi; it is divided; one part is implanted into the cartilage of the nose, the other to the upper lip; it raises the upper lip, and spreads the nostrils wide, in great rage, violent hysterics, and asthmatic spasms.

THE LEVATOR PROPRIUS, ETC. (5),

The *real* lifter, etc.

It is called real, because there are two others, one to

the angle of the mouth, and one common to the lip and nostril; it arises from the upper jaw, close to orbit, it runs down, and obliquely, to the middle of the lip, and meets its fellow just in the filtrum or gutter.

It pulls the upper lip upwards, and when a man receives a blow on the suture of the skull, as in one of the Metope heads of the Parthenon, the action of this muscle on one side of the face pulls up the lip, which you may see exquisitely marked in a Metope. The next muscle is

Levator anguli oris (6),

the lifter of the angle of the mouth. It arises above the dog teeth; it is mixed with the orbicularis oris, at the corner of the mouth, and raises the angle upwards. After that must be remarked the Zygomaticus Major (11), which has nearly the same direction, and goes to the angle of the mouth. It is the muscle that marks the face with that line from the cheek-bone to the corner of the mouth, in laughter, rage, and grinning.

Buccinator (7),

or trumpet-blower; it fills the walls of the cheek—it flattens the cheek in action, and assists in drinking; in blowing wind instruments, it receives the wind and expels it, from whence its name. It comes from the coronoid process of the upper jaw, and is put into the corner of the mouth.

Depressor anguli oris (8),

of the mouth, is a neat muscle; arises triangularly in a line with the jaw; it grows smaller, and goes to the

corner of the mouth, right opposite the zygomatic and levator muscles.

In cheerful motions, as laughter, smiling, etc., the zygomatics and levators pull the angles upwards.

In Fear, Pride, Hatred, Revenge, Disgust, Contempt, Consciousness of Power—like Satan—the Depressor pulls the corner of the mouth downwards; and where the tendons of all these muscles meet, the corners of the mouth make a roll of skin, very characteristic of the antique; the muscles pull the skin at angles, and the roll crosses the direction of their action.

Depressor labii inferioris (9),
The Depressor of the Lower Lip,

is a small muscle lying on each side of the chin. It arises on each side of the chin from the lower jaw-bone. It goes obliquely upwards and inwards till it meets its fellow in the middle of the lip; and where the muscles of the opposite sides meet, there is a little filtrum or furrow of the lower lip, as in the upper one.

It pulls the lip downwards; it is on both sides square, and has been named *Quadratus*, the square muscle of the chin.

Orbicularis oris (10),

is the last visible muscle of the face which is useful and can be seen; it is very regular, and constitutes the thickness of the lips, and is of a circular form, surrounding the mouth, as that of the eyes does of the eye.

Its fixed points are the two angles of the mouth, at that roll or swelling which is formed by the union of the zygomatic, triangularis, and other muscles, and its

chief use is to contract the mouth, and to antagonise the other muscles which I have just described.

Thus end the muscles of the forehead, lips, nose, and face, upper and lower jaws, all of which are continually in request with the painter of passion.

Those of the nose and lips are not merely useful in expressing the passions; that is a secondary and accidental use, though to painters a primary object; their great office is to perform the continual movements which breathing, speaking, chewing, and swallowing require.

There are muscles for opening the mouth, which are all antagonised by this one—the *orbicularis oris*.

The *lifter* and *depressor* of the upper and lower lips separate the lips and open the mouth.

The *lifter of the angle* of the mouth along with the zygomatic muscles raise the cheek, and dilate the corners of the mouth.

The *buccinator* pulls the corner of the mouth directly backwards, opening the mouth.

The *angularis oris* dilates the mouth, pulls the angle of the mouth downwards and backwards, and forms it into a circle, if the others act at the same time; but the *orbicularis oris* being the largest and strongest, shuts the mouth, and antagonises them all, and from an opening as wide as the mouth can require, shuts the mouth at pleasure so closely, as to retain the very breath against all the force of the lungs.

It is the true antagonist of all the other muscles, and they and the orbicularis mutually act on each other in opening and shutting the mouth.

It is a paralysis of the muscles that so often occasions a hideous distortion of the face; for, when one side of the body falls into palsy, the muscles of the one cheek

cease to act; the muscles of the other cheek continue to act with their usual degree of vigour.

This contraction of the muscles of one cheek excites also the orbicularis oris to act, and so the mouth is pursed up, and the lips and angles are drawn towards one side.

Not one in ten thousand perhaps, Mr. John Bell says, can move his ears.

The celebrated Mr. Mery used, when lecturing, to amuse his pupils by saying, that in one thing he surely belonged to the long-eared tribe; upon which, he moved his ears very rapidly backwards and forwards; and Albinus, the celebrated anatomist, had the same power, which is performed by those little muscles not seen.

I tried it once in painting with great effect. In my picture of Macbeth,* when he was listening in horror before committing the murder, I ventured to press his ears forwards like an animal in fright, to give an idea of trying to catch the merest sound; and it was certainly very effective, and increased amazingly the terror of the scene, without the spectator's being aware of the reason.

The Temporal and Masseter (12 and 13)

move with great power the lower jaw. The *temporal* muscle arises from the flat side of the temporal, parietal, and sphenoid bones, and is inserted into the end of the lower jaw.

The *masseter* is short and thick, and rounds the cheek in shape, and takes off the too great flatness and softens the angle.

* Painted for Sir G. Beaumont, 1812, now at Colchorton Hall.

When we bite, we feel the temporal muscle on the temples, and the masseter upon the back part of the cheek.

In rage, when the teeth are clenched and fixed, the temporal and masseter muscles act with great power, and the veins of the forehead swell out.

It will be essential for the painter and sculptor to recapitulate generally, and to learn distinctly by heart, the leading offices of the muscles of the head and face: when thus they are expressing Passion, they will be enabled to dash out the results of their separate actions with truth and feeling.

THE OCCIPITO FRONTALIS

wrinkles the forehead; the *corrugator* knits the brows; the *levatores labiorum*, lift up the lips, spread wide the nostrils, and open the mouth; the *depressores labiorum* depress the lip; the *triangular muscles* draw down the corners of the mouth; the *zygomatic muscle* distorts the cheek, and the *orbicularis oris* antagonises all these, and closes the mouth.

"These muscles, while they are performing more important duties," also, says John Bell, "express the passions, and mark the countenance, with traits never to be effaced;" *to us* painters the expression of the passions is the most important duty they have to do.

The shapes of the bones determine the general form of the face. One great muscle, the masseter, gives the rounding of the cheek; the rest are all moveable and delicate muscles, and the great character of the face centres round the mouth and nostrils where those muscles converge; the lean and delicate face gains in expression where the cheek is hollow, the angle of the

mouth, the lines strong; but in those who are bloated, the cheek is fatter, the lines obliterated, the delicate turnings of thought and feeling are lost; all but the more violent strains of passion are buried in the mass. The great lines of character are the lines of the zygomatic muscle, coming from above, and of the triangular muscle, coming from the chin; and the moving point towards which they all act, is the corner of the mouth.

In cheerful emotions, the features rise all towards the eye, which becomes full and turgid. In the depressing passions, the features sink, the eye is languid, and the whole countenance gets a thoughtful, serious cast; and still it is the corner of the mouth, that is the central point of all these changes.

The corners of the mouth are continually supported by the action of the levator and of the zygomatic muscles. They are raised high in smiling, so as to form a dimple; then they are raised higher in laughter, so as to swell the cheek, wrinkle the eyelids, and compress the eyes, till tears begin to flow. And the corner of the mouth, which is thus raised in laughter, is distorted in pride, malice, hatred; dilated and drawn backward in rage, drops lower in grief, and in palsy falls quite down.

These movements round the angle of the mouth, are the chief indications in the face itself; while all other indications of passion, proceed from the general system. A healthy body and cheerful mind have the face full, the eye full, the back braced, the whole body in a moveable, active, and highly excited state. But when the heart beats languid in grief, or palpitates in fear, the face becomes pale, the features sink, the limbs tremble, the whole frame is unbraced, cold, and unapt

for motion, and from these general conditions of the system proceed all those other marks of passion which accompany the changes of the face; for in grief, fear, and despair, the blood ebbs, the face is pale, and the features sink; while in anger the face is red, the eye-brow corrugated, the eye turgid, and strained towards the most violent action; the breath is retained, while the pulse beats high, and so the face becomes turgid; the eye is fiery and red, there is a grinding of the teeth; the angles of the mouth are strained backwards; the nostrils are raised and dilated: the zygomatic, masseter, and temporal muscles, are in violent action, which gives an angular and linear hardness to all the features, and saliva and foam proceed from the universal pressure upon all the glands.

At the battle of Waterloo, many of the British and French soldiers, in the fury of contest, had their mouths as much covered with foam, as the fiercest and most savage animals in fight, from violent pressure on the glands.

We have now done with the interesting muscles of the face and head, the hidden causes of the expression of the Passions by feature. The next thing to proceed to is the throat: a beautiful throat is a very necessary adjunct to the completion of a fine form, more especially in women.

The Throat

is complicated in its anatomy, but we have nothing to do with anything but the visible; and the first point to be remarked in the drawing of the throat, is a projection of the thyroid cartilage, called *Pomum Adami*, D.

It is the most projecting part, is more visible in

men than in women, and yet influences the shape of a woman's throat, even the most delicate.

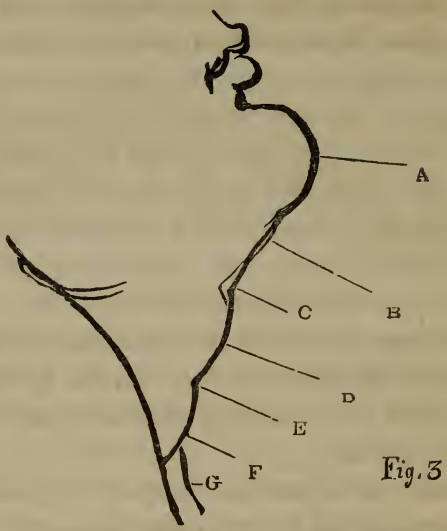


Fig. 3

The next projection is below, and owing to the windpipe. So that, first, is the chin, A; then the muscles which go to it, B; the *os hyoides*, C; a little hollow, E; and either the windpipe or cricoid cartilage, F, brings the shape to between the tendons of the mastoideus, G.

In the Niobe and Venus, and in all beautiful throats of men or women, the two projections originating in the Pomum Adami and thyroid cartilage produce those exquisite concave and convex lines, till the throat ends upon the clavicles.

The reader is now referred to Albinus, or any correct Anatomical Plates, to which he should refer as he reads the Lecture.

FIRST MUSCLE,

sterno-hyoideus, arises from the sternum, goes into the

os hyoides; next, *sterno-thyroideus* and *omo-hyoideus* are seldom seen, except in violent blowing of trumpets, then, in a muscular man, they separate and are seen distinctly: these three muscles pull the throat down.

Muscles, to pull up.

The *mylo-hyoideus* and *stylo-hyoideus* go from the lower jaw and styloid into the *os hyoides*, and make the first line of form B before your pencil comes to the *Pomum Adami.*

The Digastricus.

is extraordinary evidence of previous thinking, in arrangement. It arises at the mastoid process; slips through, the *stylo-hyoideus*, like a loop, and goes right to the jaw: in acting it is kept down by the above muscle, and pulls the jaw down by an insertion, which is actually on a level with its origin; yet, by going through the other muscle, it accomplishes its object.

I believe Paley alludes to this.

The rest of the muscles of this beautiful part are all internal, and of no use to painters: though the great mastoideus belongs to the neck, it comes from the trunk, and it will be irregular to do more than draw your attention to it,—as essential in forming that beautiful pillar of which the head is the capital, viz. the neck.

We now proceed to the muscles of a most singular bone, viz. the *Scapula*, which is neither articulated nor attached to any part of the body, but floats upon a mass of muscle, producing all those infinite varieties of marking so visible in back and shoulders, whether in action or repose.

Let every artist recollect, that the muscles which move the scapula lie on the body; the muscles which move the arm lie on the scapula; the muscles for the fore-arm lie on the arm; and the muscles to move the hand and fingers lie on the fore-arm.

This is John Bell's admirable arrangement, and clears the mind of a painter at once.

One of the great distinctions between a quadruped and a man, is the power the man has of making a free circle with his hand—the shoulder-joint being the centre of motion—and the perfect freedom of *supination.*

Man can turn his *wrist down;* his elbow is a perfect *hinge;* the shoulder-joint is a ball and socket; and to complete all these, the scapula itself is moveable—the centre of all the motions.

Remember, the moment the arm-bone moves above the horizontal position, the acromion process of the scapula stops it, and the scapula rolls on the trunk before the arm can move higher.

What an incessant variety of motion! The muscles which move the scapula, come from the breast to move it *forwards*, from the neck to move it *upwards*, from the spine to move it *backwards*, and from the side, that is from the ribs, to move it *downwards.*

As each part of the form comes under review, I shall call your attention to the difference of the quadruped in the construction of the same part. Thus you will perceive the European has the power of making his actions perfectly free from the shoulder joint, whereas the quadruped is free only from the olecranon, which restraint ties, as it were, the shoulder to the elbow, and gives only horizontal motion to the quadruped.

It follows then, first, that freedom of action from the

shoulder joint is a human characteristic; and second, that whatever in bone, or muscular construction, which enables a human being to do this to perfection, is essential to his figure, and must be dwelt upon by the great artist in his construction; therefore, all the muscles, or leading portions of these muscles, which are essential to the performance of these characteristic actions, must be selected and arranged in a standard man.

The first muscle in the back, and the most essential to its beauty in man or woman, is the

Trapezius.

It arises from the back of the head, in equal portions, each side, quite to the mastoid process (remember this). It covers all the back and neck, quite to the fore part of the shoulder,—the two portions go to the tips of the shoulders, and nearly down to the loins.

One portion, each side, is implanted into one-third of the clavicle, nearest the shoulder, and into the tips of the acromion; the acromion sometimes making a beautiful marking in the midst.

This portion raises the scapula; it then branches round the upper angle of the scapula, leaving a HOLE, E E; after going along the spine, it adheres to the scapula, to its end.

This portion moves it towards the spine: it then branches down into the back, in a point, completing its lozenge form. This portion helps to pull it down.

The drawing of the back, nape, and shoulders, is one of the most difficult things, as well as most beautiful, in the form; for the trapezius is not only important *externally*, but its form is so varied by internal construction, that unless a painter descend in dissection

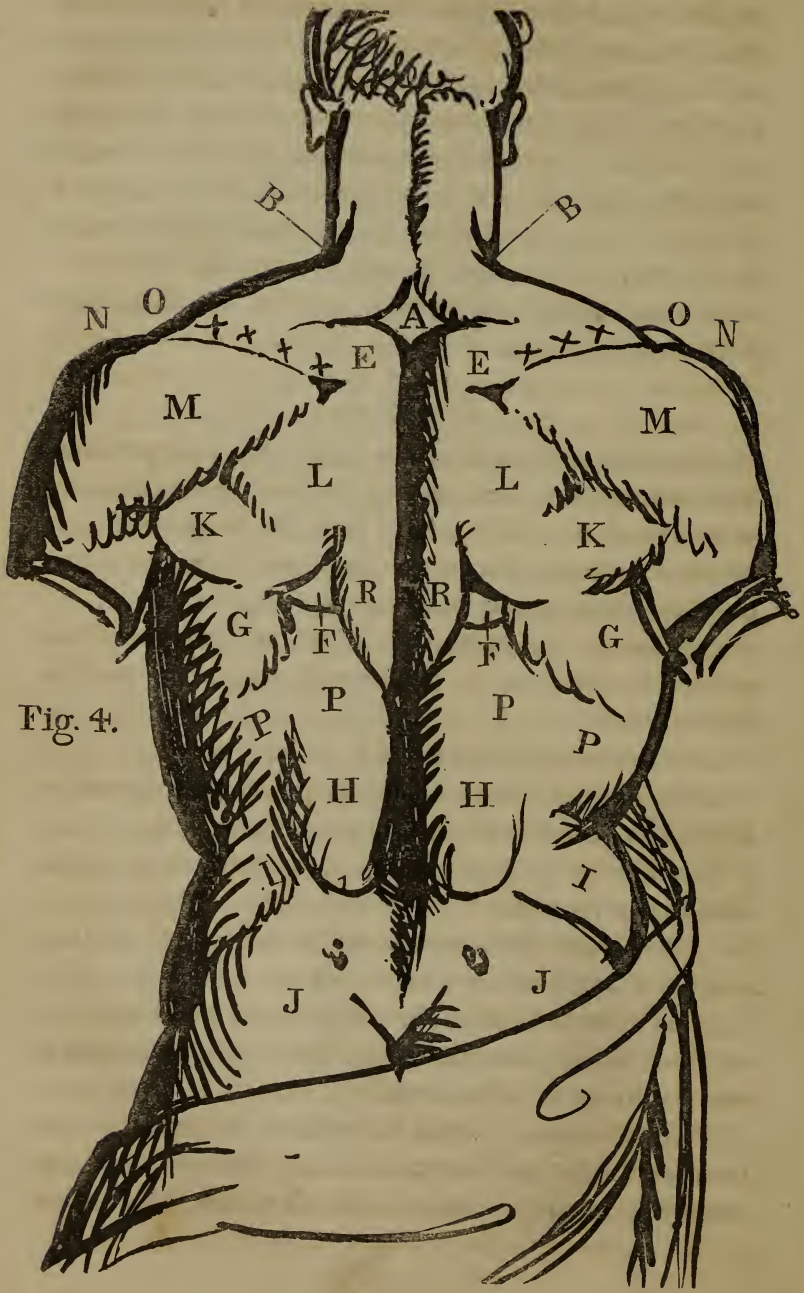


Fig. 4.

to the very bone, a knowledge only of the trapezius will help him very little way.

In forming your back, at once go to the *vertebra prominens* (A): the two upper parts of the trapezius come from the bottom of the skull, close to the mastoid process; they go down and twist at B B, in order to branch off to the acromion; they pass over the spine of the scapula × × × ×, and twisting again, leave a hole E E, which in a woman's lovely shoulders is a dimple, and in a man is a hole: it then glides over, and branches out again at the bottom of the scapula into the back R R. Between the edge of the scapula and the bit of Trapezius R R, is seen F F, the rhomboideus. The serratus G G, comes from the ribs to the edge of scapula and is visible underneath the latissimus dorsi P P, which spreads over the longissimus dorsi, H H. I, is obliquus descendens; J, glutæus; K, teres major; L, infra-spinatus; M, portion of deltoid, which comes from spine of scapula; N, portion from acromion; O, portion from clavicle.

This comprises the external back, the essentials of its motion, and none more or less, in which nothing can be left out, for the action of arm, scapula, or body.

The *levator scapulæ* is not necessary, to be seen. The next underneath is the rhomboideus; it comes from the spine, and goes along the whole length of the scapula at the base; F F is the bit seen.

These muscles raise the scapula and carry it backwards. On the fore-part of the breast lies the *serratus major anticus,* which moves it forward.

The serratus G is most important; it arises by distinct teeth from all the true ribs and three of the false ones, it is a part of that cushion on which the scapula moves, it goes into the whole base with the rhomboid.

In violent breathing, in collecting the breath, in heaving up the ribs, its chief action is on the scapula; and the scapula can hardly move without the serratus being in action.

In the fighting Metope, of the Elgin marbles, it is beautifully marked; but it must be only marked distinctly when *not* in repose,—for repose lessens its visibility; though whether in action or repose, it influences the shape; it is powerfully seen in the Torso.

The *pectoralis minor* goes to the *coracoid* process, it is seen in the Gladiator.

Thus, this singular bone, the scapula, is moved in every direction, and its various slippings about, are the causes of all the variety of shape and projection, a back in action exhibits; and the great Phidian principle, viz. "that the form of a part varies with its action or its repose," can never be better illustrated, than by the various movements of the scapula,—every movement giving a different shape; and here I would venture to say, the TORSO is not so pure in principle as the Elgin marbles.

As the space from the spine to the base of the scapula is diminished B B, or increased A A, so will the quantity of muscle always contained in that space be compressed or distended.

While I was painting *Dentatus* (1808), I observed this in nature; but finding the protrusion of muscle in the Torso equal nearly on one side as on the other of the spine, though the movements of the scapula were certainly not equal, I feared to put into the back of my Hero, what I saw in nature, because I did not see it in the antique; such, at that time, was our bigoted and blind admiration!

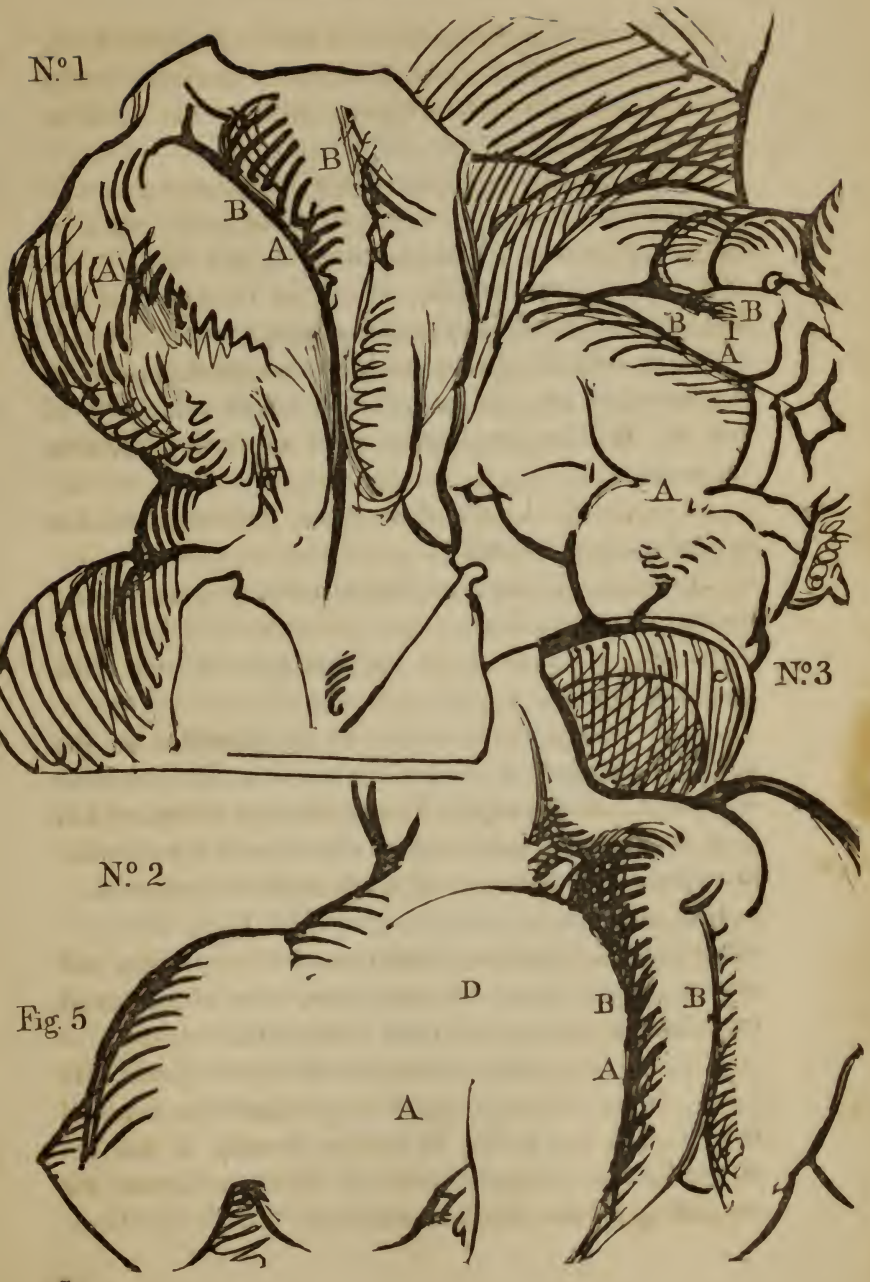


Fig. 5

It was during my anxiety on this very point, I saw the Elgin marbles; and perceiving at once, in the back of the Theseus, attention paid to the different shapes, produced on the different sides of the back, by the different motions of the scapula, you may judge of my enthusiasm—on my return I dashed out the whole of the paltry back of Dentatus, and from that hour to this, took nature, and common sense for my guide in art, and laughed for ever at your *beau ideal;* which, however splendid may be the art which develops it, is utterly worthless, if any of the great inherent principles of life are violated for any purpose whatever, however imposing!

TORSO, No. 1, B B first space and greatest, A A second space and least.

THESEUS, No. 2, A A first space and greatest, B B second space and least.

No. 3., A A first space and greatest, second space and least B B.

In all, the muscles ought to be protruded in the compressed space B B, and stretched in the extended space A A. Now, in the TORSO, though the space A A from scapula to spine, is more than B B, the protrusion is stronger, or as strong, when it ought to be flatter.

One scapula is evidently pressed a little back, the other pulled forward: whatever may have been the muscular protrusion of any man, compression and extension must have had their relative influence.

While I thus point out with diffidence what is evidently false, on comparing this immortal fragment with the Phidian fragments, still more worthy of immortality, let it be remembered, the Torso is famous for containing all the standard elements of an heroic form,

as compared with the brute. At the end of one of the pediments of the Parthenon was a fragment, according to Nointel's drawings, in the same action as the Torso precisely; and it is a curious coincidence, though the Torso has evidently been disfigured intentionally, and with art.

Muscles of the Arm.

The great and striking muscle which moves the arm is the *pectoralis major;* it forms the characteristic of the heroic figure, viz., the broad and manly breast, the reverse of the brute, for the brute has a narrow and confined one. It covers all the breast, and is inserted into the arm-bone.

The *latissimus dorsi* is the broadest of the back and whole body; it is a beautiful muscle, most essential to an artist, and goes into the arm-bone, forming the armpit with the pectoral.

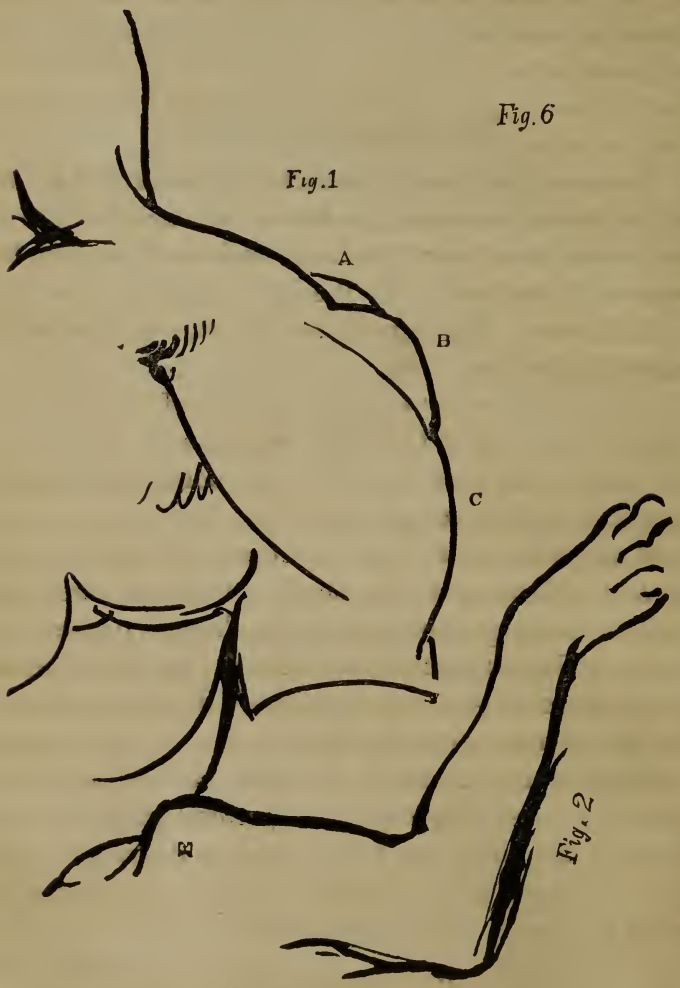
It arises from the lower vertebræ of the loins and os sacrum, it forms that fine shape P P (fig. 4), with the various markings beneath, shewing through G G serratus and I I obliquus descendens. These vary the evenness of one muscle, and are exquisitely developed in that sublime exaggeration, the Torso.

The action of these two muscles, *pectoral* and *latissimus*, is most powerful; the pectoral pulls the arm forward, the latissimus brings the arm down in cutting with a sabre; when the arm is fixed on a beam, it raises the body. The next muscle is

The Deltoides.

The most conspicuous in drawing the shoulder, decidedly *human* in comparison with the brute, which has

scarcely any, or what is feeble, and in point of power and importance one of the most beautiful, if not really the most beautiful muscle in the human frame.



One portion (fig. 1, A) rises from the clavicle, to pull forwards; one portion B from the acromion, to pull

upwards; one portion C, from the spine of the scapula, to pull backwards.

And this arrangement comprises under three heads, all the various portions and various actions of this beautiful muscle.

The insertion of the deltoid in the most heroic and finest forms is half way down the arm-bone, between the humerus head and elbow.

The quadruped (fig. 2) has hardly any deltoid E. In his horizontal action he requires it not, and there is no part of the two species where the contrast is so palpable as in the shoulders.

In drawing the deltoid, recollect the swelling C is below the head B. The

Coraco brachialis

is a very useful muscle, and when in action is always seen between the biceps and triceps inside; it is finely marked in the Elgin marbles. It is inserted into the arm-bone, between the brachialis and third head of the triceps; it helps in dashing out the arm.

There are two muscles belonging to those which move the arm, called supra spinatus and infra spinatus; the first arising above the spine of the scapula, and the other beneath it.

Supra spinatus

is inserted into the great tuberosity of the arm-bone, and performs the same motion with the middle part of the deltoid.

The Infra spinatus

is half larger than the other: it comes from all the base below the spine; it is inserted with the former,

and both are essential and always seen in drawing the back; though the first is underneath the spinal portion of the trapezius, it affects the shape. The *teres minor* is never seen, but the *teres major* is always seen: it arises from the angle of the scapula, it passes under the long head of the triceps, under the arm-bone, turns round, and is inserted into the ridge; it goes with the latissimus dorsi, it acts with it, and is essential to a standard back.

These, then, complete the muscles of the nape, back, scapula, and arm; let artists imprint them well on their memories, till they can place them blindfolded, without failure.

No back can be formed by painter or sculptor, who does not thoroughly understand every muscle, from the nape of the neck to the end of the sacrum, deeply-seated or superficial.

When once understood, nothing is easier; what was complicated becomes simple, and, like a map of Europe, can be traced to a child. To recapitulate—

1st, The Vertebra Prominens (see fig. 4); 2dly, Branch of Trapezius, along the spine of scapula to the acromion, each side splitting round vertebra prominens, and twisting a little as the occipital portion makes a turn to go into the shoulder-tip downwards; then, 3dly, comes the back part and lower part; 4thly, the Deltoid, and its three portions; 5thly, Supra Spinatus, Infra, and Teres Major; 6thly, Bit of Rhomboid, then Latissimus Dorsi; and this completes that portion of the back and shoulders.

These muscular divisions are the standard causes of action in those parts, and can no more be dispensed with than the bones on which they hang.

I am not a believer in the assertion, that the ancients built their figures by selecting different parts from different figures to make a whole—as Pliny relates of Zeuxis.

It is my belief, that no part of any one figure will harmonise with the parts of any other figure. That each man and woman is a distinct character, and that the ancients fixed a standard or canon as to the human characteristics distinct from brutes, and could perfect any imperfect model by assimilating the shapes and characteristics in that figure, where it was incomplete, with those parts which were found to be complete.

Pliny was a mere connoisseur, Zeuxis might study the finest virgins, not to select different parts from different virgins, but to select the best of the four, and on a standard system supply *her* defects, she being the least defective of the four.

It is a most interesting and delightful study, and entirely lost, both now and in the great Italian schools, neither Michael Angelo, Bandinelli, Giovanni di Bologna, nor Leonardo da Vinci, had any idea of the principles of the Greeks in these points. Condivi says Michael Angelo had some theory he meant to detail, but he never did,—that of Greece is yet to be revived, and would be as new as it originally was, when dawning first in Greece.

There is no doubt the Greeks had advantages no nation has had since. But still, their principle may be ascertained, and if once ascertained it must have great influence on the advance of design in any country.

Muscles of the Fore-arm.

They are four, the *biceps* and *brachialis*, for bending,

and the *triceps* and *anconæus*, for extending. In the quadruped there is little extension.

The biceps is a very essential muscle; there is no muscle so dependent for its shape on action and repose as this,—bend the arm, and it contracts like a ball, extend it, and the biceps stretches like a string. It arises by two heads, which in the arms of strong men are quite visible, especially in pugilists, till the separation melts into one. The biceps is inserted into the round tubercle of the *radius*. It bends the fore-arm, it assists supination, as both heads are from the scapula, it assists to lift the arm. Michael Angelo always finely marked the biceps with its great vein swelling out, as it is seen always in powerful arms.

Brachialis internus,

lies immediately under the biceps, it comes down each side the deltoid, about two-thirds of the os humeri, and goes to the coronoid process of the ulna.

In a strong man it is always finely seen inside, projecting from the edge of the biceps. Upon the back part of the arm, three muscles are described—extensor longus, brevis, and brachialis externus. John Bell says, they are one three-headed muscle.

The *longest head* is the middle; it comes from the edge of the scapula, under the neck, and a little way from the origin of the long head of the biceps.

The *second head* is on the outside of the arm; it comes from the arm-bone under the great tuber, and just below the insertion of the *teres minor*. These two meet in the middle.

The third is the shortest of all, it comes from the

inner side of the humerus, under the insertion of the *teres major;* joins the second head about the middle. All the heads are implanted by a strong tendon in the projecting heel of the ulna, the *olecranon.* By which projection it has great power.

In quadrupeds the projection is still greater; and increasing the power, it assists the animal in making prodigious leaps.

The three form a very powerful muscle, and cover, with beautiful variety, the whole back of the arm; and their various muscular and tendinous endings, produce the most beautiful variety of shape, in action and repose, and must be carefully attended to in drawing or in forming the arm.

The Anconæus

arises from the ridge, and from the external condyle of the humerus, by a thick short tendon, and is inserted into the ridge of the *ulna.*

Besides the muscles, there are various sheets of tendinous expansions, which issue out and spread over and enclose the arm, and which, by bracing down the muscles when in action, increase by resistance the force of the action, as if tying the arm with cords.

The shoulder-blade, arm, fore-arm, and hand, in bone, muscle, tendon, and action, must be mastered by the painter and sculptor so entirely as to have every part pass before his mind's eye with the correctness of a drawing; and he must be able to draw instantly—first, the bone construction; then the muscular order; then the different shapes produced by action and by repose, the external covering; then he must know the characteristic difference between the same parts of

the quadruped and the man, and frequently be able to draw them. What I say of the arm must be applied to the whole figure, and is equally applicable.

The construction of the quadruped for horizontal action is not like the construction of the man in this part. The freedom of the arm from the shoulder joint, requires and possesses a gradation of power—the strongest power being placed at the origin of the motion of the arm, viz., at the blade and back.

First—the muscles which move the blade are more powerful than those which move the arm; and those of the arm than those of the fore-arm; and those of the fore-arm than those of the hand: there is a beautiful gradation of motion, from the beginning to the end, and this is a peculiar human characteristic.

Now the lion merely requires a backwards and forwards motion, and consequently there is not that gradation of power; but the greatest power surely lies in this cat species in the fore-arm.

In proportion, too, the arm of the human being is the same length from the elbow to end of middle knuckle, as from elbow to top of shoulder.

Now in the quadruped see the difference,—the fore-arm is as long as the upper arm, and the hand paw nearly as long as each.

Therefore, remember, a *long arm* and *short* fore-arm, are human characteristics of heroic form, and are found in the finest Elgin marbles and finest nature; and the long fore-arm and short upper arm are wholly brutal, because belonging to the formation of the brute.

There is nothing the ancients shewed their superiority to the moderns so much in, as never making a useless display of anatomy, if not warranted by life.

The most difficult thing in forming a fine arm, is managing the stringy muscles of the fore-arm; Michael Angelo always cut up his fore-arms. The ancients always massed them; and when action obliged them to display the muscles of the fore-arm, they always gave one the predominance to keep the eye easy, either the *minimi digiti* or *communis digitorum*.

In the arms of the Moses, the muscles of the fore-arm are displayed with all the vulgarity of a paviour's or blacksmith's arms; the sort of muscular division, which is the characteristic of a working man's arm, is quite different from the muscular division of heroes, born strong and high-bred, which the heroes of antiquity all look. The ancients, in so high a character as Moses, would not have given you an idea of physical violence, but latent power! Moses was a man brought up in a luxurious court, and not a blacksmith. The standard figures of the ancients seem born what they are. It is perhaps an odd expression to use, but all the naked heroes of the ancients look like gentlemen stripped; whereas, Michael Angelo's naked men appear pugilists, ready to knock you down for presuming to look at them.

Remember, one of the chief difficulties in forming an arm is the management of the muscles of the fore-arm.

The muscles of the fore-arm are of great strength, and covered by thick fascia.

The motions to be performed are three; to roll the hand, to bend the wrist, to bend the fingers. The turning of the hand is performed by rolling the radius on the ulna; it is named *pronation* when turned down, and *supination* when turned up.

All the muscles of the fore-arm are named from their

uses chiefly; but, if two perform one motion, they are distinguished by peculiar marks. Then there are two benders; one superficial (sublimis), another deep, or (profundus): there are two *flexors* of the wrist, one called of the radius, the other of the ulna; one going along the radius, the other along the ulna.

Your understanding by this method is cleared. There are also two pronators; one round(teres), the other square (quadratus).

All the muscles rise from two points; *inner* or *outer* condyle.

The inner condyle is the longer one, and gives more power—more power being required for grasping than extending; therefore, all the muscles which bend the fingers, and turn the palm down, come from this condyle.

The exterior condyle is shorter; it gives less power, being required merely to open the fingers.

All the extensors and supinators come from the outer condyle, and all the pronators come from the inner.

By this simple arrangement, which is John Bell's, the brain of an artist is cleared at once; after impressing it on your minds, you can never be at a loss to draw the arm.

And here allow me to add, how much the Arts of Europe owe to the anatomical researches of the illustrious John Bell; to him, we owe every thing in anatomical arrangement; in fact, this lecture, in all the origins and insertions, is compressed from his bones and muscles, with such illustrations as my own practical experience can add; to Charles Bell,* too, truly the

* It was a misfortune to the students that the Royal Academy

Painter's Anatomist, we owe that book on Expression; both Wilkie and myself drew, and dissected under him; and there is hardly a day passes in which I do not feel the benefit of his taste and science.

We will now proceed with the

Flexors,

pronator teres, flexor carpi radialis, flexor carpi ulnaris, digitorum sublimis, digitorum profundus, flexor longus pollicis; and lastly, pronatur quadratus, which is the exception to the origins from the inner condyle.

Pronator teres

arises from inner condyle, and coronoid process; it is chiefly fleshy and conical, stretches across, and goes to the outer edge of the radius, about the middle; it turns the hand down, is very powerful in man, and very weak in the quadruped. It is most essential in the drawing of the male and female, and makes that beautiful variety in the contour of the inner and lower part of the fore-arm.

Palmaris

arises from inner condyle, and is the first of five muscles, which have one common origin, and which go out like radii from one common centre; it goes into the annular ligament of the wrist, and must never be omitted in drawing or painting the wrist, for it is

rejected Bell in two attempts to become Professor, viz., after Sheldon's death and Carlisle's resignation.

next to the tendon of the flexor, is always seen, and is of great beauty.

Nothing can be finer than the wrists of the arms of the great figures on Monte Cavallo; the tendons start a little, and a beautiful vein crosses them; there is more variety of tint in this part of the body than in any other in colour; and Sir George Beaumont told me, Sir Joshua used always to hold up his wrist, to the flesh of a picture, to try its variety of tint.

The palmaris bends the wrist, assists in pronation, and in bending the fore-arm too, by acting from the condyle, at the elbow joint.

Flexor ulnaris

runs along the outer edge of the ulna, gives shape to the outer contour of the arm; it is inserted into the pisiform bone,—this muscle balances the radius flexor, and when the ulna flexor acts alone, it pulls the hand sideways.

The *sublimis* and *profundus* you hardly see, though in grasping tight, they swell up, under the two tendons of the palmaris and flexor, and produce a variety of shape.

They both rise from the inner condyle, and at the insertion they are split, to let the deeper muscle pass through.

The lumbricales and flexor longus pollicis are of no use to us; the *quadratus* is also invisible.

Extensors.

The muscles which lie on the outside of the arm are the *supinators* and *extensors*, viz., *extensor carpi radialis longior* arises from the ridge of the humerus above the

external condyle, becomes tendinous in the middle, and is inserted at the root of the metacarpal bone of the forefinger, in that edge next the thumb; it extends the wrist.

Extensor brevior.

Same as the last, and is inserted into the root of the metacarpal bone of the middle finger.

Supinator

arises from the ridge of the humerus, is inserted into the radius at the wrist.

These three muscles form the mass of shape in drawing the fore-arm. In comparing them with the same muscles of the quadruped, they are entirely of a different character.

The *supinator* in the European, must be long, low and full; because supination is a human characteristic, and very feeble in the animal. A full supinator is standard human muscle.

Extensor ulnaris

lies along the ulna edge of the arm; it is fixed into the outside of the lower end of the metacarpal bone of the finger, in drawing the hand; it is always visible in the rein hands of the riders in the Elgin marbles. It cannot be omitted even in repose. To form a hand completely, therefore, you must remember on the inside, the *flexor carpi radialis* and *palmaris*, which end in these two slanting beautiful tendons, with a blue vein, not straight in the centre, but a little athwart; then come the *sublimis* and *profundus* influencing beneath; the *flexor* ulnaris on the edge; the shape of the radius

coming between the inner *extensor* of the thumb, and the outer; the *pisiforme* bone, the head of the *ulna*. The two tendons of *longior* and *brevior extensors* going into the root of the two first metacarpal bones; the *ulnaris* going into the root of little-finger bone; three *extensors* of the thumb, and *communis extensor*, the abductor minimi digiti and abductor indicis, with abductors and adductors of the thumb, and the drawing of your hand and wrist will be correct.

All these numerous tendons and muscles must be learned and remembered as a child learns his lesson; in fact, to be a great artist, you must become a little child first; and be assured, that neither Raffaelle nor Phidias could form a hand, or ever attempted one, without first entering into and fully understanding these essential and component parts. Now comes

EXTENSOR COMMUNIS DIGITORUM,

going from the outer condyle; it grows very fleshy as it descends; about the middle it gets tendinous, and passing under the ligament of the wrist, goes to the three first fingers, and occasionally sends a slip to the little finger.

It extends all the fingers, and sometimes assists the wrist in striking backwards.

EXTENSOR MINIMI DIGITI

comes from the outer condyle, along with the other tendons; it extends the little finger, and the ancients sometimes shewed no other muscle, which kept the fore-arm broad; this management is visible in the arms of the Hyperion guiding the horses, from the pediment of the Parthenon, and it masses the stringy, vulgar look,

which the arms of the Moses have, and which destroys the rotundity and breadth of the fore-arm.

Three Extensors of the Thumb

go from the edge of the ulna across to the thumb; they shew themselves between the *common extensor* and *carpi radicalis*, crossing over the latter, and going into the joints of the thumb.

The *indicator* and *supinator brevis* are not seen.

Muscles of the Hand.

Lumbricales—of no use to artists.

Abductor pollicis, opponens pollicis, and adductor pollicis, form that fine mass, peculiarly human, which the quadruped is absolutely without, and which the Greeks always marked with such decided power that it convinces me it was done on principle.

The various actions of these muscles enable a human being to grasp with such perfection. In drawing the hand, mass them without separation, as the ancients did; but there may be actions where their separation may be necessary. Next comes

Abductor indicis,

which carries the fore-finger towards the thumb, forms the beautiful oval shape between the thumb and fore-finger, so essential in drawing.

Abductor, and Adductor minimi digiti.

Abductor lies inside, on the palm; adductor outside, on the edge. Thus ends those beautiful portions of the body—shoulder, arm, fore-arm, hand, and fingers.

The arm should taper from the shoulder, the *deltoid* being the greatest power; reverse this, let the fore-arm and hand be the longest and largest, and you have a quadruped *at once.*

In a human being, the motion of the scapula, arm, fore-arm, and hand, is *perfect*— not so in the *quadruped.*

It therefore follows, in building a standard figure, that whatever in bone or muscle contributes to the perfection of the motions which are ascertained as being peculiarly human, should be selected and marked.

The rhomboids, the trapezius, the supra and infra spinati, the teres major, the three heads of the deltoid, biceps, triceps, brachialis internus, supinator, pronator, extensors and flexors, abductors and adductors, are essential to the perfection of this motion, cannot be left out, are, and must be there.

This principle of essential selection is applicable to every other part of the body; and no man can distract his limbs with useless anatomy, if he take the trouble to distinguish that which is essential and that which is useful, from that which is accidental and useless.

The Trunk.

The muscles of respiration, as painters, we have nothing to do with; the ribs are expanded by the intercostal and internal, levators costarum, serrati, postici et inferiores, and not visible to the eye of a painter. The splenei, which antagonise the mastoid, the complexus, and trachelomastoideus, are not seen, with many others not seen, and utterly deep.

The trapezius, in a full-grown powerful man like the

Theseus, covers all; and is so thick that neither of these muscles influence its shape.

Wherever internal muscles influence the shape of the external ones, a painter should always dissect them up.

The leading muscles of the trunk, are, quadratus, longissimus dorsi, et sacrolumbales; the two latter, and important ones, lie under the

Latissimus dorsi.

It has been described; and I must allude to the quadratus, a deeply seated but useful muscle; it keeps the trunk erect, if both sides act together, and pulls it on one side, if one side only acts.

In the Torso and fine nature, it makes that flatness over which the obliquus seems to roll.

Sacrolumbales and Longissimus dorsi,

come from one broad tendon at the loins, sacrum, and ilium; the longissimus is nearer the spine, and on each side of the line of the back makes a projection like the Torso; the other is further from the spine.

Just opposite the lowest rib, the two separate from the common tendon: the longissimus goes to be implanted into the vertebræ, the sacrolumbales into the ribs. The sacrolumbales become fleshy in the shape of two lozenges, and shoot away most beautifuly under the insertion of the trapezius.

I shall never forget my delight at my first dissection in thus ascertaining the cause of these beautiful markings in the back of the Torso.

These two lozenge forms are solely occasioned by the flat tendons ending, and the muscles beginning to

burst out, and they are in all backs two of the finest markings in the human body.*

Study well the Theseus and Torso for these very muscles.

To pass over the endless internal muscles connected with the spine, there is a cutaneous muscle, called platisma myoides; it is a species of expansion from the breast, up the throat, and over the lower jaw; visible in old men and women, and must be attended to by painters.

* As I am continually alluding to the Torso, it may be interesting to the reader to have some particulars concerning it. It was dug up near the ruins of Pompey's Theatre, in Rome.

Michael Angelo said he could perceive every principle of art in this fragment; and all his finest figures in the Sistine Chapel are little else than the Torso, with heads, feet, and hands, added to its action in various views; in fact, it regulated and was the foundation of his gigantic style, with this exception, that there was no gross and useless display, except in the instance pointed out, such as one continually sees in Michael Angelo.

It was executed by Apollonius, an Athenian. Winklemann thinks, from the form of the Greek letter omega in the inscription, it was long posterior to Alexander, because the omega about that time was formed like *oo*—*ω*—whereas the earlier inscriptions have always the letter like one long *O* or Ω.

Visconti thinks it was executed about the time of Pompey, at Rome: the inscription is APOLLONIUS—

THE SON OF NESTOR, THE ATHENIAN, EXECUTED IT.

Mengs says, there are irons in the thighs, which proves the ancients held it in high estimation. It certainly represents a reposing Hercules. Mengs says, it was Hercules deified, because there are no *veins*. But had Mengs lived to see the Elgin marbles, he would have seen veins in the breast of a god, Neptune, of the Parthenon pediment.

Phidias never deified a hero by depriving him of his essential human characteristics; blood is as requisite as muscle.

The Mastoideus

is a great muscle, forming the throat, or the two great sides of the neck.

It arises partly from the clavicle and partly from the sternum.

These two origins join, and go into the mastoid process.

When one side acts, it pulls the head sideways; when both act, they pull the head down.

A perfect understanding of this muscle is requisite, and its length from the process to the sternum in the Theseus and heroic life is three noses. Again, we must skip a mass of internal muscles, useful only to surgeons; scalenus, longus colli, the recti of the neck, and come at once to

The Great Muscles of Abdomen and Diaphragm,

which are as essential as the back muscles to us.

The abdominal muscles bend and turn the trunk, and fix it when the limbs act.

They give stability to the body in lifting weights, in bearing loads, and in all our violent exertions. There are five on each side: first, the outer oblique; second, the inner oblique; third, transversalis; fourth, rectus; fifth, the pyramidalis.

External Oblique

comes from the eight lower ribs by distinct tongues, and in the Torso shews its teeth between the serratus.

It lies out broad on the border of the chest, which is its thickest and most fleshy part; and when in the antique you see the border as it were arched upwards, it is not (I think), as it has been supposed, meant by the ancients

for the border of the ribs which is underneath, but the fleshy part of the external oblique taking the shape over the border of the ribs.

I had a model which was marked like the antique, precisely in this way; its fleshy belly ceases at the side, its flat tendon goes over the belly, till it meets its fellow exactly in the middle and forms a white line, called *linea aspera*, and finally this muscle goes into the spine of the ilium, and is that beautiful muscle always so finely marked on the hips of the antique, and which the waistband of our trowsers flattens and destroys in us.

This is the whole of its insertion, all the way from the pubis to the sternum; the forepart of the spine of the ilium and Paupart's ligament. The *inner oblique* comes thick and fleshy from the ilium, and increases the projection of the external oblique at this part, it goes into the ribs and sternum; the *transversalis* comes also from the ilium, and all contribute to the fulness of the hip muscle.

Rectus

belongs equally to the sternum and pubis; it is divided beautifully by cross lines of tendon, which Nature and Phidias always made subservient to the laws of compression or extension, but which the ancient artists after him kept always rigidly visible, whatever might be the position of the belly.

In the Ilyssus, at the Museum, you will see that the stretching of one side has destroyed the cross tendinous divisions of the rectus, so has the doubling of the other side. Now, in the Theseus, the rectus being in action, the cross markings are beautifully developed; but if

the Theseus, rolled over like the Ilyssus, they would be in nature instantly lost.

To such excess had the markings of the celebrated antique figures, viz., Torso, Gladiator, Laocoon, been carried, that the historical painters always put the markings in one action in all; for instance, there is a slip of the oblique doubled up in the right side of the Torso, but the moment the Torso stood upright, it would disappear; again, the belly of the Torso projects, the bowels being pressed by the bending of the figure.

Fuzeli put these markings in every action of the body; and when I went with him to the Elgin marbles, which I did the first time he ever saw them, on seeing the flatness of the belly of the Theseus, in consequence of the bowels having naturally fallen in, he exclaimed, "By gode, the Turks have *sawed* off his belly!" His eye was so completely ruined.

Pyramidalis

is the next, and is beautifully seen in the Torso, at the bottom of the belly; it comes from the crest of the pubis, and aids in pulling the sternum down, as in the action of the Torso.

The efforts of the abdominal muscles in moving the trunk cannot be mistaken. The recti pull the ribs downwards in breathing, flattening the belly, and bend the body forwards.

The two oblique muscles acting on one side, turn the trunk upon its axis; but if both sides act, they help the rectus, and the transverse muscles lighten the linea alba.

The diaphragm is of no use to artists, and the next and last muscles of the human figure, are those of hip, thigh, leg, and foot, which in action are as free and

perfect as the shoulder, arm, and hand; and distinct from the formation or peculiarities of the quadruped.

In comparing the trunk of the human being with the trunk of the brute, it will seem at once; the man is much shorter in body and back than the brute, because the action of the brute being horizontal, if the body was no longer than in man, the hind and fore-quarters would strike each other in running.

The brute has eight or nine vertebræ in the loins, man but five, or rarely six, which makes all the difference.

The body of the brute is therefore long, compared with his limbs, and that of man—short. A short body is then a characteristic of a standard human figure. The brute does not require muscular support for his body; for his body leans on his limbs, therefore, the oblique in him is feeble, with man powerful. A powerful oblique in an antique is therefore a human characteristic, and is certainly one of the reasons why the ancients always dwelt with such power on the oblique muscle of the loins. Believing, as I conscientiously do, that they built their standard figures on the principle of contrast with the brute, and laid particular stress on those parts which, by that theory, they ascertained to be peculiarly human.

Muscles moving the thigh bone.

The muscles moving the thigh bone arise all from the pelvis and trunk; those moving the leg come from the thigh, and those moving the feet and toes come from the leg.

First—Psoas magnus and Iliacus internus come from within the body, pass under Paupart's liga-

ment, and go down to be implanted into the trochanter minor, and by the obliquity of their insertion turn the toes out, and bend the thigh.

SECONDLY—PECTINALIS, TRICEPS, AND OBTURATOR EXTERNUS.

arise from the arch of the pubis, are implanted into the linea aspera, and pulling the thigh towards the body, are called adductors.

THIRDLY—GLUTÆI,

and others, arise from the sacrum and back part of the pelvis, and coming directly forwards, pull the thigh back.

Psoas, iliacus, pectinalis, triceps, obturator bend the thigh.

Glutæi, gemini, pyraformis, obturator, and quadratus extend the thigh.

In walking, when the leg is on the ground, resting for the advance of the other leg, the muscles of the leg being fixed, roll the pelvis and trunk upon the limb.

Remember the thigh is moved backwards and outwards by glutæus magnus, medius, and minimus implanted into linea, aspera, trochanter major, and top of trochanter.

Remember the thigh is rolled backwards, and rolled on its axis, by pyraformis, gemini, obturator, and quadratus, implanted into root of the trochanter.

Forwards and inwards, by psoas magnus, iliacus, internus, pectinalis, and triceps, implanted into trochanter minor, linea, aspera.

FASCIALIS.

This is a muscle most essential to an artist in form

ing a knee, and which no artist can have any idea of but by dissection.

I remember my wonder and astonishment at finding that one of the finest markings by the side of the knee (fig. 8, A), between the biceps and patella, so powerfully shewn, always in the heroic figures of the antique, was owing to the tendon of this muscle, which is very

Fig. 8.

finely shewn in a limb belonging to one of a group at Florence. It is owing to the ending of a long sheath of tendon which comes from the fascialis, and goes in for insertion at the outside of the knee, that this essential and beautiful marking is produced.

The fascialis arises from the upper spinous process of the ilium, from the fore part or very point of the spine, by a tendon of about an inch in length; it sends down and incloses the whole of the outside of the vastus eternus in its sheath of tendon, all the way to the knee.

Psoas magnus

arises very high up the vertebral loins from the last of the back vertebra, and descends with the iliacus internus, which filling up the basin of the pelvis, joins the psoas magnus, and winds round into the lesser trochanter; they are muscles of great power, they bend the thigh.

Pectinalis

arises from the pubis, and goes to the linea aspera; this muscle closes the knees, and pulls the thigh forward, performs rotation by turning out the toe, and will pull the thigh back by assisting the extensors.

Michael Angelo always finely marked the groin, which is composed principally of these three muscles.

The psoas magnus is continually in action, either moving the thigh, or when the thigh is stationary, pulling forwards the pelvis.

Triceps femoris

is a broad flat muscle with three heads, arising from the

pubis, and inserted into the whole length of the linea aspera, to the condyle.

It draws the thighs together, and when riding, is powerfully in action, as it enables you to grasp your horse. In horse soldiers, it is powerfully marked, while the leg hangs feebly, and it is always the marked part in the figure of a cavalry model; the triceps, from various sizes, are called, longus, brevis, and magnus.

Longus

is close to the pectinalis, and ranges with the border; it comes from the upper part of the pubis at its forepart; it swells into a flat muscle; ends at the linea aspera, like a web.

It is triangular, with its apex at the pubis and base on the thigh; it lies between the gracilis and pectinalis, its upper edge ranges close to the pectinalis, its lower a little over the magnus.

Adductor brevis

lies hid in another layer; the outer layer is composed of pectinalis, triceps, and gracilis.

Adductor magnus.

The third head is long and flat; it arises under the brevis, goes into the linea aspera, and ends by a powerful tendon into the inner condyle of the thigh bone. It is most beautifully seen in the right inner part of the knee of the Theseus (fig. 1, a).

The use of these muscles is the same, viz., to pull the thighs together or grasp with them. The obturator is not seen by us, being deeper than the brevis of another layer. Now come

The Glutæi,

each under the other: there are three: the first arises from the back of the ilium, back of the sacrum, and forms the whole hip; and descends so low as to be inserted into one-third of the linea aspera, and the root of the great trochanter. The second head arises from all that portion of the ilium in front of the first, and goes into the great trochanter; the third is of no use to us.

The first is one of the longest muscles in the body; pulls the thigh backwards with the other two heads, or, as John Bell says, the body forwards when the thigh is fixed, and being a wide muscle, it acts different in its relative positions.

The Glutæus medius

is as necessary to the drawing of the hip (fig. 1, a), as the maximus, and makes in conjunction with the other muscles the most beautiful form. It comes from all that portion of the pelvis not occupied by the maximus; its chief part lies before (fig. 1, a), though a portion lies under, and is not seen.

The Glutæus minimus

lies under, and is deep, and never seen for us.

Muscles to be learned, though never seen.

Gemini, pyraformis, obturator, and quadratus. These muscles of the thigh are very strong, and perform other motions than those for which they seem adapted and intended.

There are two points for insertion; viz., the trochanter, major and minor.

When the adductors act by themselves, they pull the

thigh forwards, move the leg, roll the thigh-bone, and turn the toe out in a graceful step. This refers to the pectinalis and triceps. But when we are to finish the motion by pulling forward the body, which is the same as pulling back the thigh, it is not merely the antagonist of those muscles, as the glutæi, which must act. Where they act alone they would rather turn the thigh upon its axis outwards than pull it back; but the triceps act in conjunction, and fix the thigh at the inner trochanter, so that further rolling is prevented and full effect given to the glutæi, which, when they act alone, pull the thigh directly back, as in the Gladiator, assisted by the triceps, pectinalis, and iliacus internus; and now the thigh-bone is so far advanced before the body, that those muscles, as triceps, which were benders of its thigh in its first position, are extensors when it is advanced a step before the body; or, perhaps, it will be more explicit to say, that when the thigh is moved one step before the body, the triceps, pectinalis, iliacus and psoas, co-operate with the glutæi in bringing the trunk forwards to follow the limb, and then in fixing and stiffening the trunk upon the limb, till the other thigh is advanced a second step before the body.

Michael Angelo, though he drew the groin with such anatomical beauty, did not mass the result of the muscles (like the Greeks) acting on the skin. Convulsion is more the character of Michael Angelo's figures than action; he occasionally, as Fuzeli says, perplexed his limbs with useless anatomical knowledge. I am perfectly sure, without disrespect, from having studied the Moses, the Christ, and Lazarus, he could not select the superfluous from the accidental; and that no naked figure he ever executed, could be compared with the

heroic standard figures of Greece; the Torso, the Theseus, the Ilyssus, the Laocoon, or the Gladiator.

Muscles of the leg.

The knee being a mere hinge, the muscles of the leg are the simplest of all. There is no action, but flexion and extension.

1st. The extensors of the leg are four: rectus femoris, cruræus, vastus externus, and vastus internus, and those are all implanted by one tendon.

2d. The flexors of the leg are on the outside, and four on the inside of the leg.

The tendons of the outside being implanted into the upper knob of the fibula, and those on the inside into the rough head of the tibia, forming the hamstrings, and extending their tendons by expansion downwards upon the leg.

Inside Flexors.

Sartorius . .	Gracilis,
Semitendinous .	Semimembranosus.

Outside Flexors.

Biceps . . .	Flexor in the ham.
Popliteus . .	Extensors.

Rectus Femoris

rises from two heads—we have only to do with one; this one rises from the lower spinous process of the ilium, and is implanted into the knee-pan.

Vastus externus

arises from the fore-part of the minor trochanter; it

descends much lower in a fleshy form than the externus does, and forms that fleshy cushion which covers the inner side of the knee joint.

The Crureus,

and then these muscles form one fleshy mass, which is the principal cause of the form of the thigh.

The use of these four muscles is to extend the leg as we do, and to bend the thigh on the trunk, or the trunk on the thigh.

They have all great power; and by the resistance of the patella, into which they go, their power of extending the leg with great force is greatly increased.

The quadruped cannot extend the leg as we do, and he is miserably deficient in the vastus internus and rectus, at least compared with us; his patella is narrow, and thus the power of resistance is diminished.

The patella, being a species of lever to increase the action and power of the extensors, the greater the resistance of course the greater the power, and the broader the pan-bone the greater the resistance; therefore, a broad pan-bone is a decided requisite of a standard knee, and the reverse, of the feeble characteristic of the animal one.

There is nothing young men are so apt to err, as in conceiving the knee is beautiful when small. In all the finest Greek works, you will find invariably a full-sized pan-bone, while in the mannered forms of the modern schools of Florence, a knee affectedly small, and a knee-pan like a pea, were considered proofs of strength, manliness, and beauty; and so are they considered to this day, by all the young dandies of painting.

The patella is again attached to the tibia by a strong ligament, to sustain the pulling of these great muscles.

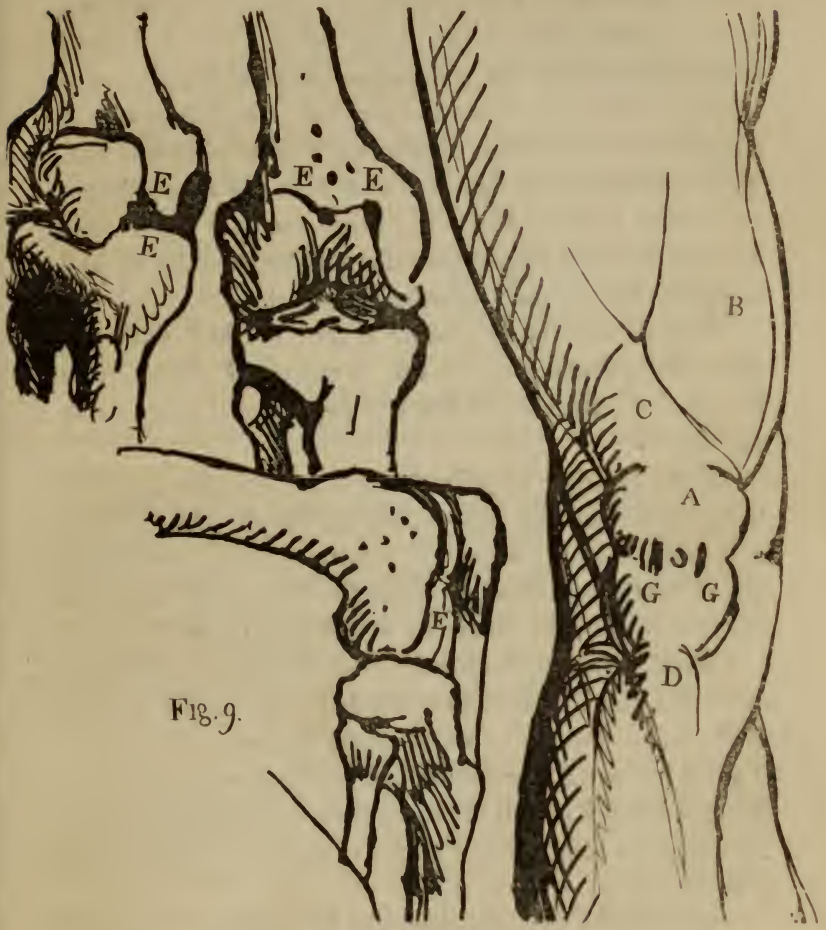


Fig. 9.

THE KNEE JOINT

is a joint not always understood by painters, even those who dissect.

First, comes the pan-bone (fig. 9, A), then the vastus internus B, then the ligament, which holds the patella,

c, then the bump of the tibia, to which the ligament comes, D.

On each side of the ligament appear the hollows, made by the ends of the thigh bones, E E, and these hollows are filled by a substance called cellular substance. When the knee is extended, G G, the patella is pressed down on this substance, and it squeezes out, each side the bit of ligament at G G, in the above shape; when the knee is bent, the thigh condyle opens, the hollows become larger, and the substance sinks in, and is hardly visible each side the ligament.

Phidias, and his immortal school, marked with the most scrupulous care all the varieties of shape, from the utmost extension to the last degree of flexion, as in nature.

In the fighting Lapitha,* the knee is half extended, the calf of the leg supporting the thigh; the cellular substance is feebly seen. In another, the leg and thigh are violently extended, the patella is pressed flat, and the bits of cellular substance are visible on each side.

Consider the exquisite distinction between the slightly extended and the fiercely extended; this is the history of the knee, and every artist ought to know it by heart; if every artist did, we should not see it as we sometimes do, represented so full of absurdities, not even excepting the knees in some of the ancient statues of the corrupt periods.

I dissected a knee specifically to understand it, and can recommend this detail as authentic to the student.

Knees do, like every other part of the body, vary in character and shape; but the above is the essential elements of a knee, in which nothing can be left out,

* Elgin marbles.

without a deficiency in an inherent characteristic of human form. We now come to the

Flexors of the Leg—Sartorius,

or tailor's muscle, is so named, because it draws the legs across.

It arises from the upper spinous process of the ilium, crosses the thigh, and goes to the inner tubercle of the tibia.

It is seen in the Gladiator and Torso—not like a ribbon, as artists sometimes mark it—but lost and projecting alternately.

The Gracilis

is next, and completes the inner contour of the thigh in front.

It arises from the pubis, and is inserted with the Sartorius.

It is chiefly a flexor of the leg, though John Bell says it cannot bend the leg of itself; yet when the leg is bent by the regular flexors, and they can act no more, it comes into play; artists should remember this.

Semitendinosus,

so called from its lower half being composed of a small round tendon.

It comes from the tuber ischii, and is inserted at the tuber, at the head of the tibia; its tendon, which begins high up, gets flat, and grasps the inner side of the knee. These muscles, Sartorius and Gracilis, are implanted like one muscle, and, in drawing the knee inside, they wrap round and take off the too hard edges of the bone.

SEMIMEMBRANOSUS

comes from the tuber ischii by the side of the last, and goes down behind, the head of the tibia is inserted there,—these two last form the hamstrings.

POPLITÆUS

lies deep in the ham; and the last of these great flexors is the BICEPS CRURIS, so called because it has two heads, a long and a short one.

It lies immediately under the skin in the back part of the leg, running from the pelvis to the knee, and forms the outer hamstring. To artists it is a muscle of immense importance to understand. It arises from the tuber ischii, on the outer part; the tendon begins about or above the middle, and continues the whole way down. About a third way down begins the other head. The tendons of the two join a little above the inner condyle, and are inserted into the head of the fibula, and form the outer hamstring. In front, the tendon forms the outer contour of the knee, and is seen in all views of the knee, front and back.

MUSCLES OF THE FOOT (Fig. 10).

Six Extensors and one Flexor.

Extensors, gastrocnemii, solæus (4), tibialis posticus, peronæus longus and brevis, and plantaris,—all lying on the back of the leg.

FLEXOR.

Tibialis anticus (3), lying on the fore-part of the leg.

GASTROCNEMIUS (5)

is the great muscle of the brawn. Its two heads are

very large and fleshy, which arise from the tubercles of the thigh bone. The inner head is the larger and longer, and arises by a strong tendon from the back of the inner condyle; the outer head is the shorter, and arises from the outer tubercle, and the two muscles meet about the middle of the leg.

In drawing the leg, remember always the inner calf is the larger and the longer.

Fig 10

Solæus (4)

arises by two heads; one from the head of fibula, the other from the head of tibia; they join immediately, and are seen in the separation of the heads of the gastrocnemius.

A little below the middle of the leg, the tendon of the solæus is joined to the tendon of the gastrocnemius; and the two bellies of the former dive, as it were, most beautifully into the solæus; they all three end in that prodigious tendon, the tendo Achillis (8), which has more to bear in point of straining than any other tendon in the body.

This tendon is large, it grows small as it approaches the heel.

In running, walking, leaping, etc., this muscle, with the extensors of the leg, are the great muscles. The gastrocnemius has double power, for, arising as it does from the tubercles of the thigh bone, it is both an extensor of the foot and flexor of the leg, and, by acting from the heel, braces the leg and thigh together, and helps to keep the leg and thigh straight.

On that account I estimate the gastrocnemius muscle as peculiarly human; as the quadruped cannot straighten his leg to the same degree of perfection as a human being, he is comparatively weak in the gastrocnemius, which is high up the leg.

Plantaris

is to painters of no use; the

Peronæi

arise from the fibula, and are of the greatest consequence to the action, and progressively to the shape and drawing.

Peronæus longus (1),

is so named from its lying along the fibula; it arises partly tendinous, and partly or chiefly fleshy, from the upper knob of the fibula and from the ridge of the bone down to within three inches of the ankle; its tendon begins very high above the middle of the leg; it runs down behind the outer ankle, and gives shape to that part of the leg; it passes under the arch of the foot, and is inserted into the ball of the great toe. In pressing the ball to the ground, this muscle is in very strong action.

About one-third down the bone begins the brevis; it goes pretty nearly with the longus, but it runs on the outer edge of the foot, and is inserted into the root of the metacarpal bone of the little toe.

The marking is a difficulty in a common leg, and very complicated in an ordinary model, but in the finest forms it is clear and simple; first, comes the longus (1) from the fibula, then the brevis a third down (2); this is the way the Greeks marked them in their heroic limbs. The tibialis anticus (3) crosses obliquely the fore part of the leg; it arises on the outside of the tibia goes under the annular ligament into the cuneiform bone, and turns the great toe towards the leg.

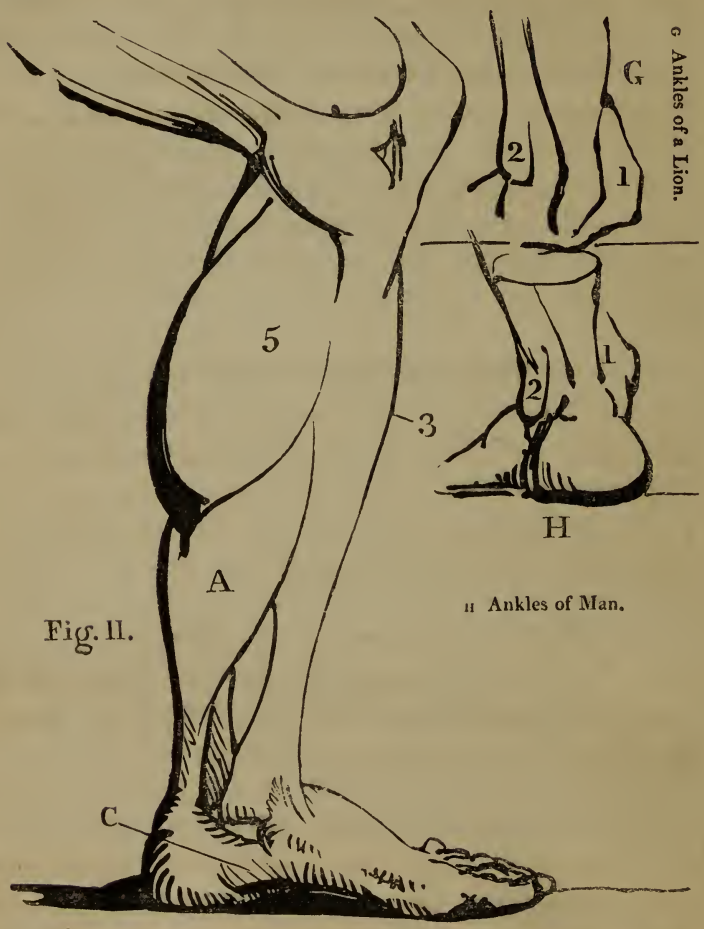
Muscles of the toes (Fig. 11).

The long muscles of the toes are four—two flexors and two extensors; the flexors lie on the tibialis posticus, or between it and solæus.

The extensors lie under the tibialis anticus, and their bellies appear only about the middle of the leg.

The flexor tendons follow the tendon of the tibialis

posticus behind the inner ankle into the hollow of the foot.



G Ankles of a Lion.

H Ankles of Man.

Fig. II.

The tendons of the extensor muscle keep with that of the anticus, and cross over the fore part or rising of the ankle where the tibia is united with the astragalus.

1. Flexor longus pollius

arises fleshy from three-fourths of the fibula to within an inch of the outer ankle.

The tendon can be seen only to within two inches of the ankle, it passes behind the ankle into the arch of the foot to the last bone of the great toe.

2. Flexor longus digitorum

is not sufficiently seen to be marked by a painter without destroying the breadth of his limb. He had better mass the posticus and flexors together behind the ankle, and, except as a matter of curiosity, not detail the flexors, the pressing of the solæus inside the leg nearly covers them in a fine limb.

Massa carnea jacobi (c)

is a very short and important muscle; it arises from the heel c, and joins the tendon of the flexor longus; it forms, by its adhesion to the bones of the foot from the heel, that beautiful fleshy arch so essential to be thoroughly understood in drawing the foot.

Flexor brevis and Lumbricales

of the toes, are so covered by the sole of the foot as scarcely to influence the form in drawing it. It will be useless to do more than name them.

Extensors.

1st. Extensor longus (6) appears in the leg between the peronæi and tibialis; it ends in three distinct tendons, which go obliquely inwards and pass under the annular ligament of the ankle to the toes, from the little one to the first toe. The great toe has an extensor of its own, which runs along the instep into the second joint of the great toe. Then comes the peronæus tertius (7), which accompanies the great extensor, and

goes obliquely towards the metatarsal bone of the little toe.

2nd. Extensor brevis (9); it is placed where the buckle lies, originating from the heel, and running obliquely inwards; its tendons cross under the tendons of the communis, and go to the toes, except the little one.

In drawing the foot it is indispensable to attend to the shape produced by this brevis.

There are many flexors as well as muscles belonging to the sole of the foot which are never seen, the whole being enveloped in a strong plantar aponeurosis, which goes to the toes from the heel, and forms the sole of the foot.

Thus ends the muscles and bones essential to an artist. The bones are the foundation and the muscles the causes of action,—both indisputably contributing to external shape by the varieties produced externally by internal action or repose. It would be absurd to declare that without the knowledge of construction no man was ever able to develope his genius at all, because Reynolds is an evidence to the contrary; but all that can be said of Reynolds is, that in spite of his ignorance of form and construction, he contrived to attain a great name in portrait,—where there are so many contrivances to conceal form, and where colour and light and shadow, a pleasing likeness, and a beautiful and skilful effect, can hide a want of knowledge in deeper requisites. Had Reynolds been earlier and better educated, his historical works would have been equal to his portraits; because he would have been induced from confidence in his hand, to make such attempts at an earlier period of his practice, and not

have delayed it as he did, to the latter end of his life, when he was too much habituated to the individualities of portrait, to be able to idealize with power. There is no knowing how much the art has lost by the state of English art when he first appeared: had he been severely disciplined, and his mind thoroughly versed in the construction of the species he represented—had he mastered the figure as a preparatory basis, with his beautiful mind, his exquisite feeling for colour and nature, his relish for surface, there is no saying to what a degree of excellence he would have carried the art; but this want fettered his hand through life, and withered his efforts in High Art whenever he attempted it. Let the deficiencies of such a genius be a fatal warning to the present generation. In Reynolds' time, had there been schools of design, he would have felt their beneficial consequences. It is not that by schools of design you can produce genius like pine-apples; no, but by establishing such elementary means of instruction, you put into the hands of instructors a power of judiciously training a genius, should one appear. Genius will develope itself, whether you have a source of educating him or not; but surely it will not be an obstruction to that development if, while his powers are maturing, you teach him the elements of wielding the instruments with correctness, knowledge, and science, by which hereafter he is to enlighten or instruct mankind.

You may wonder at the originality of a conception, but if it be awkwardly or inefficiently executed, the power of impressing the spectator to the greatest degree must be and ever has been materially weakened. Reynolds' ignorance of form, his undecided execution, are endured, because his feeling was so exquisite and his

genius so refined. But, unfortunately, hundreds of young men, idle and inefficient, palliate the same carelessness in their own works, without the same genius to make it pass.

This is the great cause why his example has been so extremely pernicious, and why he is so unfit in an early stage of study to be ever held up for imitation or copy. His beauties are the rich beauties of refined and accomplished practice, not the modest and solemn proprieties of preparatory study: when the student has mastered the rigid land-marks of the art, and has acquired too much self-control and experience to run any risk of being seduced from the main road by Reynolds' glittering attractions, he may be permitted to indulge in the witchery of his practice; but to begin by the debauchery of his habits, to flounder without the compass, is running before you can walk, or walking while your bones are but sinew; deformity is sure to be the result in the one case, and tumbling in the other: there may be such inherent vigour in the baby, as to enable it at last to get upon its feet, but through life, be assured, bad nursing will be visible; the legs may be strong, the calves vigorous, and the body firm, but will there be no bow in the legs? be assured there will; be assured bad nursing and bad education leave their cursed marks to the grave, on the most heroic form or most gigantic mind.

In practice, his mind was absolutely without basis and ballast, he was consequently at the mercy of every freak, every whim, and every dream, of others less gifted than himself. And there is hardly an idle wish, a foolish whim, an indigestible fancy or absurd weakness, that young men mistake for symptoms of genius,

that cannot find their prototype in the practice of Reynolds.

This is the reason why he was so uncertain: he seemed to imagine the ancient masters had some secret; he destroyed many pictures to find it out—there was no secret! Their vehicle was the simplest for painting, their mode of drawing the figure the most unaffected; they dissected before they drew, and drew before they painted: to be sure, they had one little secret, very rare! and not to be discovered by rubbing down, any more than the philosopher's stone, viz. Genius. To find this, you may scrape and rub, and pumice and wash, but you will end as you began, and discover, after all, that the best way is to get rid of such superstition, and begin to dissect and draw, to master the construction of every thing you represent; not to begin to paint till you have vanquished these elements; and, take my word for it, you will then discover that the art of the Italians and Greeks, of Phidias and of Raffaelle, Coreggio or Titian, contained no secrets but the secrets of sound science, open to all, and no trick, but industry without end.

Having thus gone through the Anatomical Construction of the Human Frame, and occasionally compared its individual parts with the same parts in the quadruped, I shall in the next Lecture endeavour to lay down laws from such comparison for the formation of a Standard Form, and give you the opinions of my distinguished predecessors, Reynolds, Fuzeli, and Opie; and thus conclude the basis of Design.

LECTURE IV.

CONCLUSION ON THE SUBJECT OF FORM, ETC. ETC.

LECTURE IV.

GENTLEMEN,

In my last Lecture, I laid before you the superficial muscular arrangement of Man, and only so much of what is deep seated, as influences the external shape.

Man is the principal instrument an artist uses in conveying his conceptions to the spectator; and consequently it must be evident to you all, that to ascertain what are the leading characteristics of his figure as a species, such as it may be supposed he issued from his Creator's hands, free from disease or accident, is a very important desideratum.

It may be right, in the first place, to lay before you the ideas on this important subject of my distinguished predecessors, Reynolds, Fuzeli, and Opie, as to what were the leading principles of a Greek standard or cannon form.

Reynolds' theory like his pictures, was broad, beautiful, graceful, general, and undefined. Fuzeli's essential and grand without detail, as if detail was beneath him. Opie's keen, sagacious, grappling, and in the direct road to truth.

All these had one irremediable defect; they had never dissected man or animal, the only way for ascertaining a basis for a principle of heroic form, they trusted to their capacities and practice;—and all these have left nothing behind them but vague generalities; though Opie was a great deal nearer the point than either Fuzeli or Reynolds.

Reynolds says (Discourse III.), "all objects which are exhibited to our view by nature, upon close examination will be found to have their blemishes and defects. The most beautiful forms have something about them, like weakness, minuteness, or imperfection; but it is not every eye which perceives those blemishes. It must be an eye long used to the contemplation and comparison of these forms, and which by long habit of observing what any set of objects of the same kind have in common, has acquired the power of discerning what each wants in particular."

Now let us try this system. Suppose we take a hundred men from the crowd in the streets; suppose we find, as we should in England, that all the hip muscles were compressed, and only two had the full swelling of the hip (obliquus descendens), would it be a sound principle to lay down, that the hip muscle ought to be flat, because ninety-eight of the one hundred had it flat, and because this was the greatest number which a given number had in common? and that the two were defective, because they were in the one hundred the particular? Surely not! Now we know that the two, who were particular, and exceptions, were on the sound principle of clearing accident from essence; and that the ninety-eight were defective! and that therefore the principle, what the greatest number have in common, is not always the basis

for essential form in man; because accident or disease may be the reason. But if you dissect, and ascertain what is wanted for the leading actions of the frame, you find out that the muscle of the hip is as necessary for the full perfection of action as any other; you can say, these ninety-eight, though they have the flatness in common, are not so essential as these two out of the one hundred; because we know from examining human construction that these muscles are essential to action, and that if they be essential, they must be developed; development insures projection, and flatness on that particular part is defect.

"Again," Reynolds says, "this long laborious comparison should be the first study of the painter who aims at the greatest style."

There is no doubt of that; but a painter will get nothing by external comparison of exterior figure, if he do not first ascertain what is the interior physical man,—what the species must have, and what it cannot exist without having.

Sir Joshua says again, "by this means he acquires a just idea of beautiful forms; he corrects nature by herself."

That is, he immediately reduces the two with natural projecting obliqui, to the level of the unfortunate ninety-eight, where the obliqui by the pressure of the waistband are flat.

These are the vague theories of a great portrait painter. I should like to know by this theory, how an artist is to correct nature by herself—where is the basis? where is the line of definition? how, by comparing a parcel of people together, without first ascertaining what belongs to them as a species, an artist is to know

what they ought to have, and what they ought not, would be difficult to answer.

But the instant you dissect, and compare the brute and the man, you know what any given number of human beings want as human beings, and what they ought to have as distinct from the animal; without dissection, all is vague and confused; and Reynolds could no more have defined what he meant from the uninformed condition of his own understanding as to the human form, than he could have defined a human figure with his pencil.

Considering the way in which he was brought up, it is extraordinary he knew what he did; and nothing says more for the nobleness of his real nature, than the condemnation throughout all his Discourses of his own practice, and the perpetual urging of the rising youth into a higher path; though his not doing so himself makes one attribute it to policy rather than to feeling. So utterly unskilled was he in drawing, that Fuzeli called on him once and found him making circles all over the body of a female on his canvass, before he could place the bosom rightly.*

Reynolds saw what was the foundation of the true ideal beauty, viz. "The perfect state of Nature;" but he is wrong in the direction he gave for finding it.

"The whole beauty and grandeur of the art consists, in my opinion (he continues), in being able to get above all singular forms, local customs, particularities, and details of every kind."

This passage has been literally the ruin of English art, or rather was.

So far from the omission of details of every kind being the basis of grand art, there is not a grand work

* Fuzeli.

of art on the earth where any essential detail is omitted. Grandeur of style does not consist in the omission of all details, but in the judicious selection of the leading ones.

Consider the Neptune's breast of the Elgin marbles, there is the roll of skin under the arm-pit, which belongs to man, there is the vein on the ribs, these are essential, they cannot be omitted; but, according to Reynolds' theory, all details must be omitted, therefore these ought not to be there.

"By this principle," says he, "Phidias acquired his fame."

Did he?—above is named one of the great works of this very Phidias from the pediment of the Parthenon; and you perceive he acquired his fame by the very reverse.

"This is the idea (he repeats) which has a right to the epithet Divine, and may be said to preside like a sovereign judge over all the productions of Nature, appearing to be possessed of the will and intentions of the Creator, as far as regards the external form of man;" depending, I add, on his internal construction. This is finely expressed, and does apply to the principle of Phidias, but not to Reynolds' immature idea of what that principle was, viz., leaving out details of every kind, or comparing a given number of human beings, and laying down as a law that which most had in common, without reference to accident, disease, or construction, was what all ought to have in general; never was a greater absurdity!

Phidias, when he made his Jupiter, says Proclus, contemplated the image only in his mind from Homer's description. Cicero says, when Phidias executed his

Jupiter and Minerva, he did not copy any human model, but the idea in his mind.

Now, this idea in the mind, I shrewdly suspect Phidias might have contemplated till now, and Jupiter would never have made his appearance; but Phidias had more sense than to depend on such vague generalities to give a physical identification of the god. He knew the elements of man, as a species; he understood the characteristics of the brute, as an animal; he had mastered the construction of both, and till he had, he would have been ever impotent in his struggles to define the conceptions of Homer, or the idea in his own mind. So much for blind enthusiasm!

After Reynolds came Fuzeli; a grand genius, but not a sound one: with a fancy bordering on frenzy, he too despised detail; he too forgot the physical necessities of the language of art: had his mind been regulated in early life—had he disciplined his design by dissection, so elevated were his conceptions of form, so essential his notions of style, that no man since the Greeks would have so beautifully portrayed the heroic.

Though apparently a dissector, he never had dissected, and he vainly attempted to generalize the human form without knowing correctly a single muscle of its construction.

"By nature," says Fuzeli, "I understand the general and permanent principles of visible objects not disfigured by accident, not distempered by disease, not modified by fashion or local habits.

"The imitation of the ancients was essential, characteristic, ideal.

"The first cleared nature from accident,—the second found the stamen that connects character with the

central form,—the third raised the whole and the parts to the highest degree of unison."

This is beautiful, a little further than Reynolds; but where is the land for the machinery of Archimedes? we have nothing yet positive, clear, defined;—what this central form is, I could never get Fuzeli to tell me.

After Fuzeli came Opie: vigorous, philosophical, coarse, uneducated, and original; equally ignorant of the human form as Reynolds, less skilled than Fuzeli, and never having dissected any more than either; yet by the mere shrewdness of his powerful understanding, enlightening the road at last to truth: plunged at once, as Opie was, from a Cornish village, a wonder before the world in his boyhood, inundated with commissions, borne down by fashion, he had no time, in the whirl of his first explosion on the town, to ground himself by dissection or drawing; yet, by the mere force of his perspicuous reason, he obtained more than a glimpse of what was the principle of the Greeks in form, scarcely comprehending himself the right marking of a knee. In his first Lecture he says, most admirably—

"Of the laws and latent principles of form, the ancients, by long and laborious experiments, made themselves completely masters; they saw what particular proportion marked the physical powers,—they understood what denoted the moral,—they observed how the situation and shape of the head varied with the increase or decrease of intellectual power, and by judiciously exaggerating the peculiar distinctions of man, compared with the classes of inferior animals, etc., they produced those personifications of strength, beauty, majesty, and wisdom, we see in the Jupiter, Venus, Apollo, Minerva, and Hercules."

I think you will agree with me that *this* process was much more likely to produce the Jupiter of Phidias, than Cicero's plan of sitting still and contemplating the idea in his mind.

"The prime object," says Opie, again, "is the rediscovery of the principle on which their works are formed, which none of the moderns have attempted, comprehended, or suspected.

"The best of them have taken some favourite figure, and used it on all occasions. Thus, in escaping the meanness and vulgarity of common nature, they confounded all distinctions of character, and became incurable mannerists, insipid or extravagant, according to the choice of the model."

The soundness of this quotation is, indeed, admirable, and ought to be learned by every student, and repeated daily in his early years. It applies to Michael Angelo, and in modern times to Fuzeli, both of whom made the Torso the god of their worship.

In the right side of the Torso, a slip of the obliquus, is doubled up; Fuzeli always marked this, though the moment the figure stood upright, it would disappear; this fact completely illustrates the remark of Opie, of using one figure, with the muscular markings of that action, on all occasions.

There can no longer be any doubt that the secret principle of the ancients, in the construction of the figure, was what Opie calls a judicious exaggeration of man's peculiar distinctions, when compared with the brute.

In my first Lecture, I have told you how it occurred to me to ascertain this principle, so palpable in comparing the head of the brute and the man; and in raising the lion I was dissecting on his hind legs, resting like us

on his heel and toe, the whole system flashed on my mind at once.

I placed the lion standing on his two heels and toes, and holding out one arm and hand. I placed a man in the same position, and found the QUADRUPED had a large face, small brain, and eyes above the centre of his head.

MAN, a small face, and large brain, and eyes in the centre of his head.

QUADRUPED, long body and short limbs.

MAN, short body and long limbs.

QUADRUPED, narrow chest, short upper-arm, long fore-arm and hand.

MAN, broad chest, long upper-arm, and short fore-arm and hand.

QUADRUPED, flat and long feet, and inner ankle lowest.

MAN, short and arched feet, and inner ankle highest.

QUADRUPED, narrow knee-pan and bent knees.

MAN, broad knee-pan and straight knees.*

The standard form of man in bone-construction is, therefore, the *reverse* in form and proportion to the quadruped placed on two feet, the natural position of man.

Let us, then, try the same experiment with their mutual muscular arrangement, and we shall complete the comparison, and distinctly settle what are the peculiar characteristics of a noble human figure in muscle as well as bone.

* *See* Plates.

The quadruped is incapable of free rotatory motion at the insertion of the shoulder-joint.

Man is entirely capable of the freest motion of describing a perfect circle, the shoulder-joint being the centre. It follows that all the muscles which enable him to do so are peculiarly human, and must be prominently visible, and none more or less be selected for his form in that part.

The quadruped is defective in the above muscles, and is defective in the muscles that enable a man to grasp with his thumb and turn his wrist with such facility; therefore, man being able to grasp to perfection, and turn his wrist with facility, it again follows, that all the muscles which enable him to do this must be vigorously marked, because they are peculiarly human.

The quadruped is confined at the hip-joint, and is feeble in the oblique.

In man, motion at the hip is free, and he is powerful in the oblique.

The quadruped cannot stand on his two feet, because he is feeble in all the muscles, and in the bone construction, which enable man to stand; therefore, man must have, and has, in bone construction and muscular arrangement, all the muscles vigorously developed, which enable him to stand on his feet and to keep his limbs perpendicular.

Thus, then, is produced the standard form of man. In building him on the above unerring principles, make his feet arched; second toe longest, his inner ankle, highest; his calf low and vigorous; his knee-pan broad, because it is a lever, and the broader, the more resistance it offers, and the greater power it gives to the extend-

ing muscles of the leg. All the muscles which enable him to keep his limbs straight and powerful, all the muscles of scapula and breast, vigorous, as well as shoulder, arm, fore-arm, and hand, hand arched, and large ball to the thumb.

In proportion, the reverse of the brute will establish you in the same way; viz., head, same height as foot is long; two feet to the top of pan-bone, when leg is straight; two feet to the spine of the ilium; two feet from bottom of belly to the top of the sternum; half a foot to the chin; one foot to the top of the head. From top of shoulder to the elbow, two faces; from elbow to middle knuckle, two more; the hand, a face.

This is the general standard of human proportion. But, for a god, the ancients increased the length by diminishing the heads and extremities, as may be seen in the bas-reliefs of the Elgin frieze.

For a god, two feet and a half to the top of patella; two feet and half to the spine of the ilium; two feet from pubis to sternum; one foot or three quarters to chin; one foot to top of head; head and foot same length, or not, as it suits your purpose.

Two faces and a half to elbow from shoulder top; two faces to knuckle; the hand, a face; as to breadth, use your discretion according to character.

I am quite sure the ancients did not perplex their minds or their statues with the petty minutiæ of Audran; they were guided in proportion, as in every thing they did, by some great leading principle of Nature and common sense, and the relative size of head and extremities to body and to each other appears to be the basis.

The proportions I have thus laid before you, are

found in all the Elgin marbles and Greek vases. Must there not have been some code of laws equally open to the workman and the artist?—Surely. Would to God may yet be discovered the treatises of Apelles, Euphranor, and Pamphilus; all the great artists wrote on their divine art, told all they knew, and shortened the road to their successors.

There is always a harmony of parts in reference to each other: thus, if wrists are tendinous, so are ankles; if elbows are clear, so are knees; in fact, lay it down as an everlasting principle, that if there be any two parts of any body which can fairly bear comparison, they must be similar in character and in essence.

In comparing our illustrious modern sovereign of design, Michael Angelo, with Phidias, or the Greeks generally, in the naked figure, he must unquestionably yield the palm! Michael Angelo, as Fuzeli says, often perplexed his limbs with useless anatomy; and from his Moses and his Christ holding the cross, casts of which I have studied, it must not be denied and cannot be refuted, that he did not know how to clear the accidental from the essential.

If the principle be a sound one, as it is, viz. that any two parts of a body bearing comparison must be, to keep a consistency throughout, similar in essence and development, then is Michael Angelo's grossly inconsistent, because, if the spine of the ilium in front be covered fully by the muscles round it, so ought the spine of the scapula behind to be equally covered; if the one be, and the other be not, then the figure is inharmonious. The spine of the scapula in his Christ is visible, meagerly and meanly marked, belonging to a thin man; the spine of the ilium is surrounded and

covered by its attendant muscles, beautifully and fully, belonging to a muscular man. What authority in nature or antiquity had Michael Angelo for such management? None: it was his caprice, his anatomical caprice; these are the excesses which bring dissection into contempt, and which induced John Bell and others to doubt whether the Greeks dissected or not; because they were never guilty of such absurdity, and because they had too much self-control to make that an end of art which is but a means of the perfection of art.

And yet, Vasari says,* this very figure is *mirabillissima* (most extraordinary!) This shews the extent of Vasari's judgment, for it is most unquestionably the most affected, absurd, pedantic academic figure, that ever came from a great genius, even in the tortures of a night-mare dream. Fuzeli thought the same of it, and in his Lectures condemns it. This figure, and the figures of Lazarus in the National Gallery, which he evidently painted for Sebastian, are justifiable grounds for asserting he was not equal to Phidias in the naked, though, in the conception and arrangement of a vast work to illustrate a grand principle, he approaches, in the Capella Sistina, but surely does not equal, much more surpass the Parthenon and its glories in conception; in execution he must not be compared, gigantic as he is, or (in speaking of perfection) mentioned in the same page, without explanation.

His figures may be giants, but they have not that air of refinement the Greeks combined with strength.

Their actions are affected, their expressions ferocious. His women may be, as Fuzeli calls them, moulds of generation, but certainly not of love.

Reynolds says, he has seen figures by his hand

* In his Life of Michael Angelo.

which it would be extremely difficult to say, whether they were the height of the sublime, or extremely ridiculous. I should say, in that case, there could be nothing more easy to decide.

Phidias and Raffaelle have one great decided beauty in their works. Their figures, whether in action, or repose, or expression, always look as the unconscious agents of an impulsion they cannot help; you are never drawn aside from what they are doing by any appearance in them, as if they wished to make us consider how very grand they were, or how very gracefully they were moving. They seem impelled by something they cannot control; their heads, hands, feet, and bodies, immediately put themselves into positions the best adapted to execute the intentions wanted. Whereas often in Michael Angelo, and always in his imitators, there is a consciousness, as it were, in their arms and legs which destroys all idea that the figures are the mere unconscious agents of a predominating idea, which acts by means of the will on the muscular system.

The moment limbs and body appear to have been moved, for any other purpose not connected with the intention for which they were first called into action, all feeling vanishes of their being in the position the best able to execute it; and the effect of the action or expression is weakened by an uncalled-for air of affectation. It must be so; for it is an inherent principle in nature, whether in action or repose, never to disturb itself for grace, or any other purpose, not immediately the consequence of either.

Style in design is a result, and not a cause; whatever object is represented in painting or sculpture, the intentions of God in its bodily formation should be

ascertained; the means which God has bestowed on that object to enable it to execute its own will, or gratify its own instincts, should be investigated,—and then the aberrations produced by time, accident, disease, or other causes, will be clearly known; so that he who takes on himself to represent any object in painting will be able to reject accident from essence by this deep investigation, and shew the object in all its essential properties of body, as God first created it. The external forms of that body will thus be essential, and the result of its completion in art will be style in design.

On this principle, every thing represented in nature can have a style of its own: that is, it can be represented with its essential properties of body bestowed on it by God at its birth; while manner is to represent every thing imitated from nature in one way, totally regardless of the separate intentions of God, in his formation of every species on earth.

There are certain inherent principles of our common nature to which all bodies must yield; viz. that compression and extension must have different effects, and so must action and repose; now, if a great artist represents a figure, and makes its parts the same in action as in repose, and the same in extension as in compression; either he was ignorant of the principles, or considered they were too common for elevated art. No doubt the conception of an idea may be so grand; the beauty of a character may be so angelic; the pathos of an expression may be so deep, that the errors or inadequacy in the means of representation may be forgiven; but in order to bring the art to the perfection the Greeks brought it, there must be nothing to forgive.

An idea or conception, being the nobler part of the art, we may, in our conviction of human frailty, overlook any inadequacy in the means of imitation; but this very admission proves there must be something to be overlooked, and something we have a notion has not been adequately represented.

An art, the modes of which to convey thought, being the imitation essentially of natural objects, ought surely to have the imitation perfect; because the imperfection of the means has always detracted from the impression of the thought.

Poets are not endured, if their grammar is bad, or their language obscure, or their versification defective; and why should drawing, form, construction, colour, light and shadow, and surface, the grammar of our art, on the same principle, be excused more than in the poet?

Of course the languages are different in their essence, ours being the actual imitation of the things themselves, and the slightest representation of any visible object is at once understood; yet this facility of comprehending the thing imitated, the immortal Greeks never suffered, like Michael Angelo, to act as an excuse for any affected violation of principle or imperfection of form, and why should the moderns?

Michael Angelo was a tremendous genius, and a grand moral being, with a vast power of intellect, as is displayed in the Capella Sistina,—his effect on the art was vital; but he did not allow, like the Greeks, the unalterable principles of life to keep in check his anatomical knowledge of the human figure.

This was an error; because we can imagine no beings, and no world, where malleable matter is not influenced

by the common principles of the solar system, or where any creatures composed of bones, muscles, tendons, and skin, must not yield to the laws which God instituted for their government when he created them.

Michael Angelo thus often overstepped the modesty of truth, and gave a swaggering air; every figure of his looks as if he was insulted, and preparing to return a blow; if they sleep, they seem as if they would kick; and they move when they are awake, as if all their muscles were cracking.

His art is a perpetual effort, his figures always seem irritated, and in a passion. Jeremiah and the meditating Lorenzo are immortal exceptions. I allude more particularly to his naked figures.

Fuzeli said Michael Angelo was the salt of art—no, he was the pepper! very little indeed will do for seasoning.

In poetry of sentiment, the Medici tombs would perhaps have competed with Phidias; for Michael Angelo, being a painter, as well as Phidias, he combined in his sculpture a knowledge of effect; and in magnificence of conception and poetry of character, in selection of subject and fearless execution of hand, none of the great works in painting of the ancients could have surpassed it. But in the naked figures, both at the tombs and the Sistine chapel, Michael Angelo must yield to Phidias.

The naked figures at the tombs would have been demolished by the hammers of the journeymen of Phidias! One can imagine the horror that would have seized master, pupils, and workmen, with the Ilyssus, the Theseus, and the Fates, preparing in the workshop, had these galvanistic spasms suddenly been let down through the roof.

Why is Phidias superior to Michael Angelo in the naked? because his most abstract and heroic figures were based on common sense. Common sense is the basis of Raffaelle's expression, and Titian's colour is equally founded on common sense.

"What are these marbles remarkable for?" said a respectable gentleman at the Museum, to one of the attendants, after looking attentively round all the Elgin marbles.

"Why sir," said the man with propriety, "because they are so like life!"

"Like life," repeated the gentleman with the greatest contempt; "Why, what of that?" and walked away.

To this gentleman it might appear no great thing to render works of art like life; but if he had reflected—so many are the by-paths which branch from the main one,—so much do men sophisticate in favour of their own propensities,—so easily are all deluded by the seductions of idleness—that, in 4000 years, few indeed are the men who have made their imitations like that life with which they are eternally surrounded.

I yield to no man in veneration for the immortal name of Michael Angelo; but remember we have now evidence there was a greater: the longer you live, the more you do, the more knowledge you acquire, in that proportion you will be all convinced I am right, and that I have exaggerated nothing for the sake of novelty, or the impudence of conceit.

So extraordinary was the revolution the works of Phidias produced in England, as to what was the true high style; so completely were all old academic adorations shook to their foundations, that it required no ordinary philosophy in the old painters, to admit the

feelings they experienced. After seeing them myself, I called and took Fuzeli to see them, and being a man of quick sensibility, he was taken entirely by surprise; never shall I forget his uncompromising enthusiasm; he strode about, thundering out, the Greeks were gods! the Greeks were gods! When he got home he wanted to modify his enthusiasm, but I always reminded him of his first impressions, and never let him escape.

West, Nollekins, and Lawrence, behaved nobly. Flaxman, after having called the Apollo a dancing-master, in comparison with the Theseus, was never sincere in his affectation of feeling for the Elgin marbles; his style was so entirely the reverse, that it could not be sincere.

I therefore respectfully differ from Reynolds in his incautious recommendation, without qualification, of Michael Angelo; so far from getting casts of his sculpture, banish all traces of his pedantic twistings.

Reynolds was a great genius, but also a worldly politician; he had the repute of being gentle, complying, and bland. Nothing renders a man so gentle as uninterrupted success, accumulation of fortune, and elevated dignities. Reynolds kept his temper while he had every thing his own way; but the first time he was thwarted, he lost his temper and threw up his title.

Proofs of good temper are not to be drawn from the bland self-approbation of self-will and good fortune, all men can be exceedingly amiable with 70,000*l.* in the three per cents. Adversity is the touchstone of temper, honour, character, and talent; and adversity he never knew.

Of all men on earth he was the most unfit to judge of Michael Angelo. Influenced by the graces of fashion,

living in the heat of high life, bending to the caprices of beauty, painting like Rembrandt, and sacrificing all to colour, not knowing rightly the shape of a knee or the marking of a muscle. Passing through the great Vatican chambers, with their beauty, their nature, their grace, their composition, their drawing, and their draperies,—insensible to all these, and then asking in ignorance for the great works of Raffaelle. If such was his utter want of feeling from nature, is it plausible to conceive such a mind an adequate estimator of the giant of Italian art?

Either Sir Joshua did this, or he did not; if he did, as he says, it displays an ignorance not to be accounted for; if he did not, as I shrewdly suspect, he was guilty of a political fib to illustrate a principle.

Reynolds set the fashion of this blind admiration, and every portrait painter since thinks himself on safe grounds to imitate him, till he fancies himself in a poetical enthusiasm. With respect to the enthusiasm of Reynolds and others (for this great man), they who spent their whole lives in yielding to the vulgar prejudices of their employers, and who sacrificed their noble art, and the taste of the country to their own love of money and personal ease, I estimate their enthusiasm as a mere bit of political pretence; at the same time, it is some sacrifice to a great principle to try the policy of pretenders.

It was exceedingly fine of Sir Joshua, after making a large fortune, to tell the young men: "Were I now to begin the world again, to catch the slightest of Michael Angelo's perfections, to kiss the hem of his garment, would be glory and distinction enough for an ambitious man: I would tread in the steps of that great

master." The question is, why did he not do it when he began the world? for this simple reason, he never had genius for it!

Genius, be assured, is not a passive quality, and cannot conveniently be buttoned up for another opportunity, to be let out as Æolus does the winds, whenever the possessor is in the caprice. Genius is a gift which sits on a possessor like a night-mare; haunts him when a lisping child, a restless youth, or in confirmed manhood. Reynolds, Romney, Lawrence, and Chantrey, were always predicting what grand things they would do, as soon as they were above the necessities of life; as soon as snow ceased to fall, and water to be frozen; as soon as babies ceased to be tormented with abdominal twangs, and Daffy's elixir was no longer wanted; as soon as all was calm and sinless, and free from bad passion: when they were so, would not their judgment be more mature? When they have secured an independence, would not their genius be in a fitter condition for fancy? To this millennium of quiet they are always looking; at last it is the very time, to-morrow they'll begin. In comes another sitter—then come the guineas —then the dining-out—then the bewitching flattery of some darling he has just painted successfully, and very like about the eyes. In the mean time, some youth, whom God has gifted, in poverty and struggle, spends his money, meant for food, to get clay for a model; conceives a grand figure—sets to work, without waiting for the three per cents., and you find, in an obscure, cheerless, wretched room, a gigantic figure of Milo towering to the ceiling, as fine a combination of High Art and true Nature as has ever appeared since the Greeks!

Amiable impostors in genius; while you, conscious of your feebleness, are always the victims of delusions —the grave opens,

Et voilà la farce finie!

One of the finest evidences of genius in a young man, after his preparatory studies are over, is a restless desire to begin.

The excuses of idleness are endless. I have known men who never began, and yet were morally sincere in their intentions to begin, and yet they have died actually without beginning.

Even after genius is evident, it is a curious matter of speculation to reflect, on what an exquisite balance of qualities and propensities, principles and tendencies, to ensure a full development of its inventions, one absolutely requires.

Some men are always putting their whole hopes on some ulterior discovery of some subordinate requisite; idleness is at the bottom,—because, find what they will, they never find exactly what they are looking for.

I have known some who never began to invent or to paint till they had discovered a fine light; they went to Italy, still the light there was not the very thing! I met one of these very ingenious friends, after some years, in Bond-street. "Well, Haydon, I have got a light at last." Would you believe, he went to Italy again, and he died in Italy without ever beginning.

I knew another who was for twenty-five years in pursuit of a fine blue. Dozens lose their lives in preparing a ground; and hundreds in every part of Europe, thinking they are earning an immortal name, and will have the fairest claims for original genius, by spending

months copying favourite works, executed by illustrious men, who have been remembered solely because they never copied at all; and from the very dawn

Of the prime in youth where boyhood ended,

had thought for themselves, drawn for themselves, and painted for themselves, or else they would never have been examples to the world.

"What matter where," says Satan, "if I be still the same?"

Wherever you are, begin: no cant about foggy climate; no nonsense about dog-days or winter; no folly about this master, or that country. Have you imagination? yes; "then the proof, Master Shallow." No trash about your taste being superior to your practice; surely that is no fault but your own; hard work and incessant application will soon bring your practice superior to your taste. But then you must be always on the watch; in the enthusiasm of youth, wrack your invention to save time, endless schemes will occur to you; but here idleness will assume the bustle of industry, and here you must watch too.

Ambition for distinction, eagerness for improvement, exciting your mind by doating over the biographies of greatest men,—these things are the best incentives.

Never leave nature; base your highest flights on her unalterable simplicity; begin to be apprehensive at too great a facility of inventive sketching. Rubens always sketched with a model; and though no part of the model was adopted, be assured there was something more vigorous, more like life, than if he had sketched without it.

Reynolds says, in early life he knew an artist at

Rome, fully capable of estimating the great works before him, but that he always felt the want of that nature so admirable in the lower schools.

Reynolds says he was nearly led astray by his plausibility at the time.

This artist was only wrong in the excess of the principle—the narrow idea of nature, in the Dutch school, would never do in High Art; but this was not his precise meaning; what he meant was, he was never satisfied with natural effect of the objects imitated in the grand style; that he did not see why a sword in the hand of a hero, should not be painted with the nature of Teniers, or the face of a Helen should not have the fleshiness of Vandyke, and yet not be deteriorated in style or beauty. Reynolds admitted this hereafter, as we shall see in a future Discourse.

This Frenchman was decidedly right, because this was the practice and principle of our masters in every thing—the Greeks; and why Michael Angelo and the fresco painters did not acquire such a look of nature in their works, was from the very mode fresco requires. Cartoons are first drawn, and part by part are traced on the walls, as much only as can be done in a day; the great artist then painted without any model but the Cartoon, and lost that vigour and nature you see in Titian and Rubens, and which you can never get, unless you paint directly from the object on your finished work, which Raffaelle and Michael Angelo did not do in fresco.

Reynolds thus laid down principles which were purely the result of the defect of fresco practice, and the Frenchman had certainly a dawning which Reynolds himself at last perceived.*

* See note on Du Fresnoy, etc.

This combination of nature with idea was the glory and the greatness of Phidias and the Greeks of that time. This was the touch that vibrated then and now on the chords of every human heart; this was the secret of the enthusiasm of antiquity, and of the enthusiasm of our own time, when but the fragments of his mighty genius have re-appeared. This was the secret of Homer and Phidias, and of our own dear Shakspere. In gods or men, they never forgot the principles of our being; though Achilles was superhuman in force, he does nothing unnatural, and his men were like them in principle. Lysippus made men as they ought to be made, says Aristotle, forgetting what they are; I fear Phidias made them what they ought to be, based on what they are; and this makes all the difference between a grand style, which is a violation of nature, and a style where nature is visible, whatever be the height to which the style is raised.

"Nothing is more perfect than Phidias," says Cicero, orat. 71. "You cannot praise him enough," says Pliny, lib. xxxvi. "He made gods better than men," says Quintilian, lib. xii. "Phidias was skilful in beauty," says Plato, quoted by Flaxman.

We know what his men are, his Theseus, his Ilyssus, his Neptune's breast; and yet one of the most acute critics of antiquity says he made gods better! Plutarch mentions the awe of Paulus Æmilius, the Roman, on seeing his Olympian Jupiter: in fact, being idolaters, as the Greeks were, we Christians, who worship the pure in heart, in preference to the beautiful in form, can have no idea of the perfection of Greek art in their greatest works, either of sculpture or painting.

The road to the blessings in this life, and to Elysium

in the next, was then the perfection of art. The back of the Theseus was never seen when once up on the pediment of the Parthenon, but it was finished by Phidias, on a principle of religious enthusiasm for the honour of Minerva, as if it had to be seen every day.

This is the principle to be revived; it revived among the Catholic Italians, who equally believed that in perfecting the beauty of the Virgin, as by the sacred sufferings of our Saviour, they ensured the road to heaven. What I maintain is, we have the elements of the same principle in us, without the absurdity. Our feelings are political, why cannot the enthusiasm for art be developed amongst us, without the superstition of the Catholics, or the idolatry of the Greeks? why cannot we shew to the world our power of enthusiastically raising a grand style, by illustrating the immortal events which have occurred in our struggles for our constitutional independence? Should we not in that case afford a species of enthusiasm, that would bear the test of reason, and not fear the progressive advance of human enlightenment.

In proportion as we ascertain the moral characters of the ancient gods, we must despise them; and admire their art as we may, we cannot help lamenting the infatuation of the genius of Greece, in perpetuating the personal perfection of the wretches they immortalize. But in any glorious, national, moral, and constitutional illustration of the histories of England, Scotland, or Ireland, no genius, if it were ten times more refined than Phidias, could do otherwise than honour to itself for ever, by the identification of Alfred, and his deeds in England; and Bruce, in Scotland; which ought to

adorn every hall, and every public building, and every hearth of our country.

Let us correct the excesses of our Reformation, and no longer associate idolatry with art.

"Do you expect," said a distinguished foreigner to me, in prison, a friend of Edmund Burke, "to make a trading nation feel the beauty of the Theseus?"

"I do," was my reply; "at any rate a trading nation produced Spenser, Shakspere, Bacon, Milton, Locke, and Scott."

"Ah!" said he, "but these are individuals in the nation, but not the trading nation itself."

"Yes," I replied, "but who purchases, relishes, and reads their works? — the trading nation. You are confounding genius itself, with susceptibility to its productions. It is no proof because one-half the nation is not Shakspere, that the other half do not understand him! The British people are sound in taste, whatever may be their propensities to commerce; and I maintain, there exists a feeling of art, independent of the domestic tendency to portrait, that would enable them to relish grand attempts, if the authorities would give them the opportunities; they want instruction, but that is all they want. The feeling which produced the demand for Milton, Shakspere, and Spencer, would induce the sanction to any plan of the authorities for the works of a Raffaelle, or Michael Angelo."

"But the style of Michael Angelo has never been, and never will be, popular in England; here is a proof they have no taste," said he.*

"To my mind," I replied, "this is a decided proof

* Do you suppose a commercial nation care about the naked

their taste is of the purest order. The very ground taken to prove the British people have no taste, is the very ground I take to prove they have. To admire Michael Angelo has been synonimous with fine taste."

The grand style! the style of the gods! O yes, when you saw an outline like iron, and the skin like brick-dust; and you told a youth there was no outline in nature, and the skin of heroes had the due mixture of tints,

> Which nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on,

you were immediately regarded with a look of ineffable contempt, and told it was the grand style!

If his lights were scattered, and your eye distracted —it was the grand style!

If kings were clothed in blankets, as well as prophets and beggars,—that was the grand style!

If all look of nature was discarded—hips out of joint, toes in a spasm, one leg up and the other so far from the body as to make its return a hopeless expectation—this was the true Epic! And to paint the chariot of the sun with no more ornament than a dray-cart, as Michael Angelo has done, in the Fall of Phaeton; to paint a horse, with no mark of his nature; little children, like little men; to make a joint bent, with the same markings as one stretched; to turn your back on nature, and curse her simplicity for putting you out,—was the grandest of all grand styles—the style of the

form? Yes, and I'll try them. You will be pelted from the stage was the reply, or run your head against the wall.

In England and Scotland I have shewn the naked form, and have I been pelted? let the intense attention, the decided approbation and enthusiasm, of all classes be the reply.

gods. But, alas! for the beauties of the grand style: certain little works in marble came over, after shipwreck and many adventures, opened the eyes of your professors of the grand style, as well as their adorers; and the poor grand style gave an expiring puff, and shriveled up like an airless bladder: alas, for the poor grand style!

I know well, thus ridiculing the grand style, as it has been taught in all the academies of Europe for the last three hundred years, will subject me to imputations of presumption; but, with my foot on the Neptune's breast of the Elgin marbles, with its roll of skin under the arm-pit, and its veins on the ribs, I defy all the academies on the face of the earth! Because common sense is the basis of my ridicule; and the real grand style can never revive in Europe, or exist as it existed in Greece, but in reversing all the absurdities which have been the principles of instruction in Europe for three hundred years!

It cannot revive but by making Nature the basis of all grandeur, and not exaggeration the excuse for violating her unalterable simplicity.

It can never revive but by considering all parts in the imitation of her beauty essential; and essential detail, in form, colour, and light and shadow, in effect, contribute to High Art, as much as drawing and expression.

Reynolds says, "It is better to diversify on particulars from the broad and general idea of things, than vainly attempt to ascend from particulars to this great general idea."

Now, it is really the reverse. You must first ascertain the particulars before you can discover the essentials.

For, if you begin to generalize without knowing the particulars, how can you select the one from the other without the risk of banishing what is essential, or retaining what ought to be banished altogether?

In your broad idea of things, you may leave out the pan-bone of the knee as a useless particular; this would be certainly very broad, but very inconvenient.

In thus doing my duty, in exposing what I consider to be the errors of great minds, you must not suppose I am insensible to their genius in art, or their influence on it. I hope I bow before the occasional grand sentiment of Michael Angelo. I hope I venerate his gigantic genius in architecture, sculpture, and painting. I only say, he is not pure enough for a model of style to regulate the taste of a country; and as I know, and can prove, there was a purer, a greater, a truer school, and that we have now among us fragments of his mighty genius, sufficient to revive the principles of his truth and sublimity, am I then to be daunted from telling you so, for fear of offending the infatuated adoration of an authority that did not know the construction of a leg?*

The slightest variation or violation of the principles of life, in this glorious school, was treason against the intentions of God. It issued from the simplicity of the Greek Republics at their finest time—Marathon! and it is suited to the manliness, to the love of moral truth, that is the characteristic of the British mind. It is suited to that glorious country which settled the constitutional liberty of man.

"The mental disease of the present generation," says

* Reynolds.

Dr. Johnson, "is impatience of study, contempt of the great masters of ancient wisdom, and a disposition to rely on unassisted genius and natural sagacity; the wits of these days have discovered a way to fame, which the dull caution of our laborious ancestors dared never attempt.

"Fame cannot spread wide, or endure long, that is not rooted in nature, and matured by art."

This caution is particularly applicable to the dangerous tendencies of the present age, when every thing that is invented in art or science, is the triumph of science at the expense of labour; it pervades every thing, and has been gaining ground at a prodigious rate, so that there is absolutely no limits in imagination even to its termination.

A lady of fashion, who was once ordered by her sovereign to attend a foreign duchess of high distinction, while she remained in England, had so long retired from foreign society during the war, that she felt the necessity of brushing up her Italian and French; a master was sent for, and engaged on the express condition that he did not plague her with verbs and participles! Dryden said there was no royal road to knowledge; let me assure all the youth who are present there is no railroad to perfection in art.

The great principle of modern times in "saving labour" may do, and must do, in commerce, where time is so valuable; but in education, or art, if adopted, it will render the next generation superficial and pert.

Labour is the price the gods have set upon every thing valuable; and be assured no man, let his genius be what it will, ever rose to eminence but by unwearied devotion; no local disease was ever cured by a local

remedy, if the system was neglected; no great classic hero ever yet appeared by interlinear translation. No great sculptor, who had not mastered the construction of men and animals by patient dissection, and no great historical painter, ever did, or ever will, arise, as Burke says, "who did not make the knife accompany the pencil."

It would certainly be a great convenience to have statues made, pictures painted, or undiscovered meanings of ancient authors developed, by domestic steam-engines; nor is it at all improbable the next generation may make the attempt; but at present I advise the student to be assured, that anticipated system is but in dawn; and in the mean time let them be thoroughly convinced, till our faculties are amazingly extended, there is no idle way of becoming great or illustrious in any science or art.

We have now got through the four foundation lectures; and as I began, so I will conclude the series, by earnestly begging you to consider Dissection to be the only true basis of knowledge in Design.

"By anatomy," says Charles Bell, "considered with a view to the arts of design, I understand not merely the study of the individual and dissected muscles of the face, or body, or limbs; I consider it as including a knowledge of all the peculiarities and characteristic differences which mark and distinguish the countenance, and the general appearance of the body, in situations interesting to the painter or statuary.

"The characters of infancy, youth, age; the peculiarities of sickness or of robust health; the contrast of manly and muscular strength and feminine delicacy; the appearances of disease, of pain, or of death—the

general condition of the body; in short, as marking to the eye of the beholder interesting situations. All these form a necessary part of the anatomy of painting, as the tracing the muscles of expression in their unexerted state, and of the changes induced upon them as emotions arise in the mind. The anatomy of painting," he proceeds in his beautiful work on Expression, "taken according to this comprehensive view, forms not only a science of great interest, but that from which alone the artist can derive the true spirit of observation, learn to distinguish what is essential to just expression, and be able to direct his attention to the appearances which might otherwise escape his notice, but on which much of the effect and force, and much even of the delicacy of his delineations, will be found to depend."

In page 10, he adds, "that anatomy is the true basis of the Arts of Design. It bestows on him (the artist), a minuteness of observation which he cannot otherwise attain; and I am persuaded that, while it will enable him to give vigour to the whole form, it will also teach him to represent certain niceties of expression, which otherwise are beyond his reach."

This is the opinion of a man peculiarly the painter's anatomist; and I shall ever lament, as a very serious loss to the arts, that he was not induced to persevere in his favourite study, by the gratitude, or the enthusiasm of the art; so far from that, though honoured by his sovereign, and his noble profession, from the painters he has received little else but incivility. It remained for the portrait painters to shew that a man was incapacitated for a professorship, exactly in proportion to the proofs he had given of being eminently adapted for it; and that in their opinion he only was fit, who had

given indisputable evidence he knew nothing about it at all.

Finally, consult Nature for every thing, let your flights be ever so poetical; remember, your engine is man; never wish, never try to be independent of Nature it is the first step to incurable mannerism.

Fuzeli used to say, Nature put him out! of course, not having proved his allegiance by constant adoration, he forgot that nature had no particular pleasure in dislocating her limbs, or putting herself into positions, which seemed blown so by the explosion of a powder magazine. The consequence was, when Fuzeli got nature, her simplicity put him out, and he discarded her in a fit, never thinking he was the person corrupted.

So irresistibly impressive are the works of God, so pure is their simplicity, so overpowering is their expression, that it argues an ordinary nerve to stand unshaken in their presence; the attempts in painting of the greatest human beings by the side of her divine beauty, look so inefficient, that it is not till her impressions wear off from a man's remembrance, that he can bear to think of or look at his own efforts. It is not till men forget what they wanted to do, that they find out what they have done is not so insignificant; the limits of human capacity, and the bounded checks of this life, depress at times the conqueror and the peasant. Alexander, after conquering the earth, wept in bitterness of heart, at having his ungratified desires confined by its wretched limits; and Raffaelle and Titian, after painting their finest pictures, both felt that inexpressible void at the miserable inadequacy of their attempts, in comparison with their burning impressions.

It seems, at moments of painful musing, as if we had all fallen from a brighter sphere, and passed this life in futile struggles, to realize our dreaming remembrances of it! Go to Italy, say all. Why? Did Phidias or Zeuxis, Euphranor or Praxiteles, leave Greece? Did Michael Angelo or Raffaelle, or Titian or Corregio, leave Italy? Go to Italy! We have the Cartoons and Elgin marbles, higher and purer standards than Italy can shew.

I say, stay at home. In Italy every thing has been done: in England, every thing is to do.

Stay in Britain, all ye who glory in enterprise; stay in Britain, and make her greater than Italy!

LECTURE V.

ON COMPOSITION.

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ON COMPOSITION.

GENTLEMEN,

Having, I earnestly hope, settled to your satisfaction, first, the importance of a knowledge of the human figure as the basis of all excellence of design in art; and, secondly, what are the characteristic distinctions of man as a species, distinguished from brutes in form and feature, and as the principal instruments in painting and sculpture, to convey intellectual associations;—permit me to develope the basis of the next part of this beautiful art, called COMPOSITION, which is the art of arranging the quantities composed of the parts which make up the materials used, to convey to the mind through the eye the story intended.

In all great events, adapted or selected for painting or poetry, there must be a predominant passion, a leading object, and a principal person; and the subject chosen must either astonish, delight, affect, or terrify; and one of the finest evidences of a refined taste and an elevated imagination, is a disposition to great enjoyment while contemplating grand moments of pathos or terror, either in poetry or in painting.

"Every man that can paint at all," says Reynolds,

" can execute individual parts; but to keep those parts in due subordination, as relative to a whole, requires a comprehensive view of the art, and more strongly implies genius than any other power."

And whatever may be the genius shewn in individual parts, any composition in poetry, painting, and music, where there is no leader, no principal point of interest, no evidence in the inventor of a capacity to wield his materials with reference to some positive feeling, or the development of some illustrious character,—man or woman,—will be turned from with disgust by the reader or spectator; for there can be neither repose, nor excitement, nor will the work be executed on any one principle applicable either to the head or heart of a human being.

Great works by great geniuses have always preceded rules: first, came Homer, without rules, and then Aristotle, who laid down rules to produce beauties which Homer conceived without them. But let art or poetry be ever so encumbered or crippled with profound rules, the originality of native genius will never be crippled; there will always be something done which will bewilder critics, and something a great genius will add that was never added before, whilst nature continues to shine with her accustomed splendour, or there is no limit to the variety and power of GOD.

In my first lecture, I laid it down as my conviction, that there was no fixing the period when art was invented, because the very first man born with such an inherent capacity to receive impressions of the external form, colour, and light and shadow of objects, as to be irresistibly impelled to convey his intellectual associations by their positive imitation,—in him originated Painting.

Since I wrote this, I have seen it proved in the last volume of the Dilettanti on Ancient Sculpture, that Egyptian art existed in its glory 1900 years before Christ. This was not far from the Flood; and as it took 500 years to arrive at anything like the perfection of Phidias in Greece, and the Egyptians were certainly by no means so acute a people as the Greeks, there is little doubt the art must have existed long before the Flood; and perhaps the Egyptians carried it on only from remnants of previously existing principles, which had been brought amongst them by those who had escaped, or were not destroyed by it.

Though there be little skill in the compositions of the Egyptians, there is always a principal figure, and a great deal of nature and beauty in the actions and expressions of their animals and men.

It is to the Greeks we owe (as we owe every thing in art) the geometrical principles of arranging figures or parts taken as lines in the way most agreeable to the eye, and most effective in telling a story to the understanding, without confusion, distraction, or pain. After choice of subject,* the first great point is to have a principal figure; and in order to render the parts of which a composition is made, agreeable to the perceptions, the next is to ascertain the inclination his figure makes in position, taken as a line; whether it be perpendicular to its base, or at an acute or an obtuse angle.

Whatever be the inclination of the line of the prin-

* Socrates, in a dialogue with Parrhasius, which Xenophon has preserved, after discoursing on the power of painting to express the manner and character of mankind, advises him to paint those rather which are expressive of goodness, beauty, and loveliness, than their opposites.

cipal figure, or the principal part in that figure, that inclination as a line must be repeated by the inclination of other figures in parallel, but not equal lines, except for a particular purpose. Then, on the principle of contrast, other figures, taken again as lines, must reverse the inclination of the line of the principal figure; and by a judicious balance and repetition of one inclination of line against another, always giving the inclined repetition of the principal figure and all its parts the superiority, you will complete your composition in quantities and lines.

This is the basis or anatomy of all arrangement of any given number of objects in painting and sculpture, and applies to every species of art—landscape, animals, portrait, still life, sea painting, designs for the artizan, or in any style or department where more than one object is to be arranged,—and for High Art above all other art.

Having thus settled the lines or basis of our composition, we must now settle the groups or masses, the light and shadow and colour, which equally can be brought under the dominion of lines and shapes.

If you have genius, the whole will flash upon that "inward eye"* which is the bliss of solitude, with the object you have in view in selecting it,—the principal figure to express it, the line it makes, the colour to convey the story delightfully, and the light and shadow to develope the masses clearly.

After this comes the choice of shape in composition of the groups or quantities.

There are several modes of arranging figures and parts.

* Wordsworth.

First—The circle or the ellipsis, like Ananias.

Second—The pyramid, with two wings, like Elymas.

Third—The large group with one figure, like Christ and the keys.

Fourth—The three distant groups, like the Beautiful Gate.

Fifth—The serpentine line, like Rubens, and still many others which may occur to you.

This is a matter of feeling, and is never thought of by the great artist till he has conceived and settled the principal actor and subordinates, and then he arranges them so as to set off the actors and their expressions to the best advantage.

The leading repetitions of line may be three, one predominant; the repetitions of colour may be three, one always the principal and the source; the leading lights may be three, one always brightest; there may be three masses of shadow, and one always the darkest.

The line the principal figure makes should be the principal line in the three repetitions, as much as a figure is a principal figure, and his expression the principal expression; but you must always remember to take care he is not too principal, as a part of a whole, and therefore it is not advisable to place the principal colour on him, or either the principal light, or the principal shadow, unless for a particular purpose.

Of course, in all compositions there will be lesser repetitions of all parts, making more than three to connect the greater; but there is no laying down a definite principle for them, it must be left entirely to the skill of the painter and sculptor.

Avoid always in arrangement of lines, or masses, a right angle, it is offensive in placing lights, shadows,

or colours, either as to masses or parts; and nothing is so awkward as lines of limbs coming to a point like radii. Raffaelle always avoided this; but Leonardo has done it in the Last Supper, and it is offensive.

The distances between your groups, either of colours, shadows, lights, groups, or figures, cannot be settled. There is no part of the art, so much a matter of eye and feeling; I have never been able to ascertain a rule from the greatest works.

An able professor thinks it will be brought to calculation by and by; if it be, it will be a proposition thus:—if the elbow of A B be three feet six from the chin of D C, then the great toe of E F must be two feet sixteen inches from the nose of F G. Respectfully, I differ; the only regulation is, that one group should be within gunshot of another; if they are too separate, of course they do not tell in a connected whole.

It is agreeable to have your lights diagonally, at acute or obtuse angles, but never at right angles (unless for a specific purpose). Thus, beauty of form, truth of expression, harmony of colour, shape of light and shadow, distinction but not separation of groups, inclinations of lines, whether of figure or drapery, make up the quantities of the various parts, which define the whole of that quantity called Composition.

The greatest poets, musicians, painters, and sculptors, have been the greatest composers; however brilliant their imaginations, however intense their capacities, however mellifluous their language, or harmonious their colour, it was the power of arranging their materials which rendered their genius useful to their fellow creatures.

Without the lucidus ordo of Horace, of what use in the world are the most superb ideas?

There is no greater delusion in young men, than the idea of what they call simplicity, getting rid of all thinking for arrangement. "Simplicity," says Sir Joshua, "when so very inartificial as to get rid of the difficulties of the art, is a very suspicious virtue." No doubt of it: you must not place figures scattered or solitary, with a flat bit of sky, and a solitary boat, and tell me there is simplicity! Balance your quantities, your masses, your colour, your light and shadow, and your expression; tell a story, and elicit or embellish a celebrated fact, and be as simple as you please, of course; but do take care it is not the simplicity of ignorance or laziness. There is one great principle of composition, if not the greatest, and this, I am quite sure, will require very little eloquence to enforce.

Let your colour be exquisite, let your light and shadow be perfect, let your expression be touching, let your forms be heroic, let your lines be the very thing, and your subject be full of action,—you will miss the sympathy of the world, you will interest little the hearts of mankind, if you do not lay it down as an irrefutable law, that no composition can be complete, or ever will be interesting, or deserve to be praised, that has not a beautiful woman, except in a series.

This was the secret of Raffaelle and Corregio's magic over our hearts; and be assured it is the truest, the deepest, and the most delightful principle, and one in which I defy refutation, for it applies to our convictions at once, that a picture without a beautiful woman is, and must be, in opposition to all the sympathies of mankind, especially in an art the object of which is to instruct by beauty.

Another cunning and touching secret of Raffaelle's and

Coreggio's power over us, was that, in every face of a beautiful woman they painted, they gave a tender air of sympathy and love. So that in most of Coreggio's and Raffaelle's women, if you clear all the figures away but the women, you may, without the least alteration of look whatever, put a lover declaring his passion on his knee, and you will find the expression in the woman's face do exactly.

This, though it may seem trifling, is the real, unobtrusive secret, by which we are all enchanted and delighted, without knowing why, and let every one try the experiment with their works.

It is not my business to enter into minute technical detail,—my principle in lecturing is the same as in teaching; namely, to put my pupils in the right road, and leave them to their own sagacity; yet, as all the principles I have laid down can be illustrated by reference to a fine work of Raffaelle's (the Cartoon of giving the keys), I think the detail of its expressions and arrangement will be interesting and instructive.

At Peter's earnest inquiry, whether he was beloved by his master, the reply he received was, "Feed my sheep."

At this simple command, such, as seen in this Cartoon, were the expressions, the characters, the actions, the grace, the composition, the beauty, the sentiments, and scenery, which instantly filled the imagination of Raffaelle.

In the hands of an ordinary painter, what could have been done with "Feed my sheep." But it is the inherent power of conceiving from such simple suggestions, and what from the circumstances of the case must have happened, which ever marks the great

capacity from the ordinary academic graduate of the grand style.

Painters had ever better thus choose subjects from a suggesting line, than merely fill up the characters the poets have previously pictured for them. Poets should only be called in as assistants.

Painters degrade their art, if they do nothing but realize the conceptions of the poet; they should shew, by every subject they paint, that Nature has given them the same power of imagination, the same fertility of thought, the same capability of exciting sympathy by the characters and expressions they display, with this advantage, that the language of the painter needs no translation to be comprehended by other nations.

Painters, if they borrow from poetry or history, should ever take a suggesting line, and by adding, inventing, and adapting from nature, prove the right their art has to be considered one of the legitimate, if not the elder sister of poetry. Could any man have believed that, without the graces of women, any subject could have been made so interesting and delightful as Raffaelle has made this? Few but Raffaelle have ever done it, none but great geniuses could ever do it, for by none but by such can it ever be done.

What it wants in variety of character, as to sex and age, he has supplied by exhibiting the various ways in which different temperaments are affected by the same thing. What in picturesque beauty of dress, by infinite variations of the same dress affected by variety of action, which is the result of different sensation acting on the figure; and by harmony of colour and by arrangement, he has made it very little less full of attraction than any other of the Cartoons.

Christ is the first figure which attracts, standing in an unaffected and simple manner, not resting on one leg and throwing the whole behind, like the eternal action of the run of antique figures, but as all men generally stand when they are not standing to be seen, and only as their convenience or ease induces them. His expression has a mixture of melancholy and pathos, beautifully touching; it is the finest head of Christ in all the Cartoons.

He is pointing to a flock of sheep, indicative of the text, and to the keys in Peter's hand, as connecting him with the Catholic church; St. Peter being the head of it.

St. Peter is on his knees, watching with eagerness the looks of his Divine Master, and listening with an inquiring submission to the utterance of his will.

St. John presses forward full of anxiety and affection, his hands up, as if in adoration; his nose, eye, and mouth, motion, action, and expression, denoting regard, as lovely and as delicate as the soul of the divine painter who conceived and painted him.

Though Raffaelle's St. Johns are built on the St. John of all the great painters from Cimabue downwards, yet Raffaelle added a beauty they all missed, and which would have rendered all representations of him incomplete without this addition. He seems to say, "Do not think I have less love of thee than another; believe me as intensely devoted, O Divine Master, as the Apostle to whom thou hast committed this charge."

Another Apostle, by his side, seems to lift his hands in rather envious astonishment: the one behind is rather pressing forward towards Christ with affection; the next turns round to his companions with simple

wonder and inquiry, and without speaking, looks with a scrutinizing vigour, first to ascertain what the other thinks by his air, before he ventures an opinion; while the other, with graceful simplicity, is holding his robe, and expressing also surprise, but mingled with pleasure.

The one immediately behind this last is too far off to comprehend or hear exactly what is passing, and, with his head half dropped, he seems in a breathless mixture of half eye and half ear to make out as well as he can what is happening in front; he is so placed that he could see Jesus between the head of the others, but is scarcely near enough to hear him.

Of the remaining three, the hair only of one is seen; and the faces of the two others denote no particular emotion. This skilfully exhibits the interest dying away, as it were, the further it is removed from the cause of excitement.

By studying carefully the figure of Christ, as a composition, immense knowledge may be gained to all. It is a fine example of management, so as to prevent a single figure coming flatly and meagerly on its background.

On the left side, see how rich and full it is by the great variety of shapes produced by the folds of the drapery; then comes part of a sheep feeding, and then some weeds, while a creek, running in from the lake, crosses the left hand at the thumb-joint; and again, the other line of this creek goes from the inside of the elbow to the drapery; all these produce a variety of quantities as to shape and figure, and break the meagre line of a naked arm, and take off the perpendicular and angular endings of contour which the drapery of Christ on this side would produce. On the other side,

the right hand issues from a mass of broad drapery; and the flock of sheep, by their heads and bodies, break the uniformity of shape which there would be, if it had nothing but a flat surface.*

This is what is called supporting a figure, preventing it rising abruptly out of the background, which would be the case if there were nothing behind but a flat surface, and nothing between the figure and distant objects. It can be done by light and shadow, or by line; it was this which Sir Joshua so admirably understood, because he studied the great works of Raffaelle, and took up portrait, as Burke said, as if he had descended from a higher department: Reynolds's portraits are all "historical pictures" in composition, all his smaller parts support and carry off his larger qualities. Rubens's portraits are equally excellent. Titian's, superb as they are in character, look too often like single figures inlaid on a background; and Raffaelle's have often too much the air of being the portraits of an historical painter. Reynolds appears to have hit the exact point, neither composed of too many parts, nor too little; and as models of the degree of composition to be admitted into portrait, are, in my opinion, finer examples than either the portraits of Titian, Rubens, Raffaelle, Sebastian del Piombo, or Vandyke.

People are, I think, in the present generation, too apt to underrate composition; it is a question whether it be not, after expression and character, the most important. Without composition, expression would be thrown away. In an art, where the mind is affected through the eye, that part which is the arrangement of the quantities to affect the mind through the eye is certainly not unimportant.

* Refer to the Cartoon.

Young painters are too apt to think nakedness of figure more important in composition than a quantity or mass; but, though a complete knowledge of the animal machine is the foundation of all excellence, it is only a component part of the quantities of a whole; when you compose one, you must remember that the *whole* is of infinitely more importance in painting, where a variety of figures, characters, objects, and expressions, are to be arranged to tell a story, and it is never to be sacrificed for the mere display of the naked form, unless the naked form be the essential requisite to develope the story chosen.

What parts of the figure are seen must be perfect; but many a fine leg, and many a beautiful arm, must be sacrificed to the quiet and repose of the mind.

The first object in composition is to please the eye. Composition is the means of conveying the story to the mind; all objects must, however individually exquisite, be sacrificed to this.

If a mass be wanted, for harmony, for breadth, for repose, or to fill the eye as it were, and prevent useless gaps in arrangement, it must be had.

The naked form now, remember, however beautiful (as you have got through the foundation lectures, where the naked form was every thing), must yield to that overpowering principle, the "ponere totum:" if the naked form, or its parts, be not broad, flat, or ponderous enough for the situation, other materials must be had, and as drapery is the most pliable of all materials, drapery by the greatest composer, Raffaelle, was usually chosen.

This was Raffaelle's great basis, and sound it is in every part; the eye must be carried from one part to

another, from one quantity to another; then there must be vacuities to give value to the projecting masses, and then no mass must be of the same size, but one must predominate, as well as one light, one shadow, one figure, one colour, and one line.

There must be a sun to the system, a general to the army—colonels, majors, captains, and lieutenants, all in due gradation.

What would the solar system be without a sun? Chaos. What a nation without a king? Anarchy. So in composition, without a leader in every part, and yet every leader subordinate to the leader of all, the eye would be distracted, the mind pained, the understanding in confusion; and neither story, object, nor aim would be attained, comprehended, or impressed upon the looker-on.

Raffaelle's great excellence being expression, and the head, whereon expression lies, being little as to mass, he could always put heads into any part, and supply their deficiency as to mass by quantities of other materials about or beneath them; therefore he was never obliged to sacrifice that in which his chief excellence lay for the sake of composition: while those who rest their reputation in beauty of figure will often find themselves condemned to cover, for the sake of harmony of effect, many a beautiful body, and many a beautiful limb individually considered, but which are often not of size enough in the masses to be kept; and thus they are obliged to sacrifice what they were perhaps most qualified to represent.

The same bit of road which crosses behind Christ's right shoulder passes out behind his left, and cuts, at gentle angles, the hand of the astonished Apostle next

St. John. On that road there are two small figures, the want of which would be felt, as they connect this hand and the shoulder of Christ, and prevent there being too great a distance between them, which is always painful.

Every hand, and head, and line, throughout this Cartoon, is placed on this principle. Lines and inclinations of figures must be repeated like colour, especially the predominating line or colour of the principal figure: thus St. Peter and St. John leaning forward, by their inclination, as lines, repeat that of Christ's drapery, etc.; then the bit of a creek, which so beautifully by its bank crosses and connects the line of the left hand of Christ to the face of St. Peter, comes out again at the back of the last figure of all; and then a bit of drapery cutting the even line of the last back, prevents the back coming perpendicularly against the boat; this is repeated in inclination by the line of the boat, which carries the composition right out of the picture. The boat too shews that they have just been fishing, and have just landed.

Every bit of weed, line of ground, town, house, tree, or drapery, is introduced for these purposes; and yet so contrived as to have the appearance of being the natural consequences of natural causes, independently of all art or arrangement.

Many parts, heads and drapery, of these very Cartoons, are painted with all the truth and power of touch of the Venetian school: the woman frightened in Ananias, and looking at his apoplectic agony, is a model of brush execution.* In fact, the Cartoons are his finest works,

* Wilkie and I examined it minutely, and agreed it was equal to any Venetian in touch.

either for composition, or for arrangement of colour; for Titian could not have arranged colour, as to shape or harmony, with more exquisite taste, than Raffaelle has done in this grand and awful composition of Ananias; and where he has gone over heads or drapery, the touch announces an enormous advance in power of hand.*

What an extraordinary being Raffaelle was! His character, as well as his art, was the very converse of his illustrious rival Michael Angelo. Michael Angelo hated his equals, was kind to his inferiors, and to his superiors he was always insolent; while Raffaelle was kind to all, and the idol of the society in which he moved. Michael Angelo lived much alone—it suited his tremendous genius; and if he ever associated with any men, he selected none but adorers; the consequence was, that the life of Michael Angelo was written by his great flatterers Vasari and Condivi; and they have both, as might have been expected, sacrificed Raffaelle whenever they could, to the god of their adoration.

Vasari insinuates that Raffaelle owes much to Michael Angelo; and Reynolds, following Vasari and Condivi, goes further than either, and asserts that Raffaelle owes his existence to Michael Angelo.

Was there ever such gratuitous assumption? If it mean anything, it means that but for Michael Angelo his genius would never have been developed. Is such an absurdity worthy of Reynolds' understanding? Surely not. I deny that Raffaelle owes his existence to Michael Angelo: if he owe anything to Michael Angelo, he owes the corruption of his own inherent purity of style. After the Capella Sistina was opened, Raffaelle, bitten,

* Remember, prints are the reverse way to the Cartoons.

like everybody else, by its heavy, cumbrous, vulgar, and circular design, immediately tried it; but it did not suit his beautiful nature, any more than it would suit the graceful godlike length of limb, and elliptical beauty of the heroic forms of Greece.

What does Reynolds mean, when he says, "Raffaelle had more taste and fancy; Michael Angelo, more genius and imagination?" If genius be nothing but the ordinary faculties of man carried to a greater pitch of intensity than ordinary men possess them, wherein had Michael Angelo more genius than Raffaelle? Their geniuses were equal, but the road which each took for the exercise of his genius was different. Raffaelle excelled in expressing the passions; Michael Angelo in sublimity of character, expressed by form, independent of all passion or emotion.

"Michael Angelo's works," says Reynolds, "have a strong, marked, and peculiar character; they seem to proceed from his own mind entirely; and that mind so rich and abundant, that he never needed, or seemed to disdain to look abroad, for foreign help. Raffaelle's materials," he adds, "were generally borrowed, etc."* To say that Michael Angelo disdained to look abroad for foreign help, proves that Reynolds's practice and habits of thinking rendered him unqualified for such a subject.

Fuzeli, who certainly did not know less of Michael Angelo than Reynolds, asserts, and asserts with truth, that Michael Angelo scattered the Torso throughout his works; and I will venture to add, that there is not

* I made use of this lecture in my *History of Art* in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Black, Edinburgh; which is published separately by Whittaker, London.

a prophet, or a sibyl, or an individual figure, in the Capella Sistina, in which the Torso cannot be traced; in fact, he has often only added heads, hands, and limbs, to its body and thighs, in different views, and then arranged drapery accordingly. Let any student take the Torso, and turn it about in the action of the prophets, and he will see it directly.

Though the materials of Raffaelle's art are generally borrowed, are they more so than Michael Angelo's? Is not Michael Angelo as much indebted to Luca Signorelli, and the Campo Santo, for his choice of subjects in the Sistina, as Raffaelle is in the Vatican chambers? In short, are their works both in the one and the other any more than an improved completion of the ideas with additions which all their predecessors had invented for the previous 300 years? But this does not invalidate their genius; because they were the full-blown flower, and their predecessors the root, the stem, the leaves, and the bud.

Shakspere's plots are all borrowed; Lady Macbeth is not his own. That dreadful exclamation "know, Macduff was from his mother's womb untimely ripped," is Hollingshed's. But what of that? It is the new thoughts, the deep touches, he adds, that give him his claims. Michael Angelo was a great genius, and so was Raffaelle, and each owed his reputation to a power totally independent of the other. Vasari and Condivi would have never been allowed, as Lanzi says, to have published these falsehoods, had Raffaelle been living; but where were Julio Romano, Luca Fa Penni, and Polidoro, whom Raffaelle had raised from a mason's boy to a great painter—where were they? Where were his dear pupils? alas! as Johnson says, "Let no man

look for influence beyond his grave." Perhaps Raffaelle's pupils then were like some other pupils now,—a grave or a prison makes a vast difference in the estimation of their god!

Vasari asserts that Michael Angelo, in flying to Florence, when he quarrelled with the pope, Julius II., left the keys of the Sistine Chapel, which he was then painting, with Bramante, Raffaelle's uncle, who dishonourably let Raffaelle in; and that he directly, on seeing the grand style of the Prophets, altered his whole style. This absurdity was current in Europe for 250 years, till Lanzi, with his usual acuteness, opened the eyes of all the world.

Would you believe that, when Michael Angelo fled to Florence, it was in 1506, two years before Raffaelle was ever in Rome, and four before the chapel was ever begun to be painted! *

There is nothing unjustifiable in saying there is strong ground for inferring that Raffaelle did not surreptitiously derive any advantage from works four years before they were executed; nor is it improbable that he really could not get into a chapel by stealth two years before he ever entered the city; and, lastly, I really think you will agree with me, that Bramante could not give Raffaelle the keys to open a door which was never locked, especially too, as Michael Angelo did not leave any keys (if ever he left them at all) till four years after the time Vasari dates as the period.

* If Mass were celebrated by Julius, at Christmas 1512, at the conclusion of painting the chapel, and Michael Angelo was twenty months painting it, he must have begun to paint it in May 1511, which will make the time of beginning four years and four months after he fled to Florence, 1506, though the Cartoons were begun 1511, probably long before.

The Prophet Isaiah, which Vasari says directly shewed an alteration of style, in consequence of the stolen views of works which were not in existence, was painted at the period of the school of Athens, one or two years before Michael Angelo touched this very chapel.

So much for Vasari's sacrifice of glorious Raffaelle to the great Dagon of his idolatry, and so much for Reynolds's absurd and unthinking assertion that, but for Michael Angelo, Raffaelle never would have existed! Have I not made out grounds for acquittal? Are there any twelve men of any jury on earth who would not now give a verdict for Raffaelle?

Vasari's is a delightful book: all his principles of art are sound, you may rely on them, they are the result of conversation with the greatest men; he was most intimate with Michael Angelo and Titian, and all the great artists of the day, and constantly in their painting rooms, at their tables, and in their society.*

There has existed a supposition, for many years, which is gradually diminishing, that the ancient Greeks were not skilled in composition as a whole, from the drilled regularity of their bas-reliefs, and the ornamental pictures found in Herculaneum and Pompeii.

Reynolds said they were perhaps excellent in a solo, but not exactly fit to join in with a full concert of musicians.

Good heavens! what an assertion, relating to such a people.

The Elgin marbles have completely destroyed this ignorant belief, as much as they have enlightened us on

* If I were confined to three books, in a desert island, I would certainly choose the Bible, Shakspere, and Vasari.

the principles of the Greeks in heroic figure. I do not wonder, really, before the Elgin marbles came, at any man so concluding; but I do wonder at Reynolds taking the works in the private rooms of Pompeii, as justifiable grounds to estimate the extent of the genius in the finest period of Greek art, about 500 years before.

After all, what are the pictures of Pompeii? It was a provincial city; and perhaps the designs in the houses and palaces would rank as high in ancient art, as the designs of our ornamental painters, or the pictures you see in *tempera* on the room papers, in Bond or Regent street.

Suppose, some 3000 years hence, London should be, as it most likely will be, a mountain of endless brick, like Babylon now: suppose a deputation of learned antiquaries just arrived from the great capital of the Australasian Empire (then in its glory), in search of the site of the once immortal city of their Fatherland: suppose, in poetic musing, they stood on Primrose hill, to survey the ocean of ruined brick, before they began to excavate: suppose, at last, they began to dig where once stood Grosvenor square: suppose they were to lay open a house miraculously preserved, with the rooms ornamented by our ornamental painters, in decent preservation—what would they see? Little union with the ground, less perspective, still less colour, and of composition, as a whole, nothing indeed! Immediately they would write a learned treatise to prove that the admiration of the contemporaries proceeded from ignorance; that neither Reynolds, West, Wilson, Hogarth, Gainsborough, Wilkie, nor Landseer, could be entitled to the praise of the authors who had alluded to their genius;

and that the art of the English, from what they saw, did not deserve the praises they had read.

We all know the absurdity of such conclusions from such data now; and not more absurd would Aristotle and Plato think the conclusions of Reynolds, for his basis of deduction is not one atom more sound.

You surely must agree with me, that the pictures on the walls of a Roman city, destroyed sixty or seventy years after Christ, are no just grounds for estimating the degree of merit possessed by the greatest Greek painters, Polygnotus, Aglaophon, Apollodorus, Zeuxis, Parrhasius, or Apelles, 500 years before Christ was born, any more than you could think that the sculpture dug up there has ever given us any true idea of the fine period of Phidias; and Reynolds might as well have inferred, that the enthusiasm of antiquity for the glories of the Parthenon was as little to be attended to, because it was contemporaneous, as the enthusiasm for Greek painting by the same authority, because on the whole they hardly ever praise sculpture; but painting follows, in a strain, if possible, far more excited, and the same objections will just as well answer in the former case as in the latter.

Since the works of Phidias have come to England, we have positive evidence that the Greeks knew the great principles of composition and grouping, as applied to painting, because the Metopes are instances of arrangement of line that will do exactly in a picture; therefore, at once, Reynolds's assertion, viz. that the Greeks excelled only in a solo, must fall to the ground for ever. Having thus seen the finest works, estimated by the Greeks themselves as their finest, and finding all the enthusiasm of Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Quintilian,

Horace, Juvenal, Martial, Valerius Maximus, sanctioned, and more than sanctioned, have we not a justifiable basis to argue from what we do see, that what we do not was equally beautiful? Why should we doubt the enthusiasm for works we cannot see, when we find works spoken of in the same breath by the same men, bear out, on inspection, all that has ever been said, before we were enabled to judge for ourselves? Reynolds admits that their single figures might have been drawn finely, and coloured finely, but he presumes to deny their power of comprehension for great works. Why should the great men, above quoted, lose their judgment only when they alluded to Greek painting? Is there any analogy of reasoning here? You are confounded to silence, as to their praise of Greek sculpture, because you can deny it no longer. But had the Elgin marbles, or the finest of the old sculpture, never appeared, do you not think that the same sophistry would have been made use of to negative the praises bestowed by the authors above, on the sculpture? "Nothing can be more perfect than Phidias," says Cicero, orat. 2. "You cannot praise him enough," says Pliny, lib. xxxv. "He made gods better than men," says Quintilian, lib. xii. "He was skilful in beauty," says Plato. You believe all this, because you cannot help yourselves; but the moment Quintilian says Zeuxis discovered light and shade; Pamphilus was exquisite for subtlety of line; Protogenes, for finish; Apelles, for grace; Theon, for poetical conceptions (φαντασιας), Pamphilus, for principle; Polygnotus, for simplicity of colour and form,—when Horace says of Parrhasius—

—— Liquidis ille coloribus
Solers nunc hominem, ponere nunc Deum:

when Plinys speaks of Aristides, for expression; Amphion, for composition (to whom Apelles ceded in that point); and of the grand assembly of the gods of Zeuxis, as well as the single figures of Apelles,—Reynolds replies: "Admiration often proceeds from ignorance of higher excellence. I will not believe contemporaneous praise." I reply, admiration often also proceeds from knowledge of superior excellence, as often as from ignorance of it; and that neither Quintilian, Cicero, Horace, Juvenal, Strabo, Polybius, nor Pausanius, Valerius Maximus, Ælian, nor Pliny, were contemporary, therefore the praises of Aristotle and Plato, who really were so, are justified and confirmed by distinguished authors who were not; and therefore Reynolds's thoughtless conclusions against the great Greek painters on such data are proved to be equally unfounded and unjust.

Taking the Elgin marbles as a criterion for a standard, you cannot but suppose that the great works of Greek art had the finest drawing, the most wonderful knowledge of form, the finest grouping, and the finest expression,—to which I will add colour, which I can prove. Light and shadow, of which there can be no doubt; enough of perspective to make objects recede and advance; foreshortening, and above all, what has never been believed, execution of the brush, on the great leading principles of the Venetians and Flemings,—and now to the elucidation.

The French, twenty years ago, used to argue with me in Paris, that the School of David was on the principle of the Greeks; that is, the principle of bestowing as much labour on a button or a chair, as on a passion, a face, or a figure.

I used to reply, if David were right, all other schools

in the world are wrong: they again said, that was my prejudice as a Briton; to which I used to say, how was it, as Britons, we were not inclined to say the same, or think the same, of Greeks, Romans, Italians, Germans, Dutch, Flemings, Spaniards, or their own Claude or Poussin? Every great painter in these schools seemed always to be aware of the imperfection of his materials to equal or rival nature: this is the first knowledge requisite in art, as the first in morals is, the consciousness of human weakness.

Every great painter, therefore, puts his whole strength and art into those parts which express the intellectual part of painting—head, face, expression, and figure; but as it is much easier to paint a chair, or a button, nearer to nature, than a face or expression, the great painters, Michael Angelo, Raffaelle (not always), Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, Rubens, Vandyke, and our own Reynolds, dwelt with all their might, all their art, and all their genius, on the face and the figure, and elegantly touched off the subordinate parts.

The French used to affirm their system was the reverse, and the right one, and that there was no doubt the ancient Greeks painted in their way.

In Plutarch's life of Alexander, at the very beginning, he describes to his readers his own plan of writing his lives, and concludes with this extraordinary passage: "like painters that paint portraits, who dwelt on the face, caring little about the remaining parts;" meaning his lives would be on the same basis, viz. dwelling on the leading points in the history of the great men, and touching off the detail less carefully.

Could Plutarch have made such an allusion with the idea that the general reader would have understood him,

if the practice of the great painters had not been familiarly known?

Is this not conclusive as to the mode of execution among the Greeks, that it was on the same irrefutable principle as the great modern Titian; and again, Horace says in the art of poetry,—

> Ut pictura poesis erit, quæ, si proprius stes,
> Te capiat magis; et quædam si longius abstes.

So in painting, as in poetry, some things you must look at close; others, when you stand at a distance, to see the proper effect: that is, pictures for close inspection are small and wrought up; pictures to be seen afar off, must be executed on the principle of touching the leading points only, leaving atmosphere to soften, unite, and fill up the intermediate parts. As to mere handling of the brush, this is conclusive too: Horace would not have made such an allusion, if he had not been certain it was a common principle of fine ancient art, and would be directly understood.

We now come to their colour, which it is impossible to deny, after studying Pliny. Though Pliny is but a rapid and very careless compiler, yet he gives evidence, being a mere connoisseur, that he must have read the writings of Euphranor and Apelles, as Vasari must have read the manuscripts of Raffaelle; and whenever anything occurs in Pliny, like a practical description of a technical principle, you may be sure it is not his own, because he often spoils what he quotes, and shews the principle is better than the description, and that, if his knowledge had been the result of experience, he never could have been so often obscure.

For the purposes of art, Pliny wants what he never

has had, a good pictorial commentator. Reynolds has quoted his description of the practice of Apelles, of spreading over his painted tablet a thin rich and brown colour, in a varnish, as a last operation, to keep down the glare which every thing previously done shone through; this mode the Venetians practised too; it is called glazing!* It is impossible Pliny could have known this, as a gentleman connoisseur unpractised in the art; and there is another passage which is conclusive in favour of the colour of the Greeks, and I am astonished it has been missed or mistaken—

> Adjectus est splendor, alius hic quam lumen, quem quia inter hoc et umbram esset appellaverunt Τονον.
>
> *Pliny*, lib. xxxv. 5.

Nothing to a painter's mind can be so delightfully conclusive.

"Now was added splendor, a different thing from light, which splendor (because it was between light and dark) was called *Tone*."

This is exquisite in distinction: first, the colours on the tablet were fresh, unmixed, and raw; then was spread over a transparent glaze, to take off this crudeness; then, this crudeness being reduced, it was called "splendor," glowing, rich, and deep, different from light, which is white and crude. This splendor the

* Inventa ejus et ceteris profuere in arte; unum imitari nemo potuit, quod absoluta opera atramento inlinebat ita tenui, vel idipsum repercussu claritates colorum excitaret, custodiretque a pulvere et sordibus: admotum intuenti demum adpareret: sed et tum ratione magna, ne claritas colorum, oculorum aciem offenderet: veluti per lapidum specularem intuentibus e longinquo: et eadem res nimis floridis coloribus austeritatem occulte daret.

Pliny, lib. xxxv.

Greeks called *Tone*, which the Venetians called it, and which we call it; and which Tone is the evidence in any school of an eye for colour, for without Tone there is no colour.

Plutarch says, the pictures of Dionysius had force and Tone; one would think Reynolds was speaking. Quintilian says of Zeuxis, "Luminum umbrarumque rationem invenit." He found out the principle of light and shade, lib. xii. c. 10; and as to their perspective, Vitruvius says, lib. vii. "Agatharcus was the first who painted a scene, in the time of Æschylus, when he exhibited his tragedies at Athens; he has left a treatise on the subject. From this hint, Democritus and Anexagoras wrote on perspective; explaining in what manner we should, agreeable to appearances in nature, from a central point, make the lines to correspond with the eye and the direction of the visual rays; so that from an apparent confusion may result a real effect, and the scene become a true representation of buildings, and that those objects which are drawn on a perpendicular plane, may appear, some retiring from the eye, and some advancing towards it."

This means something, or nothing: if anything, it surely proves they were aware of the point of sight and the horizontal line; that the line of all objects at an angle and above it descended to it, and all objects below ascended; that near objects were larger than distant objects, and that therefore they could make objects recede or advance, turn off, or turn up, according to the angle they made with the eye of the spectator; that they foreshortened is clear, from the pictures at Pompeii, even then; and Pliny describes Pausias making a bull go right back into the background, by being

painted frontways. Aristides and Timanthes were as fine in expression as Raffaelle. Aristides painted a beautiful mother, dying of the plague, and with her last effort, pushing the dear smiling baby from her infected nipple; the other, the sacrifice of Iphigenia, at Aulis, and with the greatest skill concealed the father's face, to excite greater sensibility to his agonies.

To shew you Pliny detected differences, he says, Aristides was defective in colour (very likely, like Raffaelle), and Parrhasius' great beauty was losing his outline like Coreggio.

Now, I hope the inferences to be reasonably drawn from all these quotations can only be, first, that, from Plutarch and Horace, the Greeks painted as to execution, like Titian or Vandyke; second, from Pliny, that they must have had fine colour; third, from Quintilian, that light and shadow was known; fourth, that Vitruvius gives evidence of sufficient perspective; and, lastly, from the Elgin marbles, executed by and in the school of a man, Phidias, who was first a painter, that expression, form, and composition, cannot be disputed. Thus, if execution, colour, expression, light and shadow, composition and form, can be inferred; or rather, if expression, form, and composition, can be proved, and colour, light and shadow, and execution, can be more than inferred;—what right has Reynolds, in the imperfect knowledge of ancient art then existing, to talk so presumptuously of Greek painting?

While these great works in painting lasted, we find the enthusiasm continued through successive ages, till time, ill usage, and barbarism and religious enthusiasm had utterly destroyed them; we find, through all the Byzantine authors, no suspicion of their beauty, or that

they were not equal to the works in sculpture; we find, at the sacking of Constantinople, that the Greek artists who fled to Italy carried their grace and practice with them, and actually rekindled art all over the world; and then, about 2280 years after Apelles and Zeuxis lived, comes an English portrait painter, as a painter of "high art" grossly deficient, conjecturing they could not be great in extensive compositions, because the painted walls of private houses in a provincial city of Rome gave no evidence of such excellence, though executed 500 years after the greater eras of Greek perfection: it is more than absurd, it is not to be read with patience.

How Mengs would have gloried to have seen in the Elgin marbles his sagacious predictions verified, and Canova was so enraptured he could scarcely speak. Before these things came before the world again, Europe was in the dark, and filled with false notions of the ideal and the grand style; every thing natural was low, and nothing grand, but when nature was lost sight of and forgotten, children were made like little men, horses had their eyes sunk, and figures their joints dislocated, in order that you might never think of what you saw every day. The poor student went abroad to be bewildered, and came back more bewildered than when he set out; the portrait painter, the low-life painter, and the landscape painter, coming daily and habitually from life, of course hated High Art; for as then practised they saw nothing to remind them of Nature (which they saw every day) in anything done.

This was the state of art when these divine things came,—and the error was in the principle laid down, that the higher walk of art addressed the mind; the lower, the eye,—and that the union of the two was

incompatible: whereas, the true principle surely was, that both styles addressed the mind through the eye, but in different ways; the one making the imitation of the actual substance the great object of pleasure only; the other (the high walk) making the imitation of the object with more selection, the means of conveying a beautiful expression, a fine form, or a grand idea with greater power; the imitation though more select, not less real or effective as an imitation.

Sir Joshua affirmed that the look of truth, which fine colour, light and shadow, and reality gave, distracted the eye from the poetry of the conception, or the depth of the expression; whereas I maintain that in an art, the elements of which are laid in imitation, the beauty of an expression, the grace of a motion, and the sublimity of a conception, will be increased in proportion to the look of reality in the objects; and the practice of all the great Greek painters, and latterly of Raffaelle and Titian in their latter works, the Transfiguration and Pietro Martyre, proves they had both come to the same conclusion.

But yet Reynolds, with his usual sagacious policy, appeared to waver lest he should be wrong. After criticising the Horses fed by the Hours of Julio Romano, and denying they would have been improved by the pencil of Rubens, says, "But who knows if Julio had possessed the practice and colour of Rubens, he would not have given some touch of poetical grandeur not yet attained to?" and a little further on, in spite of his own principles (page 175, vol. iii.), he says, "There is no reason why the great painters might not have availed themselves with caution and selection of many excellences in the Venetian, Flemish, and Dutch schools;

there are some not in contradiction to any style—a happy disposition of light and shade, and breadth in masses of colour. The union of these with their grounds, and the harmony arising from a due mixture of hot and cold hues, with many other excellences, which would surely not counteract the grand style." And then he concludes, "a subdued attention to these excellences must be added, to complete the idea of a perfect painter."

Why this is all I am contending for! So far from being incompatible with grandeur of style, they are essential; they are the elements and basis of it; they cannot be left out; and if they are, the style is deficient, absurd, and not founded in nature.

There is not the least doubt that the Greek painters considered the power of imitating natural objects by colour, and light and shadow, as necessary a requisite in preparatory study, as drawing or composition; and the greatest painters in the grand style in ancient Greece were just as capable of imitating still-life as the professors of it now in England.

There seems to have been no sophistry in Greece about effective imitation being a hindrance to poetry of conception; Zeuxis painted grapes so exquisitely, that birds were attracted; Parrhasius, a curtain, that he imposed on Zeuxis; and Apelles, a horse so well, that horses neighed;* and these were all men celebrated in High Art, and in subjects requiring the most perfect abstractions of beauty and form.

* I can bear testimony that this is not a mere legend, for in my old studio, I had the Elgin horse's head high up over my chimney; in leading a fine blood horse into the room to paint from, he looked up at the Elgin head, and neighed with the greatest delight.

These are mere tales, says the sceptic: granted they are all inventions; but invented tales, regarding celebrated men, have generally a reference to their characteristic habits. I believe them to be authentic, and told without object or view.

Reynolds was too fond of reducing things to one principle; and Burke said of him he found great traces of Sir Joshua in the venerable Dr. Mudge, of whom there is so fine a portrait by Reynolds, and whose character Johnson alluded to.

Any one would have thought that the facts of, first, Raffaelle's struggling in the Transfiguration to add all parts of the art; secondly, Michael Angelo's adding his design to Sebastian's colour in our National Gallery, Lazarus; and thirdly, Titian's succeeding in the Pietro Martyre, in increasing the terror, poetry, and sublimity of the scene, by adding colour, and light and shadow, to drawing and expression, would have staggered Sir Joshua, before he laid down such despotic dogmas drawn from the defective practice of the Roman school.

What Titian, Michael Angelo, and Raffaelle, tried to do, was the habitual practice of the Greeks; and it is unquestionable it was accident and not intention that kept the Venetians ignorant of form, and accident and not principle which kept the Romans ignorant of colour, for when each school found its error, each school set about remedying its defects. Titian, after his return from Rome, set about drawing, as the sight of Titian's Pietro Martyre will convince all, though Overbeck told a friend that the Transfiguration was the *downfall of the art!* and the Pietro Martyre must be set aside, though it is the perfection of art. What wretched sophistry!

It may therefore be fairly deduced from the conclu-

sions made, and the reasons laid down for those conclusions, that the Greeks possessed all parts of the art, and none in particular to the exclusion of others; that therefore all parts of the art in due subordination, may be considered essential to the painter of the highest walks as in the more humble department; that the system which excludes the ideality and power of reality from judicious imitation of the objects painted, combining colour, and light and shadow, as well as expression with form,—is false, and should be exploded from all systems of education in art; when art is considered a matter of importance to the dignity as well as glory of a great nation.

LECTURE VI.

ON COLOUR.

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ON COLOUR.

GENTLEMEN,

Having settled the great basis of all art, first, the principles of a standard form; second, the mode of arranging that form in conjunction with other forms under the head composition, we now come to the other component parts of a perfect imitation of reality, viz. colour, light and shadow, light and dark, surface, and execution.

There are three primitive colours, viz. red, yellow and blue; red and yellow are felt by artists as warm colours, and blue is considered a cold colour.

The proportion of warm colours to cold ones, as you perceive in the primitive arrangement, is as two to one; warmth is therefore the principle, coldness the exception.

The code thus laid down by our great master of colour in modern times, Reynolds, has a much deeper foundation than the mere habitual practice of the eye, or of this school or that school; it is, in fact, the arrangement of God himself.

The colours which are produced by the mixture of

red, yellow, and blue, viz. orange, purple, and green, have the same relative proportion of warm and cold; orange and purple being the warm, and green the cold colour; in short, in every part of the imitation of Nature, the darkest as well as the lightest parts, the perpetual combination of warm as the rule, and cold as the exception, must never be lost sight of; for no tint can be borne, dark or light, cool or brilliant, when this beautiful combination is not to be traced; even in Rembrandt's darkest tints, it can be discovered on searching. Perhaps there is nothing in creation so beautiful, inoffensive, and so evident a proof of the kind feelings of the great Creator, for the innocent enjoyment of his creatures, as the property bestowed by God on all visible substances in earth and heaven to reflect light on the brain, through the eye, under the delusion of various and harmonious colours.

It was not necessary to the constitution of any of the great latent principles of the solar system: the earth could have revolved round its own axis and round the sun; spring with its freshness, summer with its splendour, autumn with its decaying glory, and winter with its icy chill, could have gone on, as they had ever gone on; the principles of gravitation, attraction, repulsion, pneumatics, hydraulics, magnetism and mechanics, would have existed, and would have been discovered in spite of the absence of the harmony, the beauty, the touching sensibilities produced by the reflection of colour.

Consider, then, for a moment, if all the great principles of life, thought, and creation, could have existed independent of colour, how much we owe to the goodness of the Creator in bestowing so beautiful a quality,

which could have no other object than to convey impressions of the world, delightfully, by the senses to the mind.

What would be the blush of beauty without colour? What would be the paleness of sorrow, agony, despair, death, without colour? and where would be the beauty, the rich, emerald, crimson, milky loveliness, and azure glory of flowers, without its overpowering and fascinating reflections?

The greatest poets, Homer, Æschylus, Euripides, Virgil, Tasso, Ariosto, Shakspere, Milton, Dante, and Spenser, have all given evidence of exquisite sensibility to its impressions; and yet it has been, *ex cathedra*, pronounced, to be sure with hesitation, incompatible with the highest style of painting.

It must be clear, from what I said and read in my last lecture, that the Greeks thought colour as necessary a part of education in art and imitation of nature, as drawing, or light and shadow. Pliny says, "they used but four colours, and extraordinary as it may seem, blue is not one of them."* White from the island of Melos, Athenian yellow, red from Sinope in Asia Minor, with black; but as the first black used was blue black, made from burnt vine stalks or wine lees, a cool tint approaching blue was attained, modest, simple, and a beautiful contrast.

Ivory black from burnt ivory discovered by Apelles, was not then in use; yet without blue, it would be impossible to get that brilliant colour, the great characteristic of the Venetian school; for the secret of Venetian splendour is the judicious and fearless dashing in of overpowering blue.

* *Pliny*, lib. xxxv.

Reynolds says, from Pliny's assertion that the ancients used but four colours, he has the highest opinion of their colouring, because four are enough for all combinations; now in fact, three are enough for all combinations, viz. red, yellow, and blue, considering black and white as no colour; but it is impossible if blue was left out, that they could have carried colour to the splendid brilliancy of the Venetians, though they might have done so, to the depth and solemn splendour of Rembrandt or Ludovico Caracci.

I very much suspect that the painters who used four colours, including black and white as colours, which are generally excluded, were the earlier painters, viz., Polygnotus, Aglaophon, Mycon, to whom Quintilian applies the appellation of *simplex color*; but in the refined period of Apelles, all the colours must have been used to perfection. Whilst writing this, I referred to a correspondence I had in 1823, with Sir Humphry Davy, and to my great delight, I found him of the same opinion. In an admirable paper of his in the Philosophical Transactions, he says, "Pliny himself describes with enthusiasm the Venus *ἀναδυομένε* of Apelles, and in this picture, the sea was represented, which required azure." *

In further confirmation, there is a passage in Cicero, in the Brutus (chap. xviii.), wherein allusion is made to those who used but four colours; they were Zeuxis, Polygnotus, Timanthes, and were celebrated for "formas

* Pliny does not mean blue was not known, only that it was not selected by the great early Epic painters as being incompatible with that solemn tone so approved by Reynolds, and practised with such perfection in later time by Ludovico Caracci and Rembrandt, who scarcely admitted blue into their arrangement.

et lineamenta" (form and contour); whereas all things, he says, were perfect in the works of Echion, Protogenes, Nicomachus, and Apelles.

Pliny, therefore, is proved right in saying some of the works which constituted the opulence of towns were executed in four colours; he was not sufficiently clear in distinguishing the periods or the names of the great artists to whom this applied.

Quintilian, a man of infinitely greater shrewdness, at once fixes the period and the men, by Polygnotus, who was distinguished for his simple colour, which the absence of blue would produce; whilst Cicero names the artists who used only four colours, and contrasts them with the men of a later and more refined period, by saying they were perfect in all things; inferring that the absence of blue, in the four colours, black, white, red, and yellow, did not, and could not, produce such splendour as when no primitive colour was left out.

It is extraordinary that Reynolds did not allude to the absence of blue, in the enumeration of Pliny; great depth, fine tone, simplicity and modesty of colour, can be produced without blue; but certainly not that vigorous brilliancy, such as we see produced by the contrasts of the tremendous azures of the Venetian school.

The general principles of colour have been so distinctly laid down by our great master of modern colour, Reynolds, that it is hardly possible to conceive any English picture to be executed, with a defective and inharmonious arrangement; colour is indisputably the characteristic of the English school. Canova and Cicognara both remarked to me while in England, that there was no colour in any other school on earth, and

yet colour requires a brilliant climate more than anything else; so true is the principle of the power of innate genius over external circumstances, however unfavourable or obstructing.

Such was the condition of Venice as a school of art, that when a friend of mine was consul, some years since, he could procure no painter to paint the king's arms, and he was obliged actually to paint them himself to put up over his consular door.

What would Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, and Pordenone, have said in their glory, had such a state of art been predicted to them?

The use of colour in painting is perhaps more regulated by the great law of association than any other part of the art. With white, and all colours which approach it, we associate gaiety and gladness; while sorrow, pain, horror, and mystery immediately arise in the imagination with black and solemn browns. These feelings are inherent, you cannot get rid of them; they are in the nature of things; you must not defend a nation who puts on white for mourning; I say, gaiety and joy are connected with white, and the contrary with the reverse. The Chinese, therefore, who put on white for their loss of a friend, are wrong; while the European, who puts on black, is reasonable, on all the principles of our inherent associations connected with the human mind. It is this unerring principle, from the nature of things, which ought to be the guide of the great artist in the use of colour, and the subject should regulate the style of colour used to accompany it.

Schools of art are defects in art: there ought to be no set system, to which all subjects, gay or sorrowful, dark or light, gaudy or solemn, should be forced to

bend; the subject chosen should always be the guide in colour. A marriage fête would ill be expressed by the obscurity of Rembrandt; or an entombment of Christ, by the gay luxuriance of Veronese. The silvery hue of the Dutch school, the gaudiness of Rubens, the splendour of the Venetian, and the solemn crudeness of the Roman, are but portions of the perfection of art, and ought each in its turn to be adopted by the great artist, according to the subject which each will suit.

Reynolds's belief, that the union of colour with grand design was incompatible, arose from his conviction that the colour of Rubens was incompatible. Now, the style of Rubens was but one style, and would be inconsistent with terror, if even used by himself. Rubens was the last man Reynolds should have quoted; Rubens dipped every thing in the rainbow. But for subjects of death, agony or grief, the rainbow would be absurd.

When colour in a grand subject is consistent and harmonious, instead of inconsistent and gaudy, surely it must assist and not detract from the poetry or sentiment.

Ah, but! say people, it requires a wonderful capacity to unite such perfection. No doubt of that: but it has been done by the Greeks, and will be done again; its rareness in art is no proof of its impossibility; but because it is rare, what right has any man to lay down a principle, that it ought never to be attempted.

After mature deliberation, after having studied deeply the finest works in the world, in the Louvre and England; after having seen much, and reflected much on what I have seen, as Reynolds says, I cannot

come to the conclusion of any other principle than this: viz. that appropriate colour is never inconsistent with the highest style of thought, expression, or conception; and that the intensity of the thought is certainly weakened when the colour is offensive, much more so than when the colour is even inconsistent, if it be beautiful.

The Caracci tried to make a perfect school, by the union of the principles of all others; but what was the result? In design, they had the lumbering vulgarity of Michael Angelo, without his grandeur; and they were perfect in no one great requisite of art.

All the Caracci wanted was that inspired spirit which vivified the colour of Titian, the expression of Raffaelle, the beauty of Coreggio, the vitality of Phidias. When you study their works after the works of those gifted beings, you feel as if their excellence was attainable by labour, and a common understanding; but you retire from the works of the others, convinced there was something divine, which no labour, no effort could reach, unless the Almighty gifted the individual.

In applying this delicious part of this divine art to the higher walk, to the highest walk of Painting, base it, like form, on what is essentially natural.

First, consider the nature of your subject.

Secondly, the character of your hero; was he a warrior, constantly fighting, in the open air, by night or by day, in sun and in tempest; or was he a king, brought up in the luxuries of a palace, and shelter of peace and refinements? Were your people Egyptians or Negroes, Greeks or Romans, Britons or Thracians?

In using models for such purposes, the individual rarely serves; here comes into play your science, your

principles, your knowledge of man as a species, and of the imaginary man to be painted as a character.

The hero will have a different skin from the king, the beauty from her slave; furniture, buildings, trees, plants, climate, animals, must have equal reference to truth and country.

Inasmuch as you clear the accidental from the essential in form, so you must do in colour. But ideal or individual, to be fine, it must be on the principles of harmony that nature has laid down; and the art of arranging the masses of colour is divided into three, like light and shadow, composition, or, in fact, any part where quantities are to be settled.

Three is the leading number, but there is no limiting, remember, the lesser repetitions; thus, to improve the shape of a light colour, or shadow, you may introduce a smaller repetition of a portion which, without coming under the head of a leading repetition, may make, by its junction, a more agreeable shape of the quantity to the eye, and be regulated by the same principle which regulates the larger ones.

In all the world perhaps there never was such a splendid opportunity for studying to perfection the principles of the great men in the art, as was afforded at the Louvre in its glory; and injurious as it was to the cities of Italy, and perhaps painful to the Italians, yet the great genius, Napoleon, gave a dignity and an importance to the art it has not had since, by making the productions of its great men subjects of treaty, and receiving them as equivalent to territory or to treasure.

Never shall I forget my impression of this gigantic collection! I left Wilkie calmly trotting up, step by

step, whilst I, darting up three stairs at a time, and hurrying along, never stopped till before the Transfiguration!

You rushed from the Romans to the Venetians, from the Flemings to the Spaniards, from Titian to Raffaelle, from Rembrandt to Rubens, and settled principles in half-an-hour, which took months, perhaps years, to accomplish.

It cannot be denied that in point of brute force of effect, Rubens bore down all opposition, from his breadth, brightness, and depth; and let every painter be assured, that if he keep these three qualities of effect, the leading qualities in the imitation of nature, he will defy rivalship in the contest of exhibition.

Rembrandt, with all his magic painting on too confined a principle, lost in power, and looked spotty and individual. Paul Veronese and Tintoretto had not that solidity, the character of Rubens. Titian seemed above contest, and to rely on his native majesty of colour; there was a senatorial repose, which gave a look of impertinence to Rubens, but still you could not keep your eyes off the seducer, even if you turned your back you kept peeping over your shoulder.

All peculiarity suffered. The silvery beauty of Guido looked grey; the correctness of Raffaelle looked hard. Rembrandt failed most by the brightness of Rubens, the magic of Coreggio, or the sunny splendour of Titian; and after wandering about for days, you decided that he suffered most whose works had most peculiarity; and with all this grossness, want of beauty, and artificial style, Rubens' brightness and breadth carried the day, as far as arresting the eye, and forcing you to look at him, hate as you must his vulgarity, his Flemish women, and his Flanders breed of horses.

Susceptibility to the beauty of colour, or the expression of the passions, can never be taught, even if your instructor were an angel from heaven.

You can teach to draw and compose pretty fairly; but to colour and invent, if you are by nature defective in imagination and eye, no instruction on earth can give you.

The great schools of colour in modern times, are the Venetian, the Spanish, the Flemish, and the Dutch and old German.

The Roman, the Florentine, the Bolognese, the Pisan, the Parman, and Neapolitan, are not essentially schools of colour.

The most gorgeous is the Venetian: they seemed to imagine the sun always on the object; the leading characteristic of their colour is a golden splendour.

I once lighted my models by lamp, shaded them from daylight, and painted in daylight myself. I got a golden look, exceedingly Venetian. I wonder if the Venetians ever played the same trick.

The Spanish school is founded on the Venetian. In character and expression, both schools are deficient, and of ideal beauty of form and design, both schools seem equally ignorant.*

The Flemish school may be illustrated by the works of Rubens and Rembrandt, and the Dutch by Teniers and Ostade. These four illustrious schools sacrificed every thing to colour.

The splendour of the Venetian school was produced by laying on every colour in its native purity on white grounds without mixing, never losing the effect of the

* Excepting the Pietro Martyre always, in speaking of Venetian defects.

ground in the dark portion, and bringing the whole into harmonious glory, by glazing with transparent tints, which lowered the gaudiness without losing the power of the original painting.

That this was the practice of the Athenian or Attic school of Greece, I have proved to you from Pliny's description of the practice of Apelles.

That no other method of colour can in the least compete with this, it is only necessary to see a fine Venetian work by the side of a work from any other school, and Rubens even is rendered vulgar by the contrast of the refinement of glazing. It gives a zest, a richness, a magnificence; but you must not rest too much on it; paint as nearly as you can without it, and then enrich, entone: in drapery you may play with glazing as if you had a sunbeam in your hand, but be careful in flesh, it flatters from softening, and if not used in a thick and gummy vehicle, will run detestably into the veins of your surface. Nothing is so hideous, nothing is so detestable as a picture glazed with a thin vehicle which was not prepared for it.

The fault of the English school in glazing, is, it is too palpable, agreeable to our blunt, manly Gothic character; Titian concealed it; his imitators could not. Rubens certainly did not make it the basis of his practice; he laid on, too, every tint pure; but he harmonized them in an open manly style, by the vast power of his unerring hand. Rembrandt did both; and Teniers is distinguished by the silvery splendour of his colour, not glazing to produce his beauty as an ultimate resource, but glazing over a white ground in the first instance, and never losing sight of it, except in the light, producing richness in the same way, but

not at the same period of his progress; whereas Ostade glazed from first to last, and often is as deep-toned and splendid as the great Venetians on a larger scale. Reynolds divides colour into warm and cold; and he lays it down, and is borne out by the practice of all the great schools of colour, that the lights should be principally of warm colour: he is right, not because it was the practice of the great schools, but because it is the principle of nature; warmth is more agreeable than coldness at all times; and in the regulation of the Creator, as developed in the rainbow, warm colours seem the rule, and coldness the exception.

Gainsborough, in defiance, painted his Blue Boy, now in the possession of Lord Westminster; but here he was obliged to render the blue so rich, he rather proved Reynolds's axiom than refuted it. You will find Reynolds did not lay down this as a principle, till he was sanctioned by the great works of the great colourists; and you will hardly see a fine work of Titian, Coreggio, Tintoretto, Rubens, Veronese, Velasquez, or Murillo, where this great principle of rendering colour and effect agreeable to the eye is not palpably apparent.

The present modern schools of Europe, from want of eye, especially neglect, as if by consent, this sound decree, and, without exception, the colours of all the modern schools are enough to scare the student to disgust.

Faint raw insipid blues; nauseous filthy yellows; dirty brick-dust flesh, with thick shadows, hatched feebly, with a timid hand, in spite of correct drawing and skilful composition, are the characteristic at present of the Italians.

Thus, then, settled on a basis, is colour,—first from the Creator's own arrangement; secondly, the practice of the great schools. Remember, colour always on this principle, whether you are gay or sorrowful; tender or terrible, whatever your scale be; high or low; let the warm colours predominate, and you can hardly help being agreeable; and in every part of your picture, the highest as well as the lowest, omit not the due mixture and relative gradation of red, yellow, and blue.

Having thus settled the principles of the primitive colours, their modes of application so as to produce harmony and pleasure, and that all colour should be consistent with the subject chosen; the next step is enchanting, viz. the mode of application practised by the great schools, and the vehicle in which they mixed them.

The Greeks painted in tempera, and varnished intensely; in encaustic or wax and fresco, either melting the wax and using it cool, or mixing it with oil when hot, and using it hot; or putting on the colour cool, and working it by fire and a στυλος. In the former method, the brush was used; in the latter, the στυλος, or iron point, only.

From Pliny's description of one method, *cerâ punicâ cum oleo liquefacta,* Reynolds introduced wax into English practice.

After the decay of Greek art, the encaustic with the stulos was lost. But encaustic by brush was handed down and never lost sight of, as well as tempera; and fresco was substituted by the early Italians for encaustic on walls, though tempera continued till the revival of oil-painting.

When oil-painting appeared in Italy, says Vasari (it never was extinct), tempera was given up; which is not true, because long before Vasari's date for its introduction, it was known in England;* and according to Cennini's interesting tract, in Italy too: when it was revived in Italy, it would be more correct to say, tempera was mostly given up: but I shrewdly suspect the Venetians mingled the two, and that it was never wholly obliterated.

The first requisite to be attended to, is the ground or preparation spread over the canvass, to receive the colours.

It is either of a nature to absorb the oil, or to resist the absorption: if it resist the absorption of the oil out of the colour put on it, it is an oil ground; if it absorb the oil, it is a water ground, and it has long been an interesting question, whether the Venetians used an absorbent ground, or an oil ground; whether like the Greeks they worked in tempera, and varnished out, or whether they judiciously mingled both oil and tempera occasionally.†

One would think that Vasari, living as he did with

* See Smith's Antiquities of Westminster.

† See Cennini, fourth part, section cxiii. "Abbi il tuo olio de semenza de lino." See also xci., where he treats on painting on walls in oil. He directs you how to boil your oil, and never to varnish under a year.

The practice seems to have gone out, and to have been revived.

Vasari alludes to a curious and valuable treatise by Cennini, in 1437, on fresco and oil, etc. but perhaps never saw it. It was long lost, and found in the Vatican, and published 1821, by Tambroni.

Dr. Raspe says, in his treatise on oil painting, he found the colours on a mummy shining, and that, as no spirit whatever (however

all the great painters, would not be ignorant of their various methods of practice; he called in 1567 or 1568 on Titian, saw him, stayed with him, was in his paint-

powerful) had the least effect, he thought he had good reason to affirm the colours on the mummy were varnished and preserved with an oil varnish, though the colours might be tempera.

Pliny says, chap. xxxv., the Greeks made a varnish of punic wax and oil. Here is a varnish undeniably known; and artists we know often use a varnish for a vehicle, as well as a varnish.

In the tenth century, Theophilus wrote on the arte pingendi, and "de omni scientia picturæ artis," chap. xxiii.; and also "de coloribus oleo et gummi terendis," how to grind colours with oil and gum;—he then tells how to paint doors red with oil colour, and never to paint one coat till the first is dry. This, says he (in imaginibus), for historical pictures, diuturnum et tediosum nimis *est*, is too tedious (as if known so by experience), not *would* be, as if never tried. Heraclii Libri tres de Coloribus et Artibus Romanorum, is another treatise of later date.

Merimie, a Frenchman, passes over *est* (is), and takes it as (*would be*), and says this is a proof oil was not practised by history painters. Was there ever such argument? Yet, directly after this, Theophilus tells how to paint a picture, (pictura translucida), a transparent picture, and says, tere colores imponendos diligentissime oleo lini, with linseed oil.

Thus it is proved, in the tenth century, oil was used in colours, and pictures were painted so, and houses also,—the discovery was not made then, but long before, because this monk gives the result of his own, and the experience of previous centuries.

We now come to Cennini: he wrote a treatise on painting in fresco and oil, etc.; he was a pupil of Agnolo Gaddi, who was a pupil of Taddeo Gaddi, who was a pupil of Giotto, who was a pupil of Cimabue, who was a pupil of the Greeks who fled from Constantinople, and who brought the practice of their ancient school with them.

Cennini published his treatise 1437, and in the fourth part, section cxii., he says, "abbi il tuo olio di semenza di lino;" in section xci., he says, "you must boil your oil;" section cxiii., "how to grind colours in oil."

ing room, and must have talked on art, and I dare say dined with him or supped. Vasari distinctly says, in a sort of receipt introduction, before his Lives, ed. 1568; their ground on wood was gesso (plaster of Paris), and that then they mixed three colours; white, yellow, and umber, and spread equally over the white ground, and that after tracing from their Cartoons, they painted their pictures.

A more abominable ground never was mixed; and though it might be, and is likely to have been, the ground of the Roman and Florentine schools, indisputably never would have been endured by the Venetians.

This was the method, he says, for pictures on wood; but on canvass, the gesso being likely to crack in rolling, they made a ground of flour (farina), white lead, and nut oil, after the canvass had been smoothed by size.

This is Vasari's account (pp. 51 — 53, volume i. 1568, Firenze). Now when this was published, Titian, Tintoretto and Veronese, were all living and daily at work, and therefore it is rational to conclude, had it been false it would have been contradicted;—Vasari concludes, so are painted the great works in St. Mark's, Venice.

It is thus brought down to Italy, 1437; and before this century, before Van Eych was born, or Cennini either, it was practised in England, in 1239. Henry III. orders his treasurer to pay one hundred and seventeen shillings and tenpence for *oil* and *colour* and varnish for pictures, "factis in camera regiæ nostræ." *Walpole*, vol. i. p. 6. From the Egyptians to the Greeks, from them to Theophilus, from him to Henry III., and from him to Cennini and Van Eych, we have evidence of oil, either as vehicle or varnish, clear and distinct.

In that place was the miracle of the Slave, by Tintoretto, seen by all of us in the Louvre.

Lanzi says the Venetians preferred canvass, that first they painted in tempera, then came (il segreto) oil painting, and that they first adopted it.

Did the Venetians ever give entirely up their practice of tempera?

A ground of gesso or farina, if mixed with water, is absorbent, and more or less so with size; if colour in oil is put on, at once on such a ground, the oil would have been sucked out, and made the white ground an oil ground; and as far as my experience goes, an absorbent white ground charged with oil, never recovers its purity; but if the first be tempera painting, and oil be the latter, so that tempera intervene between the ground and the oil, the white gesso ground would keep its original whiteness.

On the first arrival of the Bacchus and Ariadne in England, I saw it at the late Lord Kinnaird's. In the corner, a bit of colour was chipped off, and the ground was of a snowy whiteness.

Titian's great works were not painted at once; Pietro Martyre was eight years in hand, and the Last Supper, from his letter to Charles the fifth, in Ridolphi's life, seven. "I send your Majesty the Last Supper," says Titian, "doppo, setti anni lavorandovi quasi continuamente," after working at it almost daily. "Remember that, ye immortals"—artists who send a canvass with nothing on it but a head, and dash up the rest on varnishing days, to suit the effect of its neighbour. O divine system, to improve the public taste, and add to the dignity of England!

Lanzi distinctly says, when tempera ended, and when

oil began; but what does Vasari mean in describing a work of Titian, of St. Mark among Saints—"ne cui volti sono alcuni ritratti di naturale fatti a olio," in which there are some heads from nature done in oil. If all the picture were done in oil, why distinguish some peculiar heads, and point them out as it were an exception?

In the Pietro Martyre, there certainly was a look of the crude execution of tempera softened by a glaze, especially in the projecting leg of the assassin.

That the basis of Venetian pictures was a white gesso ground, there can be no doubt; Tintoretto and Bassano used sometimes dark grounds to save trouble, but they are ruinous, as half-tints thin by time, the dark ground comes through, and leaves the work, like most of the Lombard school, a spotty mass of dark and light. Perhaps fresco induced white grounds. Most of the Venetian pictures, painted one hundred years before the Lombards, have stood, when many of the works of the latter are ruined.*

It is, therefore, my conviction, after thirty-eight years

* Fresco buono (genuine fresco), is painting in water colours on the wet mortar put upon the last coat on the wall. Fresco secco (dry fresco), is painting on the dried mortar, after moistening the wall, with the same colours as used in genuine fresco. It was known to Theophilus—"Cum imagines vel aliarum rerum effigies protrahuntur in muro sicco, statim aspergentur aqua tam dixi donec omnino madidus sit et in eodem liniuntur omnes colores qui superponendi sunt, qui omnes calce misceantur et cum ipso muro siccentur ut hæreant."—*Theophilus, Quomodo pingatur in Muro*, p. 83. This treatise was first noticed 158 years ago; a copy is at Leipsic, Feller, 1686; one at Wolfenbuttel, Duke of Brunswick's; one at the King's Library, Paris; one at Trinity College, Cambridge; complete the number, (No. 437, Library.)—*R. E. Raspe* (*Oil-Painting*), M.DCC.LXXXI., Cadell in the Strand.

practice, that the best of all grounds is one of brilliant whiteness (luce de dentro); you can do anything with it: your shadows will be preserved from getting too obscure, and your lights and half-tints kept pure and brilliant; many of Paul Veronese's works in the Louvre were as clear as azure, and milky as the first day they left the easel.*

Pliny says, with his usual connoisseur gossip, Protogenes painted his pictures four times over; so that, if one was destroyed, another might be ready.

This was certainly a very ingenious method. But the fact is, I have no doubt, that he proceeded as I suspect Titian did, with four distinct layers, each the ground for the other, till the work was done.

Pliny has certainly let us in to a great secret, but not exactly the secret of Protogenes. How the destruction of one layer was to stop exactly when the other began, would be a greater secret still, if to be got at.

As Titian's great works were not produced at once, I believe he proceeded on some progressive principle, and that principle was the same as the one ascribed to Protogenes.

Vasari says, as I have shewn you, that gesso was the ground for wood, and farina for canvass, and over this white preparation came an oil mixture, which being opaque, injured the purity of the white ground; secondly, if oil colour was placed at once on, the oil

* Reynolds, in his Private Memorandum Book, in possession of Mrs. Gwatkin (Plymouth), says, "My own portrait (Florence) is on a rough cloth, cera solamente" (wax alone).—Wilkie says, of this very portrait (p. 448), in his letters, "Reynolds's portrait at Florence, never varnished, not cracked, as perfect as the day it was painted."

would sink the white ground and destroy it, but if tempera intervened, the secret of the whiteness of the ground of the Bacchus and Ariadne is developed.*

During the time I was investigating this matter, 1823, I wrote to Sir Humphry Davy, and asked him if he thought a white absorbent ground would keep its purity after three hundred years, if painted on at once without oil.

I give you an extract from his interesting reply:—

"Sir Humphry Davy's compliments to Mr. Haydon. He has never made experiments on the pictures of the Roman and Venetian schools, though he has often wished for an opportunity to do so; as oils often become varnishes in the process of drying, it is possible that oil may have been used in an absorbent ground.

"The Greeks and Romans, in the time of Pliny, painted on an intonaco, made of finely powdered marble and lime, and this composition seems to have been used (in the framework made of Abies) by Apelles, but his varnishing probably gave to his pictures the look of oil paintings.

"When a picture in distemper (tempera) or crayon is intensely varnished with a resinous varnish, it must require minute examination to ascertain if it is on an oil or on a water basis, on which it has been applied.

* * * * * *

"It would be easy, by a few experiments, to ascertain if Titian painted on an oil, or like Apelles, varnished intensely his pictures laid on an intonaco, but the sacri-

* Haquin planed away the wood till he came to the ground of Titian's Pietro Martyre, which was calcined pipe-clay, chalk and size; pipe-clay is not so soluble as chalk.—See *Buchanan's Memoirs of Painting*, vol. i. p. 335, Appendix A.

fice of a part of the ground would be requisite for that object."

Thus the greatest authority in modern chemistry, asserting that oils become varnishes by time, it is not impossible oil may have been immediately used, and by becoming a varnish in time, not impair the whiteness of ground; it is barely possible; thirty-eight and three hundred years are different periods, my experience is confined to thirty-eight years. The Venetians tried their experiments three hundred years ago; and after that time, oil may decay, and leave the colour, or become a varnish.

As to the vehicle, both Vasari and Ridolphi say it was oil, seme de lino* (linseed), and olio de noce (nut oil). It could not have been tempera finally; for Titian put a fine picture of his to dry in the sun, which would have melted tempera at once.

A gentleman, who had the care of the king's pictures, told me he used a liquid which dissolves gum, that Venetian pictures bear it with impunity, but Claude's surface immediately melted.

Fatti a olio, done in oil, and nut-oil, ingialla meno (gets yellow less than linseed), are expressions of Vasari, so there can be no longer any doubt.

Be assured there is no vehicle so pure, so lasting, or so rich, if used with discretion; it is adapted for every purpose of art, except glazing, and there gum is requisite for consistency.

The next important requisite for advancing the imitation of reality to completion, is surface, in the technical

* Oil is composed of oleine and stearine (the latter being a solid), and margarine (an acid), stearine is siccative. Time or heat will give predominance to stearine in the three, hence drying oil either by heat or time.

language of English art, and *impasta* in that of the Italians. Rembrandt and Reynolds are remarkable instances, but in them it was a little too apparent. A Devonshire artist* told Reynolds, it should look like fine old cheese; this was an admirable simile, and Reynolds often nearly lost himself in endeavouring to get it; every species of artificial help was had recourse to, and to such excess did he use his materials, that once when he placed a lady's portrait by the fire to dry, her face slipped very deliberately down on her shoulders.

When Wilkie and I began the art, oil was never heard of, and the painter was considered a poor creature to think of it. Putty, glue, gum frankincense, gum arabic, gum mastic, gum copal, resin, spirits of wine, and all the gums that earth produces were in use.

Poor Sir Joshua! had he looked out of his grave in 1805, he would have hurried back to his coffin desolated at the horrid condition his genius had brought English art into.

We owe the first reform indisputably to an academy student at the time, David Wilkie; the unaffected beauty of "the Village Politicians,"† of which oil was

* Gandy.

† Never was anything more extraordinary than the modesty and simplicity of this great genius at the period of this early production. Jackson told me he had the greatest difficulty to persuade him to send this celebrated picture to the Exhibition; and I remember his (Wilkie's) bewildered astonishment at the prodigious enthusiasm of the people at the Exhibition when it went, on the day it opened, May 1806. On the Sunday after the private day and dinner, Friday and Saturday, the News said, "A young Scotchman, by name Wilkie, has a wonderful work." I immediately sallied forth, took up Jackson, and away we rushed to Wilkie. I found him in his parlour in Norton-street, at breakfast: "Wilkie,"

the vehicle, first startled English art from its bewildered infatuation, and founded our domestic school.

The feeling for a surface cannot be taught, it is intuitive, and is visible in the very first essay. Mr. Rogers has one of the very earliest pictures of Coreggio, and his rich surface is visible throughout: from its awkward drawing and childish disproportions, it has been doubted, but it need not; all that nature gave him is there budding, all that he acquired of course is not to be found, it is a genuine and a curious specimen, and who doubts it has no perceptions in art.

If it be asked, what is the use of surface? it can be replied, it is on the natural principle of things.

Painting is an optical delusion, acting on the eye, through the medium of atmosphere, which softens, flattens, and unites the pores of surfaces. In looking into the face of the greatest beauty, it is anything but smooth; but at the given distance, the pores of the skin are united, and the skin has the look of the polished pearl-like cheek, soft, tender, and beautiful. Ivory is the reverse of flesh; it is smooth near, but hard at a distance; the atmosphere has nothing to act on, therefore the invisible pores are rendered still more invisible, and the effect is one of a smooth hardness, while skin, having something for atmosphere, has the real look of softness. Vanderwerf, Denner, Mengs, and David, are instances of this laboured smoothness looking anything but flesh, on the above principle. One of the greatest evidences of genius in the imitation of nature, is the

said I, "your name is in the paper." "Is it really?" said he, staring with delight. I then read the puff "ore rotundo," and Jackson, I, and he, in an ecstasy, joined hands and danced round the table

use, more or less, a man makes of atmosphere. A power of calculating the effect of atmosphere in effect is one of the great attendants of the highest genius. It was the characteristic of Phidias, in sculpture; and Michael Angelo, Titian, Rubens, and others, in painting.

There exists a beautiful story of Phidias and Alcamenes, his pupil, which will illustrate the meaning; they were both employed in a public work, and their works were each to be placed high. Phidias, calculating the effect at such a distance, regulated his execution accordingly. Alcamenes, less experienced, finished to look well near. In the public exhibition everybody preferred the work of Alcamenes. Phidias, confident of his principles, smiled at the vulgar admiration of the people; and when they touched it with their fingers, and exclaimed 'how delightfully smooth!' looked another way, I doubt not, to conceal his contempt: at last came the time for elevation; the respective works were duly hoisted up, and the work of Phidias fell into its proportions, the atmosphere softening its dashing execution, —while the work of Alcamenes, fitted only for the room, became totally lost and inefficient.

In Rembrandt and Reynolds, surface is too artificial; in Rubens it does not predominate; but in Titian, it is perfection; unobtrusive, but existing,—relishing but retiring. There it is, nobody knows how; but take it from Titian, half the charm goes with it, and yet it is hardly perceived, except by its consequences. Remember, there is not a more hideous character for a picture or a fresco to have, than that of a poor, starved, thin, watery and flat impasto.

So important did the great Venetians consider this part of the art, that Lanzi says, "No man ever got the

Venetian surface who was not bred up in Venice from a boy."

The imitators of Reynolds endeavoured to get this beauty in their pictures by all sorts of solid materials, never considering it was not the solidity of the vehicle, but the manner of using the vehicle. The richest and most solid impasta can be got by taking the colour half dry and touching into it, thus half dragging up what was put on before, and embodying both in one rich gummy surface; this requires that rare quality—genius. The continual outcry of imbecility is, that the Italians had better reds, better yellows, better oils, and better brushes, than the moderns: this is a great delusion. Titian got his colours from the colour shops in the Rialto, as we get ours from Brown's; and depend on it, if Apelles or Titian were living now, they would paint just as good works with our brushes and colours as with their own. Sir Humphry Davy says, that the finest works of the Greeks and Italians were executed in the ochres, reds, blacks, whites, and blues, we all now use.

Reynolds, from a craving for superior excellence, was at the mercy of every new freak—fancying one day, one material was the thing, and the next, trying a new one; to shew you his extreme readiness to try every thing, Mr. Prince Hoare told me he once carried him a colour in a shell from India, a beautiful purple,—he was glazing those three angels embracing each other,—he dipped a brush at once into it, and used it; the next day, it had all flown. In reality, the Old Masters had by no means so many advantages as ourselves: Titian painted often on table-cloths; Rubens's pictures are often seamed; canvass was then narrow and coarse.

It is astonishing how incredulous people are on this score, and how inclined people are to believe the great artists, had some concealed secret and touch of producing their excellence.

I remember once an artist asking another what vehicle he used in painting a celebrated picture before their eyes, the artist replied with great simplicity, "linseed oil," which was the fact. "Come, come," said the other, "that won't do." Here was the artist himself, alive and able to answer, distinctly disbelieved; how is it likely to expect we can agree about the vehicle of those who lived three hundred years before us? It is also curious to see how imbecile and weak men dwell upon the importance of their vehicle, how every fault is palliated by their want of some spirit or some oil, that would have done the very thing aspired after. There is nothing young men so often "lay the flattering unction to their souls" about, so fallaciously, idly, and viciously, as this.

In a very curious little book, by Boschini, 1664, called "The Rich Mines of Painting," there is given a most interesting account of Titian's manner of painting. Boschini had it from the young Palma, who had it from his father, who knew Titian well, and had seen him paint.

"Titian was strictly believed to be the greatest painter of those who practised, his pencil always imparted life and expression.

"The younger Palma told me, so called to distinguish him from the old Palma, who had the good fortune to enjoy the learned instructions of Titian, that Titian based his pictures with such a mass of colour, that they served, as he said, as a base to build

on after; and that he has seen him with bold touches and penciled masses of colour, and sometimes with a mass of red earth (light red) purely, which became half-tint; sometimes with touches of white, with the same pencil, tints of red, black, and yellow, he gave the force of daylight; in four pencillings he gave the promise of a beautiful figure on these admirable principles."

Reynolds used to be always saying to Sir George Beaumont, "He could not tell how Titian got his flesh so warm without yellow."

Here is evidence yellow was used.

After having laid these precious foundations, he put his pictures aside, and left them several months without seeing them; and when he wished to touch them again, he examined them with rigorous scrutiny, as if they were the productions of his greatest enemy, in order to find every defect, and lay open every thing which might not be agreeable to a refined taste—like a surgeon treating the diseased; he reduced all excess, corrected arms, legs, or feet, and so working, he brought his pictures to the symmetry of beautiful nature and art; and after doing this, he proceeded to others, if they were dry; and so, from time to time, he covered with living flesh those works of such essence, reducing them to such perfection by continually retouching, that only breath was wanting; he never did a figure at once, for he was in the habit of saying, "He who sung like an improvisatoire, never produced verses which could be referred to as authority."

"But the last seasoning of all," says Boschini, "was given by touches day after day, by uniting the high lights with rubbings of his thumb, melting them into

the half-tint, and uniting one tint with another; sometimes with all his fingers dashing in a dark touch in some angle to give force; at other times with a softening of red, like drops of blood, which gave life to some superficial part, and he thus went on perfecting his breathing figures."

Palma assured me on his faith, that, in finishing, Titian always preferred his fingers to brushes.

In another very curious and valuable book, by Boschini (1660), written in the Venetian dialect, called "La Carta del Navégar Pittoresco," is a most remarkable line, which describes the whole process of a Venetian painter.

Macchia, Colpizza, Impasta, Unisce e tenze

—flat laying in, striking on lights, surface, uniting, and glazing. This book is full of interesting matter.

In the former work some capital touches are given of Paul Veronese's method, from his own son's account of the process of his father.

First of all, Paul Veronese disposed the proportions of his figures according to the size of the canvass; he then touched in the flesh, draperies, architecture, and every thing in a beautiful half-tint; all the masses being thus disposed of in half-tint, viz. figures, ornaments, architecture, landscape, animals, and every thing in its proper place, he then touched flesh, lights and darks, with great force of pencil, but leaving the half-tint as first prepared.

Boschini says, if anybody asks me how I know these things, not being old enough; I reply, I knew, and worked with Gabriel his son, father of the one called Joseph. I have heard him repeatedly relate it from his own mouth.

Paul Veronese's favourite colours, in flesh were lake, and minium; and Bassan used lake (lac) and asphaltum; the Venetians got (lac) lake from India, as we do now.

In the same way, as the above descriptions come direct from the great men themselves, I can give you authentic intelligence from Vandyke's own painting-room.

An old lady of eighty sat to Richardson; she, when a girl, had sat to Vandyke. She told Richardson, Vandyke's pictures looked whiter and fresher than at present; Richardson told Hudson, Hudson told Reynolds, Reynolds told Northcote, and Northcote told me. So that I can give you positive information up to Vandyke; and it is curious to calculate how easily, if these records of conversation were kept, positive facts might come down from Cimabue, or from the Greeks. The Greeks might remark to Cimabue, he to Giotto, Giotto to Taddeo Gaddi, he to his son, who might tell Cennini, so on clearly to Masacco, Lionardo, Raffaelle, Vasari, and Michael Angelo. People might tell the Caracci, who well remembered Michael Angelo and Titian, others tell Rubens, who knew the Caracci; Rubens, Vandyke, Vandyke, the old lady, she, Richardson, and then from Hudson to Reynolds and Northcote, he to me, and I to you. Thus, it is clear, if everybody kept journals of their minds, and all they hear authentic in their time, great benefit must accrue to art and science in future generations. I do not mean journals of trifles, or which way the wind is, or where you supped, or when you took a walk to the Junction Canal; but of the remarkable sayings of great men you know, the first dawn of thought on a deep subject, embryo sketches of embryo ideas, etc. Coypel, in his

admirable Lectures, very seldom met with, thus connects us with the Caracci; he knew people who knew them and their pupils, Dominichino, Guido, etc.

Reynolds certainly made great use of Coypel. It will be a useful lesson to contrast the practice of that giant in art, Rubens, with another, Titian, his reverse in every way. The saying of Titian, relating to the little value of improvisatoire painting or poetry, convinces me it came from him. His whole practice was the opposite to the improvisatori of art, Luca Giordano, Pietro di Cortona; but Rubens is an evidence a man may be one, and yet put forth sterling thoughts. Though no improvisatore can have the depth, finish, intensity, and refinement of Titian, yet he may have brilliancy, power and attraction.

Proverbs are generally the result of the accumulated experience of a country; and stories of great men, if true or false, should always be considered; because, even if false, they would not have been invented had not their peculiarity tended to illustrate the known character of him to whom they refer.

Titian's practice, as you see, was to perfect by degrees; Rubens evidently to perfect at once; he did not keep pictures for years by him, dwell on them, muse on them, dream of them; he sketched, painted, and completed.

One evening, after a day's work, Rubens left his painting-room, to take his exercise, as he did always daily. His pupils began to play, and knocked down a picture Rubens had been working on, and rubbed out the very shoulder he had just finished. They all in turn tried to repaint it; but all failing, it was proposed to call in Vandyke, who was working, and not playing, in the next room; Vandyke set it all right, and it was earnestly hoped Rubens would not be able to discover the difference.

The next morning, Rubens, on standing back to look at the effect, said, "that shoulder looks better than it did last night;" the story was then told him, and he shewed a predilection for Vandyke ever after.

Now, we learn from these two things: first, that after his picture was settled, he finished it part by part, regulating the effect by the sketch; and that, after leaving work for the day, he did not return to his room till the morning; and then forgetting what he wanted to do, was a better judge of what he had done: the knowledge how to manage the caprices of the mind, and give the judgment fair play, is a very important knowledge.

In all these glorious men, one thing must strike the student, viz. their incessant industry; whether Greeks or Italians, their application was unwearied; their pursuit, their rapture, and success, were only another step for a higher achievement.

Though gifted by God in the highest degree, they knew their hands could only develope the power of their minds by incessant practice.

In an interesting little book, published within a few years after Rubens' death, it will be delightful to see his daily habits. He rose regularly at four, and made it a law of his life to begin the day by prayer; after which, he went to work, and before breakfast made those beautiful sketches, known by the name of his breakfast sketches, always having in the house an educated person, who read to him Livy, Plutarch, or Virgil. As work was his great happiness, he was very abstemious, that he might not be prevented painting all day. He worked on till five, when he mounted his favourite horse, and rode round the ramparts at Antwerp;

at his return, he found his friends assembled to supper: his chief relaxation was riding, or studying his fine collection of gems, or reading; and as he painted every thing from nature, and painted horses often, he had some of the finest breed in his stables. He rarely visited, except when requested to do so by artists, in whose works he always found something to praise.

There is nothing so delightful to us all as these traits of private habits in great men, the effect they have in stimulating the well-disposed and ambitious youth is extraordinary. Remember, the greatest men have done their greatest works before thirty. Never suffer youth to be an excuse for inadequacy; if you do at nineteen what others have not done till thirty, you are the greatest man. At sixteen, Alexander commanded a wing at Cheronea; Napoleon fought his immortal Italian campaign at twenty-six; Raffaelle entered the Vatican about the same age; and I have heard that Vandyke painted his finest head at eighteen.

One cannot help considering the beautiful piety of one so highly gifted as Rubens, without contrasting it with the conceited infidelity and impudent scepticism one has witnessed occasionally in the most imbecile in the art.

Reynolds said, "the painter who looked forward to Sunday as a relief, would never be a great painter." I reply, the painter whose capacity was hindered from being developed by devoting one day in seven to meditate on his moral condition, would never have been great had there been no Sabbath at all. It is impossible not to conclude that those whom God has most endowed with genius, have been always the most pious and the most conscious of their imperfections.

We now come to another glorious part of this glorious art, "Execution," of which there is no people estimate so lightly, talk of so ignorantly, or know so little about, as the English.

It must be admitted that painting is altogether a *deceptio visus*. It is the effect of objects as they seem to the eye at the given distance where the whole can be most conveniently taken in. It must be admitted that atmosphere intervening between one object and another renders the most distant more and more invisible, till it is lost sight of altogether. The maximum of distance to see the object given, is where that object can be best seen as a whole, and that should regulate the distance for which every object should be painted. Now, as atmosphere unites, softens, and flattens, the greatest geniuses in the art, both of sculpture and painting, have aimed at producing the effect of objects on the eye, by touching the leading points of those objects with their pencil, and leaving the atmosphere, as in the case of 'surface,' to unite and soften the separate touches into union and finish.

There is nothing, therefore, at which the ignorant are so astonished as, after having been delighted at the proper point, when they approach and find the cause of their rapture to be a few rough touches of the brush—they put up their fingers and express bitter anger; but to the real judge of painting, nothing can be more enchanting than the difference between the effect and the cause; and the evidence of a sound taste, in fact, is always proved, where the collector prefers execution to high finish.

The man who has no power to combine extreme points in his mind, rests feebly on detail, and loves to gloat

on the individualities of which the masses are composed; he cannot comprehend in his mind a whole, and he imagines that by following one detail after another, the leading points will come of course, though, when he has completed his combination, to his astonishment, the general effect is utterly confused, and not to be discovered. The criterion of merit with many is the end of the forefinger; if a picture be smooth, they call it complete, however imperfect may be the imitation: whereas the roughest sketch of Vandyke or Velasquez is more finished than the smoothest thing of Vanderwerf or Dow. Roughness of actual surface has nothing to do whatever with softness of effect: a picture may be as rough as a plastered wall or a pumice-stone, and yet at the given distance have the softness of a peach; a picture may be full of distinct and decided touches, and some parts appear to be neglected to a microscopic eye, but at the proper distance look completely the reflection of nature.

To the ignorant person, these disjointed touches look like haste, carelessness, or idleness; to an artist, they are known to be the result of the most refined knowledge and the deepest thinking: for, let the ignorant remember, that every touch of a great artist on the leading points of any object is a separate thought, and the marks of chisel and brush in the greatest masters are evidence of extension of view and genius—

> —— Artificial strife
> Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

While polishing up objects, till the whole is lost in a mass of insipid smoothness, are the marks of mean minds of little extension. David, Denner, Mengs, and

Vanderwerf, will not be successfully contrasted with Phidias and Titian, Michael Angelo and Raffaelle, Rubens and Velasquez, Reynolds and Wilson. Execution of the chisel or brush is the sure test of originality: the Venus was evidently original; the Apollo had, from its smoothness, the look of a copy. A copyist, not being inspired by original thinking, cannot give to his chisel or pencil that air of the touch accompanying the thought which an original work always has.

If at the exact point where you can best see the whole picture, and the whole of every figure from head to foot,—the expression, the form, the colour, the light and shadow, appear finished as reality; if the imagination is affected,—what right have you for a subsequent examination, as a matter of curiosity, to look close into the mode, and complain it is rough or smooth? you ought to be delighted to see means so inadequate produce effects so extraordinary: is this the way to judge of an art which is not like sculpture the object itself, but the effect of the object on the eye, produced by means apparently totally inadequate to the end, and which ought to raise your wonder exactly in proportion as you ascertain the slightness, the apparent disproportion, of the means employed to attain the end?

What would be thought of a lover who, after having been smitten by a beauteous look at that given point of distance where the effect of the lovely features could best be seen, should shrink back on approaching her, and "Bless me, my love, you have pores in your skin, and down on your lovely cheeks, and little veins in your luscious eyes, which I could not see when my heart was pierced; you are quite disagreeable; you are not finished; I cannot propose under such horrid impressions."

It is exactly the same in art; a critic has no more right to find fault with a picture where the effect of smoothness is given by roughness, than a lover has because the softest face of a beautiful woman is not as soft apparently, however soft in reality, on close inspection, as where it can be best seen.

I remember an old lady being astonished at the Duke of Wellington's Velasquez, and expressing great delight, and then looking close in, and saying in disgust, "Why, it is painted for the distance I see."

Reynolds calls "execution," very finely, the genius of mechanical performance. Yet says he, "he that does not express particulars, expresses nothing."

But there are in all objects great characteristic distinctions that press on the senses, and affect the imagination; these the man of comprehension views, sees, transfers, and hits off by touches, leaving the aggregate of useless particulars to the imagination of the spectator: while the man of narrow understanding dwells only on the aggregate of particulars, deceiving himself that the leading points will come. Never was a greater delusion.

I do not mean, says Sir Joshua again, "a trick formed by guess; but that science which, by a profound knowledge of ends and means, discovers the shortest way to its purpose."

On the other hand, caution is necessary to be inculcated to the youth, if he believes this execution is the beginning; it is the end,—it is the consequence of the severest individual correctness. He who begins by execution will end by emptiness; because you leave daubs for touches, because you are rough, because you neglect particulars and talk generally of generalizing,

it will not follow you are a great genius, or that your objects are properly represented. Never was such a mistake: it is the child running before it can walk, and we all know the result.

Rubens is the greatest in execution, but it is too palpable; Tintoretto is a giant, but he is too careless; Vandyke is truly delicate; but to Titian, and him alone, you must turn for the perfection of execution, stopping at the exact point, and conveying the impression of the object so predominantly, that the execution is lost in the effect.

One of the purest examples I can recommend, was the Diana and Acteon, at the late Bridgewater House; though there are great defects in drawing, yet the colour and execution are perfect.

Titian has the air of breeding, that fears to intrude; Rubens the frankness of genius, which is careless of offending.

The softness of the touch in Diana is suitable to the loveliness of the subject; the very water bubbles as if timid of discovery, and the Nymphs shrink as if there were danger in the very air.

At this period of his life, he was not master of the figure, and in form it is not what it ought to be.*

With what companions have I studied this exquisite work; with Beaumont, the friend of Reynolds, Garrick, Gainsborough, Wilkie, Davy, Wordsworth, Coleridge,

* Reynolds, Discourse IV. quotes Vasari, to shew what Michael Angelo said of Titian, after their visit to him in the Belvidere, viz. that it was a pity the Venetians did not adopt a better manner of study,—but he did not quote all; for, in continuance, Michael Angelo certainly infers colour and design can be united, and his own assistance to Sebastian, in Lazarus, proves he thought so.

and the founder of our National Gallery; it was not possible to believe without witnessing it, the exceeding delight of Sir George: there was not a tone, a touch, a principle, that he did not feel to his heart's core, ay, his heart of hearts; he relished the execution, the colour, every thing; and eloquently, and like a painter, increased one's enjoyment; his loss was a loss never to be supplied, his society was a pleasure not now to be estimated.

To the Titians in this collection, and to the liberality of the late Duke of Sutherland, I owe all my notions of colour and effect, however imperfect. I used to mix up tints and carry them every Wednesday, hold them close up to the Four Ages, by Titian, and ascertain scale and tint, that no copying on earth would so impress. I then returned, and proceeded with my own picture: this is the real plan, viz. to have an original picture of your own in hand, and regularly go, before beginning, and look at the great masters, Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, Raffaelle, but never an inferior; then, after dwelling and studying, go to your own work. The sympathy becomes enchanting; you will thus feel beauties of the great masters, by finding in the model before your eyes the very tints they aimed at and got; you will perceive in their efforts the very things you see in your model; you will hourly, daily, drink their excellence, and be roused to extraordinary effort to rival or outstrip them if possible; possible it is, because they are but mortals, and great and beautiful as they are in their effects, how feeble, how flat, how inefficient, by the splendour of nature!

What a wonderful creation is the world! how beautiful in ornament, how intensely deep in principle, how

simple in arrangement; how singularly delightful, that the elements of our physical being should thus afford materials for the exercise of our intellectual faculties.

Surely, having an original picture to put into practice, what you discover in the works of the great men, with nature by your guide—and a higher guide, is a much more likely method to guide your eye to see nature rightly than mere copying; besides your vanity, the mortal is flattered by the air of originality with which you put your acquired knowledge into practice, and you finish your first picture with an air of independence that is the surest foundation of greater efforts.

Take my advice and never copy, except in making coloured studies in oil, of the conduct, management, and composition of celebrated works; but never dwell for months in poring over great works, dulling all your original powers of thinking, and leaving off less capable, as Reynolds says, than when you begun.

In concluding these remarks on Execution, remember that every touch of a great master, in imitating nature, is a separate and distinct thought; not put on the canvass, as the vulgar believe, in haste, but after the maturest thinking and comprehension of the object imitated; and in that very situation where at the given distance it will by the help of atmosphere give the impression to the spectator of the same feeling as the painter himself possessed when he put it down; therefore, as I have said, if the touches be rough and distinct, and separate when you look near, but the object represented looks soft and natural and perfectly effective at the point for seeing it, rely on it that imitation is based on the highest principles,—these effective touches are always the guide in deciding on the originality of a picture,—it is the pro-

duction of a great genius; for it possesses evidence of the highest character, viz. the power first of seeing, comprehending, and transferring the leading points in the effect of objects, to convey thought by that imitation as a whole, when all the details are involved without attracting, and all the leading points without omission.

With respect to the instrument of execution, the pencil, that "balm of hurt minds," never use a flat one. It is the paltriest excuse for a feeble touch, and was introduced by Lawrence. I remember no such brush in Reynolds' time, nor did the old masters use it, except in glazing or spreading. It is a mere help to do what you ought to do by the decision of an unerring hand; it is following the example of painters of doors, who, unable to imitate the different kinds of wood by skill and practice, help themselves with wiry flat brushes, to save time, and palliate their own inefficiency.

Pardon this bit of technical detail, but be assured it is not beneath you.

Having thus given you the leading principles of Colour, Execution, and Impasta, as means of imitating reality, I will conclude with Light and Shadow; and Light and Dark are as much regulated by the great law of association as colour, and, if not the most important, are certainly as important as any of the great requisites of the art in imitation.

Light and shadow are one thing, light and dark another. Rembrandt is the great master of light and shadow; here the lights are the effect of real lights, and the shadows of real shadows, produced by the direction of the lights upon the objects; and the Venetians are the model for light and dark, that is, the

production of the effect of shadows, by real dark colours, and lights by light ones, though both are in the same light, indeed, in one mass of light, without any shadow at all. This is a magnificent artifice.

Nothing is more sunny than the scheme of the Venetians, nothing more awful than the principles of Rembrandt.

Our great master in these points, Sir Joshua, has laid it down, and no man that ever adorned the art had more right to do so; that the most advisable and general principle was, to make one quarter of your picture as light as possible, one quarter as dark as possible, and the remaining half in half-tint.

Let this be the law, to be varied from, as the subject requires it should; more light, more dark, as the subject is sunny, or sublime.

Rembrandt, for all subjects, has scarcely an eighth for light, and every thing is sacrificed to this bit of brilliancy; but it is too particular, and as I told you, genius as he was, by the great men in the Louvre he was demolished.

The lights and darks of a picture are regulated just like colour. There may be three of each at obtuse and acute angles, but never at right. The lights sometimes go across the picture from corner to corner, sometimes wave down in a serpentine curve, sometimes the great men have a mass of light in the centre, and surrounded it by dark, and sometimes a mass of the deepest dark or shadow, surrounded by light.

But the subject should regulate every thing, and be subservient always to the nature, character, expression, and object of the composition. There is not a finer example in the world for arrangement of colour, light

and shadow, composition or execution, than the Cartoon of Ananias: it arose in Raffaelle's mind from the nature of the subject, and ought to have proved to Reynolds' understanding, the perfect compatibility of all parts of the art.

Zeuxis, among the Greeks, as I have shewed you from Quintilian, discovered the principle of light and shadow. In the Dutch, Flemish, Spanish, Venetian, and English schools, I refer you for the most powerful examples:—how to find the art of spreading light by light objects, and dark by dark ones; how to give fulness of effect by losing all contour in dark, or light backgrounds; how to make some objects sharp against a sunny cloud, and some lost and melting into them; how, in fact, to ascertain the enchanting artifices of conveying thought by a little brush, a little oil, and a little colour, used in imitating nature by light, shadow, colour, drawing, expression, combined in a bewitching way, no one part obtruding before the other, but all used with such skill, so that the thought should be conveyed without the means being remembered, has been the object of all my life to ascertain, and the object of all these Lectures to convey to you. Of such power is light and shadow alone independent of all colour or form, that without either it can be made to excite feelings of awe and mystery; imagination comes in, and you people the awful void.

Breadth is a very significant word in art, and expressive of comprehension in seeing and feeling. Titian illustrated breadth by a bunch of grapes, a very excellent example to illustrate. Breadth, remember, does not mean emptiness; the essentials ought not to interrupt breadth, but to be combined in it. Painting is the

effect of the object, and where all its parts cannot be seen: Sculpture is the object itself, and none of its parts ought to be omitted, because it can be seen like nature in various lights, and thus becomes an object for painting. There is no doubt that breadth without detail, proves more comprehensive than detail without breadth, but we are not contending for a balance of evils, but a principle of perfection; a mind that cannot comprehend the two, is not the the highest mind, for all the greatest minds in the art have combined the two.

Phidias did not think the roll of essential skin in Jupiter's breast was inconsistent with the highest principles of form; nor did Titian, or Michael Angelo, believe the breadth of a body destroyed the correct construction of its parts,—these are sophistries to excuse ignorance;* the breadth of Reynolds was often emptiness. But in Opie, and all his imitators for some years after Reynolds' death, the splashing emptiness of effect was dreadful; no artist can have any idea of the exhibitions of 1804 and 1805. Yet Opie had a powerful mind, and a perception of what was sound in principle.

* Certainly the most enchanting painter in the Louvre, was Coreggio; he gave a bewitching air and interest to the simplest and sweetest expressions of nature. His surface reminded us strongly of Reynolds; his forms were incorrect, his light and shadow artlessly exquisite, his colour pure and fascinating, his execution beautiful, but something like Reynolds, as if we should say in literature, "they had never been taught to write." It had not the perfect mastery of brush, nor the perfect knowledge of the object, displayed by Rubens and Titian.

His marriage of St. Catherine made the Raffaelle look hard, his divine mind was the mind of an angel, and his works seemed the production of some heavenly spirit, who had drooped its wings in its flight over the earth, and stopped a short time to enchant us with visions of a purer and more smiling existence.

In my early life, when every word of encouragement was delightful, some endeavoured to ridicule me out of my plan of dissection, while Opie said, they know you are right; were I to begin the world again, I would do as you are doing. But why did he not begin then? Tintoretto learned to draw at forty years, and Titian later. If health and vigour of mind still exist, what is to hinder a man of eighty years from remedying his deficiencies? nothing, but want of self-will.

I am no friend to that lachrymose croaking about time of life; I am just as able now, at fifty-eight years, to set to work on a new acquirement as at eighteen years, and perhaps more able. "Was I to begin the world again," said Reynolds; of course he would do all sorts of things he had neglected to do, and follow Michael Angelo's steps. Now, he had been saying this forty years, why did he not at once, like Tintoretto, write over the door of his painting-room, "The day to Titian, the night to Michael Angelo?" and in six months, we should have had his limbs more like legs and thighs than nine pins. Why? because he only had the consciousness of imperfection without sufficient power to impel the remedy. After lamenting thus to Burke, he would sit down to a game of whist, or sojourn to the club, to listen to the declamations of Johnson. Let every man begin at once, not to-morrow, but to-day, not by and by at four, but now, at six in the morning, or as soon as it is light. No, no; Lawrence never would have executed a great historical picture, Chantrey, a grand heroic statue, nor Reynolds have become the Michael Angelo of the eighteenth century, had he began the world again; he would have done precisely what he did when he began it before: these lamentations of

mispassed time are only artful palliatives to conscious defects.

It is a refutable sophistry to say, the higher walk addresses the mind, the lower, the senses; the higher walk addresses the mind through the senses, and if the senses are shocked by the wretchedness of the imitation, and the want of power in the instrument of producing reality, the thoughts conveyed are not more impressive, because the means are inefficient—they are less so—and every thought, poetical, epic, pathetic, or comical, will have ten times more effect on the imagination in proportion to the abstract perfection of the reality of imitating the objects used to convey them.

Study the great works of the great men for ever, but never as a substitute, always as an assistant to nature.

Never hold any communion in early life with those who set out despising the illustrious dead, and you will find many—don't argue, fly; and above all things study alone. I can always predict the fate of any student who shares a painting-room with another for the sake of society. God help him who feels such a want with such a delightful vision in his brain, or at his side, by day and by night, as Painting!

Remember the great principle of Apelles—"Nulla dies sine lineâ;" and the more glorious axiom of Napoleon,—"Une heure perdue est une chance pour le malheur de l'avenir." And let Napoleon be a warning, that unless your pursuits are virtuous, unless you make your object one the Deity must approve, your genius will be a curse, your loss of fame a demon, and all your ideas and all your estimation of time, useless on earth and despised in heaven.

If you have genius, industry alone will make you

ready for its inspirations; if you have not, industry at least will give you knowledge.

A young man may bring himself to revolt in feeling at a lost hour, as if it were an unpardonable crime; but he must watch himself hour after hour, and every night before going to rest, balance the accounts of his day's employment. If he do this sincerely, if he put down every hour he has really worked or really idled, how long he actually was breakfasting, dining; and sleeping the last night, he will be astonished at the habit they will engender. We should all remember that a man who spends two hours a day at his food, has lost eight years when he has painted fifty; and he who begins at four, like Rubens, will, in fifty years' practice, have gained in painting over him who does not begin till eight, sixteen years! Great men have divided their time into threes—eight hours study, eight hours sleep, eight hours relaxation. Eight hours sleep is too much. I should say in youth twelve hours study, six hours sleep, and six hours relaxation. This is a fair division.

The greatest geniuses, however conscious of their high calling, never forget they are mortals! Cæsar, Alexander, Wellington, and Napoleon, always remembered, in all their movements, their men must eat.

It is the pretender who affects to be above the frailties of mortality, and therefore falls its first victim. Always look temptation "in the face," and never shirk it. There is no being takes so many shapes as Miss Mary Idleness. She is a beautiful devil, with lustrous teeth, raven hair, black eyes, and a nose and cheeks, chin, and dimple lips and forehead not to be mentioned; and the worst is, whatever she proposes is

always for your good. If the day is sunny, would it not do you a great deal of good, she says, laying a lovely hand on your shoulder as you set your palette, to walk to Hampton Court and study the Cartoons? or might it not add vastly to your knowledge to saunter to the Exhibition? What harm can there be in sailing to Richmond; there are such fine backgrounds in the way! or are not the streets a beautiful study of character? A brush must not be always in your hand. The mind, the mind! says she to a young Tyro, that's the thing; and directly the day is given up without a struggle.

Your only protector, and the noblest stimulant to sound habits, is "a ruling passion;" and this once possessed, in its full intensity, defies the seductions, the calumnies, the oppression and injustice of life. It closes your eyes at night with aspirations for its triumph; it haunts your dreams, and flashes on your brain at the first dawn of morning thought; provided always, remember, it be noble and virtuous, and that its success must elevate and not disgrace your country or your species; that it will bear the scrutiny of your conscience, and that like Rubens' it can be prayed for without a crime,—then it becomes the greatest blessing of God.

"Whatever abstracts the mind," says Reynolds, "from sensual gratification, must advance, in some measure, the dignity of our nature."

LECTURE VII.

ON INVENTION.

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GENTLEMEN,

INVENTION in poetry or painting is divided into epic, dramatic, and historic; and though on any subject in either art, it is almost impossible to separate them, where human beings are the instruments, yet the definition is judicious, and we owe this judicious distinction to Fuzeli.

The epic relates to any high and abstract principle, which elevates our nature in thought or action morally; or to any power, natural or supernatural, of element, flood, pestilence, or earthquake, to resist which is impossible, physically; and the highest species of Epic, the sublime, is when the mind, soaring above the miserable inefficiencies of the body, defies the destruction of both for any impassioned affection, noble sentiment, grand object, or great patriotic principle. The Dramatic, illustrates some deep human emotion, by feature, form, and action; and the Historic identifies somes illustrious fact; though a dramatic passion may be sublime and dramatic, yet I question if the purely sublime in poetry and painting too, be not where the

scenery predominates over the man, or at least divides empire.

These three definitions are again divided into the invention illustrative, the lowest order, or mere realization by form, expression, and colour, of the actual description of the poet or historian. The invention incidental, that is, inventing an original circumstance, but not actually described, in order to add truth to the description, and enforce in a stronger manner the probability of the event selected to be painted; and lastly, the invention intuitive, the highest order of invention in art,—where the subject is invented, the expressions are invented, and the characters are invented, consonant to nature and truth, yet unknown to fact, independent of historic relation or poetic description, and arising only in the mind of the great artist from his imaginative power, or his past experience, and thus proving the right of painting in its highest regions to rank as the sister, the twin sister of poetry; whether the first born or not, must ever be matter of doubt, though not with me.

"Painting," said Dr. Johnson, "can illustrate, but cannot inform." This assertion with the usual "Sir," and no qualification also, as usual, is not true.

Let us suppose a man deaf and dumb, accidentally shipwrecked on an unknown island; let us suppose him, after several years residence with the inhabitants, observing their religion, their amusements, their habits of war, their pursuits, domestic, agricultural, rescued and restored to his country. Would Dr. Johnson affirm, if he could paint and draw, he could convey no information of the species of their birds and animals, their plants, their dresses, their food, or their habits of

government, even their notions of a Supreme Being, and a future existence? If he did, I reply he affirmed what he could not maintain, for on all these things painting could convey positive information.

Painting can inform as well as illustrate, but it cannot inform to the same degree of refinement as language. What is essentially poetical, cannot be painted; refined definitions, morally or metaphysically, which form or feature cannot express, are beyond the pencil.

"The aim of the Epic painter," says Fuzeli, "is to impress one general idea, without descending to those subdivisions which the detail of character presents."

I reply, it is impossible to illustrate one general idea, without descending to the detail of character. Does Fuzeli mean to say, that the Sibyls and Prophets in the Sistine Chapel, his favourite evidence of the epic, are not distinguished from each other by detail or difference of character?

"Homer," proceeds he, "impresses one forcible idea of war." Of course; but are not the heroes and heroines of Homer distinguished by detail of character? Are Agamemnon and Achilles, Thersites and Ulysses, Diomed and Nestor, Helen and Andromache not different in character?

If the epic, or sublime, in painting is to be developed only in one character, then Homer is not epic, Milton is not epic, Michael Angelo is not epic; for in all their great works which give them their immortality, those actors and actresses are as distinct in character and essence, as in the works of poets and painters who make no such pretensions to elevation.

The subject of the Sistine Chapel is "Theocracy."

How does Michael Angelo illustrate this aim? first by a series of beings, sibyls and prophets, sublime but distinct in character, who look, as Lanzi says, like beings to whom the Almighty God has spoken!—then, by a selection of subjects from sacred record. The creation, the deluge, the bronze serpent, all illustrating the empire of religion on the mind of man; but all these subjects are both dramatic and historic, and detailed in character.

The sublime in painting consists in the invention or choice of subject more than in the materials, because the dramatic and historic are so perpetually mixed up, it is hardly possible to separate them, if human events and human beings are the instruments for illustrating the principle of the subject.

Fuzeli distinguishes the styles—epic, dramatic, and historic—beautifully. But the distinction lies more in the principle than in the materials used, for the same instruments are used in all styles, men and women; and no man nor woman was ever the same in form, feature, or proportion.

After Fuzeli has said, "the detail of character is not consistent with the epic," he goes on to shew the great difference of character between each Prophet, as decided as any character chosen by Raffaelle in any of his more essentially dramatic works. "Nor are the Sibyls," continues Fuzeli, "those female oracles, less expressive, or less individually marked." What is this but distinction of character?

Michael Angelo winds up the Sistine Chapel with the Last Judgment; of which Salvator Rosa says in his satires,—

> Michael Angelo mio, non parlo in juoco
> Del judizio, voi n'avete que poco.

In which I most cordially agree. From the beginning to the end of this vast fresco, there is little else but great academic skill; as a whole, it is infamously deficient. The groups are isolated and graceless; the figures heavy and vulgar; there is no colour, light and shadow, composition comprehensively, or suitable expression, to mark it; and the figure of Christ is a disgrace to his conception.

Fuzeli thinks the dramatic variety of Raffaelle,—father meeting son—wife, husband—lover, mistress—and children, parents,—would have not added to its sublimity: respectfully I differ, if there ever were a subject where pathos would add to, and not detract from, its sublimity, it is the Last Judgment.

It is extraordinary how utterly ignorant the great poets and painters were of fallen angels, and their true nature. Dante, Tasso, Rubens, Michael Angelo, all seem to consider them as legitimate offsprings of hell, whereas they were the fallen angels of heaven! Their glory was obscured, not extinguished; their majestic forms still existed, though in ruin; their beauty was only disturbed by passions, not destroyed; they were the same grand, heroic, terrific beings as ever: but scathed by lightening, singed by fire, dingy from darkness, lacerated by thunder, their beauty and splendour sparkling through the horrid obscurity in which they meditated revenge,—to give them mouths like wolves, ears like asses, noses like pug-dogs, and feet cloven and misshapen, and tails like hyænas,—is not to represent a fallen angel, but a deformed monster. They were beautiful, but evil.

> His form had not yet lost all its original brightness!
> Drawn from the thigh of mighty Cherubim.

Do I repent or change, though changed
In outward lustre!—(says Satan.)

Forthwith from off the pool he rears
His mighty stature.

He scarce had ceased, when the superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore.

Yours the advantage all, mine the revenge.

All this is evidence of the epic in thought, spirit, stature, and expression.

Of the epic and sublime in scenery, one example more from Milton, and one from Apollonius Rhodius, will illustrate the principle. Satan prepares to plunge into chaos.

At last, his sail broad vans,
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted, spurns the ground, thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides
Audacious! But that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity. All unawares,
Flutt'ring his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by some ill chance,
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft.

Here Satan, the mighty rebel angel, becomes a part only, but the leading part, of the scenery; but let Satan, after all that magnificent description, utter one sentiment of defiance, and the epic in scenery becomes subordinate to the sublime in thought,—and the whole nature is altered.

The next example is when evening approaches, and the heroes of the Argonautic expedition are sailing along the Black Sea: suddenly they see arise out of the

horizon an enormous and stately eagle; with the most intense anxiety they watch its flight, and feel the air tremble, as the motion of his vast wings approaches; at last, he comes right over the ship, which he overshadows, and, as he passes, the ship shakes; they look after his unerring and steady flight, and see him at an immense distance hover over Mount Caucasus; he balances his wings, as if to pitch, and closing them in, darts down, and disappears. Suddenly the long agonizing screams of a suffering creature echo along the shore,—it was Prometheus, who, chained to Caucasus, was tortured at a certain hour every day by a vast eagle. The screams cease: they see the grand eagle rise majestically into the heavens; its vast wings again move; it again passes the ship; the ship trembles, and it disappears in the horizon.

These two examples are the finest evidences of the epic in scenery; but in poetry, never take the descriptions to the extreme: similes are often made use of to raise associations, which are all very well where every thing is left to the imagination, but when identified become extravagant, from not making the distinction.

Of the purely imaginative, glorious in poetry,—but not to be identified without absurdity in painting,—the following is one of the most awful conceptions on earth.

The Archangel Michael reproaches Satan for presuming to attack God, who, says he—

> Out of smallest things could without end
> Have raised incessant armies to defeat
> Thy folly; or with SOLITARY HAND,
> Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow,
> Unaided, could have finished thee, and whelm'd
> Thy legions under darkness.

Fancy the solitary hand of Almighty God grasping Satan and his rebel host, and hurling them to darkness. Your brain akes, as you perceive, its sublimity! There are not a great many purely poetical conceptions in the world, "quas Græci vocant," *Φαντασιας.* Satan's sudden burst into sight, at the council, after crossing Chaos, with his blazing star, is one. Minerva shouting to the Greeks in the burning of Troy, which Æneas sees only when Venus touches his eyes, is a second.

The next style of invention is the Dramatic, or the development of passion or emotion consistent with the character which expresses it, and not bound down to the literal fact of historic relation.

The finest example in the world, perhaps, of the dramatic variety of character is in the two men hired as murderers, in Macbeth. Shakspere is full of those delicate and deep touches equally applicable to painting. The men are not murderers by nature, but you see they are in a state of mind which renders them open to corruption, and is at the same time some palliation:—

> I am one, my liege,
> Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
> Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
> I do, to spite the world."
>
> And I another *(says the second)*,
> So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
> That I would set my life on any chance,
> To mend it, or be rid on't.

This is the perfection of the dramatic: a whole life expressed in the essence of a few words: no long discussions and preparations like a modern novelist,—no

pages of useless detail. As Shakspere has made them talk, so Raffaelle has made them look; the one would do it by the leading points of feature and form, expressions and character; the other, by the leading points of thought expressed in words. The following is dramatic and sublime.

> Nae cauld faint-hearted doubtings tease him,
> Death comes!—wi' fearless e'e he sees him,
> Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gi'es him,
> And when he fa's
> His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es him
> In faint huzzas. *Burns.*

The last style is the Historic; but though styles are thus separated, they are almost always united; in painting, nearly so. In fact, how can it be otherwise? If you put the face of a god in a passion, it belongs to the dramatic. If you introduce him into any well-known event, it is historic; and if the subject be terrible, or superhuman, it is epic: indeed, as in colour, and in every thing in art, the subject must regulate the style.

We now come to invention as a power of mind. It must be innate, or acquired.

No two men are physically the same: a dancer must have a leg, a boxer an arm; and yet it has been asserted that invention and power of mind, the most wonderful of all power, can be acquired. "Invention," says Reynolds, "I am convinced can be acquired." Though all the efforts on earth would never give a weak man the power of Hercules, if he was physically deficient, yet Reynolds thinks that practice, habit, and diligence, will create invention, if the germ exists not.

What absurdity! The germ for improvement in muscle must exist, so must the germ for invention.

Experience, exercise, diligence, may add to its original power and its knowledge, but will no more bestow it if it exists not, than watering, ploughing, or dressing a barren soil will produce the flower, if inherently deficient.

This faculty of picturing images on the brain, the Greeks called *Φαντασιας*; the Romans, *Visiones*. Fuzeli says they are radiant recollections; no, they have no reference to memory. By this power of inward vision, we picture situations for the development of the expressions and thoughts of the individuals concerned, of which we can have no experience, except we have been guilty of the crimes and suffered the consequences of such actions. How could any conception which has any reference to the spiritual world be a radiant recollection? Where did Shakspere see the ghost of a king? Where Puck put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes? Where Ariel who drank the air before him? Where Homer the gigantic stride of the shade of Achilles in hell, when Ulysses told him his son was worthy of his sire! Where Milton the effulgent blaze of Satan to his astonished council after his success on earth? Where Virgil that glorious vision of Minerva shouting to the Greeks in the flames of Troy? Where Tasso that exquisite conception of the angel Gabriel tipping the hill as the morning sun arose—

"—— ma piu lucenti."

If this power be not intuitive, how comes the great poet and painter to feel and express all the variations and approaches of every passion which agitates a human mind without having felt them? How could they give us the thoughts which agitate the murderer, the seducer, the hypocrite, the villian, or the madman? If

the power of doing this be only a radiant recollection, you must admit the memory of the sensations accompanying a murder can only be generated by first committing the murder; and if Shakspere could only call up the feelings of the murderer of a king by experiencing them, of course he must have first murdered a king to have had them—see the absurdity!

Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, must have murdered their mothers, and have married them too; for if the feelings of such crimes be radiant recollections, such surely must only have been remembered from experience, and such must have been the conduct of these great geniuses, or how could they represent the horrors of Œdipus and Orestes? Shakspere must have been raving mad like Lear, butchered like Richard, been dishonoured like Othello, or enchanted like Caliban. Milton and Dante must have been in hell and in heaven, and Ariosto rode through the air on winged horses, and Homer must have been stuck through the body in five hundred places, and died as often, to have known so well and described so exquisitely the various modes of wounding, and the various modes of giving up the ghost, in consequence of the particular thrust. We know Shakspere was fonder of a pen than a stilletto, Milton loved to help

> Waste a sullen day
> With neat repast of Attic taste with wine.

Æschylus was a Marathonian hero; Sophocles, a philosopher; and therefore, when they describe the feelings of crime so truly, it is much more likely they did it from an intuitive power of feeling exactly how men would feel and act in such situations, especially as we know the feelings they have described they never

did know by being in any part of their lives criminal in a similar way.

There is a constant dispute which is the greatest art, poetry or painting; and which is the greatest man, the great poet or the great painter.

Poets generally settle the question in their own way, which painters are not allowed to do. Of course their languages are different in their essence; the language of poets, with reference to visible objects and invisible feelings, is an artificial arrangement of words agreed on by the respective nation to which each poet belongs to mean the things and the thoughts to which they are applied, although they have few natural claims to such associations, and although no neighbouring nation to which they might be read would find them at all intelligible; while our language is the positive imitation of the things themselves, and the most imperfect imitation of the thing selected to convey the thought is at once comprehended. This power of imitation in a painter is as distinct a power as that of versification in a poet, and is excited by the same faculty of invention possessed by each; in the painter, it chooses the imitation of forms, instead of the selection of words, to express its creations.

Poets can make their characters speak their thoughts; painters can only make them look; abstracted reflections or subtle conclusions in morality can never be looked to be comprehended, or painted to be comprehended; no painter could make Newton look as if he had discovered the tides, without extraneous help; but a poet could say so at once. Painting is therefore in this view a more limited art than poetry; in others, it is more extended; but what painting does look, recollect,

the world can comprehend; poets speak only with the full effect to their own nation.

A poet who conveys his ideas by the imitation of natural objects, is a poet who paints, when by language and versification, is a poet who speaks: the minds are of equal range, but the mind of the painter is limited by the language he uses.

Imitation of forms is inadequate to express all the infinite refinements of intellectual distinctions; and language is equally inadequate to convey all the mute subtilties of feeling, when nature is too much affected to speak: then nature looks only what she feels, and then is the painter and lover's triumph. One look of Juliet's eyes would shake Romeo more than endless words the most impassioned; what painting can do is more intense in its immediate operation, and more extended in its effect, than poetry, when it attempts to do the same thing.

Poetry can do well what painting can do a million times better; but painting cannot express the slightest notion of other things equally important, that poetry can convey gradually to the understanding.

Poetry is therefore an art not so limited as painting to the full exercise of all the powers of the understanding. Surely this is as impartial a conclusion by a painter, on the two arts, as ever was made by a poet; he generally concludes at once in favour of his own, and nobody thinks him warped by prejudice, though he generally proves he knows nothing of the other; but when painters have done this, there has been at once a cry of narrow views.

Rubens, Raffaelle, Titian, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Phidias, or Apelles, were as capable of

coming to a sound conclusion on the respective rank of the two arts, as Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Milton, Shakspere, who, greater than all, except Phidias, seems to have felt their relative value more than any other, and to have expressed them clearly.

Many years ago, Wilkie, a musician, and myself, passed the evening together in my studio, and we got upon the respective powers of the three arts: of course the musician insisted upon it, that there was nothing painting or poetry could do, music could not do as well. Wilkie said, once upon a time, a poet, musician, and a painter, had the same dispute, when it was agreed they should all three retire to a tavern, and ask for their supper by their respective arts, and whoever made himself the quickest understood should be crowned victor.

The musician played most exquisitely for three-quarters of an hour, but the waiter shook his head; the painter dashed out the resemblance of a roast fowl, and the poet at once said he would have a boiled one. It was agreed the poet won, and when Wilkie came to this part, our friend the fiddler rushed out of my room in a fury, saying we had no feeling, and never forgave us to the day of his death.

So ignorant were the English of the degree of intellect required to be a great painter, that Reynolds was suspected for years not to have written his own Lectures. Burke was accused, but the fact is, in style, they are too pure for Burke: as a curious evidence of their being his own writing, at the sale of his works in Pall Mall, many years ago, when every thing was scraped together that could be found, in a portfolio of sketches, I saw a part of one of the Discourses copied fairly by an amanuensis, and a very important and intellectual cor-

rection in Reynolds's own handwriting put in between the lines; though Burke might have dictated this, it is rather far fetched to believe it.

As specimens of three species of invention, I would instance, as Fuzeli has done, the death of Germanicus, for the Illustrative; the opulent man in the Cartoon of Lystra, who is lifting the garment and contemplating the cured limb, as an exquisite bit of the Incidental; and the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo, as the purest order, viz. the Intuitive.

The central group of Lystra is taken and adopted from an antique bas-relief in the Admiranda, and suggests the question whether it be justifiable to plunder in this way; surely, if you find anything in the ancients suitable to your invention, it is justifiable. But there the praise must stop: the utmost praise that can be given is, that you have shewn skill in the adoption; and what struck me with amazement in the Louvre, was the little original invention in the world. Even Rubens pilfered wholesale from the old Germans. Reynolds says, it is by being conversant with the inventions of others you learn to invent. It is an extraordinary feeling in Sir Joshua, of owing every power in the art to secondary causes; how much he must have owed in that way himself. If you have no power from nature, how can you learn by looking at others if you have no faculty to receive the impression? Reynolds was what Fuzeli called a modern painter, a bold adopter.

Remember, adoption and copying are different things. To adopt and modify a figure require skill and taste; but the merest dolt can copy. Young students pore over so continually the inventions of others, and so eternally study them, that they become inoculated.

The purest and the most legitimate invention is when the event is distinctly told by thorough-bred human passions and actions, independent of all superhuman and allegorical assistance.

Allegory, in a long series of works, like the Luxembourg Gallery, is justifiable, because it is an addition in beauty to the composition of the work. Beauty is always an addition, and allegory is principally represented by women; but who on earth, when they see a beautiful girl with a castle on her head, ever thinks of a city? Thus has Rubens represented Lyons, congratulating Mary de Medicis on her safe accouchement.

Raffaelle would have made a deputation from Lyons, with fine senatorial heads, and would he not have been more in taste and common sense?

The introduction of existing people as portrait, and as witnesses of remote events, such as Raffaelle has made Julius II., supported by Mark Antonio, and others of his palace, looking at the two angels driving out Heliodorus, destroys the allusion; it cannot be defended, it may, as it does, prove Raffaelle's amiability to oblige his patron, but it proves also he sacrificed common sense in a way for that purpose that no English painter would now be allowed to do.

Portrait disguised in the dress of the period is fair; a friend may have a very fine head, use it of course, but do not paint a fine-headed friend with a round hat, a black cravat, and Wellington boots, charging at the battle of Cheronea; yet this is not more absurd than to make a venerable Pope looking at Heliodorus in the Temple of Jerusalem, when he (the Pope) was not born till 1500 years after.

In allusion to invention as regards portrait, in com-

parison with invention as regards "High Art," they will not bear comparison; and perhaps there never was a more absurd assertion made by any human being in the world, than that by an Honourable Member on the presentation, by Lord Brougham, in 1823, of my first petition on Historical Painting, viz. that portrait was the only true legitimate high art, inferring that the biography of an individual required as much extension of view and power of mind as the history of a great nation with all its political bearings and secret principles of rise and decay, as the immortal invention of an epic poem.

Absurd as this may seem, and refuted in a moment, it got into the heads of honourable members for the season, and Raffaelle himself, with Aristotle and Phidias to back him, would have been coughed down with order, order, and chair, chair, had they presumed to argue this sophistical and triumphant excuse for doing nothing for high art, which this remark afforded the cold-blooded and the unthinking. Did the Honourable Member mean to say that it required the same powers of mind to tranfer the best expression of a sitter's face, and to make it like, so that it be recognised, as to invent the Ananias? where all the characteristics were never seen, and yet so truly represented, as to excite associations so exactly of the characters and story, as if the individuals had stood to be painted. If an expression must be seen before it can be done, there is an end of invention, and there is an end of all the petty and thoughtless presumption of the portrait painters, for a moment placing their art on a level with "High Art."

The curious thing is, that portrait painters, when they paint High Art, are always too individual for even a

likeness; and when the historical painter paints a portrait, he is more individual than the portrait painter. It proceeds from the different character of the genius and practice of each. The portrait painter selects the best of what he sees, but still keeps the likeness. The historical painter selects the best of what he sees to realize what he imagines. The painter of High Art makes a portrait of what he imagines by the help of his model, without retaining an atom of likeness. The portrait painter of what he sees. Thus, when a portrait painter comes to High Art, he cannot help making a portrait of his model; and when the historical painter comes to portrait, he cannot idealize without losing likeness; and as likeness is the first requisite, he makes it so like for fear of not making it at all like, that nine times out of ten the portraits of the greatest historical painters are never great favourites with the rich.

There is something in the thorough-bred, regularly drilled portrait painter, that no imaginative painter ever got or ever will.

The greatest art in practice is the art of using nature for poetical invention; it is intuitive, it cannot be communicated by words or deductions, it is visible in the very first production of a youth. It must not be too individual, it must not be too general, it must be like nature, and not too much like nature; it must be nature restored to her essential properties, and nothing more nor less.

There it is that Reynolds, Vandyke, and even Titian, fail, as well as Rubens. Reynolds especially could elevate what he saw, if he kept the elements of what he had before him; the moment he left his model, he was abroad. Mrs. Siddons, as the tragic muse, is

more poetical than his own inventive tragic muse, in Garrick between her and comedy. Mrs. Siddons was an elevated portrait, and the other his own invention, and these two completely illustrate the principle laid down.

Reynolds was a great artist in the second rank, but with a different education, and in a different period he would have been a great artist of the first rank, but his genius for High Art was not sufficiently intense to make him a great artist in spite of time and education. Of course, the nearer a poetic painter can get a model to equal his conception the better, but the habit and power of supplying the deficiency of individual nature is a gift of God; and the sooner it is exercised the better, like every other gift, bodily or intellectual, and the more certain will the poetic painter become of his hand hitting the conceptions of his mind.

This is the delightful reward for all his labours: till this stupendous power is acquired, what anxieties, what labours, what struggles, must he not undergo; but if he have resolution to proceed firmly through them, then indeed will his reward be great, then indeed will his mind be impregnated with science, and his hand, fearless by practice, be enabled as fast as visions float on his fancy, to shower them on his canvass with inspired profusion.

The poet practises the language of his art from the first word he utters to the last; whereas the painter, after having completed the ordinary education, has yet to begin a new language to express his thoughts, and generally dies just as his hand is getting obedient to his conceptions.

The next, and by no means the least important part

of invention, is the choice of subject, and the choice of the most interesting moment in that choice. There is nothing more important than this tact, for nothing is so often intruded on painters as subjects for painting, the prospects of which exist only in the imagination of the chooser.

Coleridge, with all his wild dreams, was always selecting for the artist; and I never in my life remember one of his subjects which had a single qualification. Coleridge was seldom intelligible, with the subtle distinctions of words, much less likely was it in art, which requires gross palpability, he could make himself understood.

I have seen the finest scenes in the world between Coleridge and Sir George Beaumont. Sir George's adoration of Sir Joshua was sincere. Coleridge would often attack him; the agony of Sir George between his enthusiasm for the genius of Coleridge and his awe for his departed friend are not to be done justice to.

Sir Joshua relates a very curious anecdote of some one wishing to have painted what passed in Council with James the Second before the Revolution.

As a painter has but one moment,—first, it must be a subject of palpable and gross interest, big with the past and pregnant with the future; next, your actions must be doing, your passions expressing, your lights and shadows fleeting, something must have passed, and something must be coming, and you choose the point of interest—the point between.

There is Ananias, he has just dropped, why? for some cause passed, it is the moment, because the effect has not yet reached the extremities.

For choice of moment, subject, and composition,

Raffaelle is perfection, study him for ever. To return to the epic or sublime, I conceive it more peculiarly belongs to the elements, the air, earth, fire, water, heaven, chaos, hell; and all passion, emotion, or action, must be component parts of the mass.

I believe Martin's examples of scenery to be the purest examples of the epic, when men and his passions are swept like a whirlwind in the elements he breathes to illustrate some great and striking event in the world, the flood, the destruction of the world, Nineveh, Babylon.

I instance the success of Martin, amongst the middle classes, as indisputable evidence of the feeling of the British people for subjects of the highest poetry in art.

By the public, Martin has been overrated, by the artists, underrated. He has no power of passion, he is not an historical painter, he cannot paint, but he is a great epic scenist, who burst the cerements with which he was encumbered, and made his way to the light, putting forth his sublime conceptions like an inspired child, who has never learned to draw, to paint, or to compose. He has honoured English art, and cut out a new recess in the Temple of Fame for himself, where there was none before.

There is a very interesting question in art, viz. whether the great characters introduced should be painted as they were with all their peculiarities of dress and figure. Reynolds says they ought not. It appears to me to depend on the period of their lives; if it be recent, like Napoleon, Nelson, and the Duke, the peculiarities are historic facts; if it be so remote as to be beyond the reach of history, the period partakes of the epic, as well as the man; therefore, a painter is not

inconsistent in taking advantage of the obscurity to make the hero in form and feature. On the other hand, what could be more ridiculous than to make Napoleon six feet?

Reynolds says, St. Paul was of mean stature, but Raffaelle has not made him so; now I affirm, if St. Paul was little and deformed, Raffaelle ought to have made him so, as much as he ought to have given Alexander his peculiar neck, Cæsar his bald front, Socrates his short nose, Edward his long legs, Richard his terrific hump, or Napoleon his little figure. All these peculiarities, so far from detracting from the grandeur of their picturable actions, would have increased by their very singularity and contrast the power of their actions and expressions.

Reflect for a moment on the dreadful look of a little mean figure, eager and inspired, of St. Paul striking Elymas blind, or preaching the living God to the Athenians.

This erroneous principle of leaving out all peculiarities was the leading principle of Reynolds, but you see what it leads to.

The fact is, he did not know what was accident and what was essence, and therefore cleared away all accident for fear of mistaking accident for essence, and he left ESSENCE so entirely devoid of accident bordering on the essential, that his principle leads to emptiness for breadth, generalities for truth, and indistinct hints for historical expression.

This is a very important question in art, and would not have been mooted in it as a matter of doubt with us any more than with the Greeks, had not Reynolds held it up to shelter his own want of knowledge, and had it

not a tendency to destroy all characteristic distinctions, and to reduce man, woman, and animal, to insipid effusions without mark or likelihood, or any other single, relishing peculiarity, in form, feature, or expression, which gives such gusto to the identities of Shakspere.

I cannot give you a higher idea of the Elgin marbles, than by saying they are essentially Shaksperian.

So far from the great painter painting man in the abstract when he paints the heroic individual, he paints the particular man, whose genius has sanctioned his individual marks. Of expression, little can be said: there are principles, said Guido, which influence a great painter in the refinements of expression, far beyond even his own reach of thinking for discovery.

This applies essentially to expression: it cannot be explained; it was visible in the first dawn of Raffaelle's early works, it was seen in the slightest line of his pen. No principle can be laid down: you muse on the characters and stories introduced, and at the time of execution you see the very face agitated by the very look you want, in the innermost depths of your brain, and there the vision remains till you have put it on your canvass.

In the dignity of portrait, no heads exceed Reynolds', though Titian's and Vandyke's are more delicate in execution. He was a great man, but certainly a light thinker; and yet, considering his incessant practice in individual resemblance, it is extraordinary he did write as he did. He first brought the principles of art into something like consistency; and, though greatly indebted to Coypel, he first rescued it from the trash of De Piles, the common-place receipts of Lionardo, great man as he was, and all the old bewildered theorists; and, in his

immortal notes on Du Fresnoy, he has settled on a basis, never to be shaken, the leading rules of effect, light and shadow, and colour. Here he was truly great; it was only where his previous education and previous habits had not been deep enough that he wandered in his theory of beauty and form, which nothing but dissection of the brute and man can ever illustrate clearly. His eye for colour was so exquisite that I do not think there is a single instance in all his works of a heated tint which is called foxy. This cannot be said of Rubens or Rembrandt; and I believe in my conscience it can only be said of Reynolds and Titian.

One of his dearest friends was Sir George Beaumont —he was one of those links between people of fashion and artists, who placed artists at their table with all who were distinguished in poetry, philosophy, oratory, rank or fashion.

There was a school in High Life of this description, which was formed by Sir Joshua, they looked up to him as a god, listened to him like an oracle, and believed a great painter to be the greatest of mortal beings.

On them Sir Joshua left his mantle, and they were principally instrumental in founding the British Gallery, and keeping alive in the fashionable world the taste for pictures. The loss of Sir George nothing has compensated us for,—his taste and genius were exquisite. Had he not been born in high life, in my opinion, he would have been our greatest landscape painter— he talked of art, he dreamed of art, and seemed to think nothing else on earth worthy consideration.

The moment he came to town, he set the whole world in an uproar, and made it an evidence and a necessity for any one of any pretensions of fashion to

meet artists at his table, and to visit their painting-rooms, and buy their pictures.

He it was who laid the foundation of our National Gallery; he was the friend of Wordsworth, when the world denied his genius; and though he was capricious, and laid the foundation of all my distresses, as well as others, yet as painters we felt his loss bitterly in the art—a loss that never has been repaired, and probably never will; and when his admirable letters on art are hereafter published, it will be found his pretensions have not been overrated.

It was his decided opinion, and no one had greater right to hold one, that breadth and essential detail were the true excellence, and ought to be united; he knew the materials of art and the splendour of nature, and he knew nature could not be approached but by the most judicious artifice; and when painters painted all light, in hopes of getting brilliancy, or all dark, in hopes of getting depth, they entirely missed their object.

I have heard many artists complain of the disposition of people of fashion to bring forward young men—after having had the full advantage of such disposition themselves,—the more young men brought forward the better for the art; if the young men have not talent to keep the stations in which men of rank from the kindest feelings are disposed to place them, surely you are not to blame the patron for his good wishes.

Remember the admirable axiom of Pliny, which must be that of a great Greek artist; it could not come from the mere connoisseur: "Light is not splendour;" and light approaching at all the vigour of nature, can only be attained by its contrast, darkness.

It is quite curious to watch the consequences to men

of great genius, from beginning in any particular method of imitating life; I allude to the three poisons of art: "Crayon painting,—coach painting, and I must add, though of late years it has been carried to great excellence, water colours." Lawrence began as a crayon painter, and he never got rid to the day of his death of a certain chalky look in his flesh. Water-colour tinting destroys all relish for impasta and surface; and when the most eminent water-colour painter handles oil, he always retains a certain gaudy colour, which never leaves him,—witness Turner, great genius as he is; while in the painting of Martin there is a certain glossy varnished look that announces the former practice of glass or coach.

Though we have carried water-colour painting in England to the highest pitch, and the professors are certainly the most original thinkers in the art, yet it is not altogether quite delicate to think Claude a blockhead, Salvator a maniac, or Titian a black master. Really, men who do not know the shape of a toe, and whose views of the beauties of landscape are limited to the splendid scenery on the Paddington Canal or Kensington Gravel Pits, might see something to admire in the sunny splendour of Titian's clouds, his dark dells or umbrageous forests, his azure skies, his splendid armour, his pulpy flesh, his crimson gorgeousness, and senatorial faces. If such theory be put forth uncontradicted, there is no knowing, in this budding time of English art, what may be the effect;—to depend on the accumulated experience of ages is no mistake; to depart from the principles that the greatest intellects have settled is rather hazardous, though it may be innocent; but let a flaming sword wave before the immortal works of our illustrious predecessors, approach not, without faith or confidence.

In early life trust not to your own taste, trust only to great names; never look at the works of inferiors: you cannot see too much, study too much, or know too much of Phidias, of Raffaelle, of Titian, of Rubens, Vandyke, Coreggio, Reynolds, or of the prophets of Michael Angelo; in collecting your prints to form your taste, get all they ever produced, and you are safe; you can bring your feelings to revolt at bad taste, as your tongue would revolt at ashes.

When you are formed and hardened, then seek the good out of the evil, but beware of seeking jewels in straw, unless you are quite sure you know a diamond from a paste imitation. When your taste is formed, when public applause has justified your dependence on your genius, then look round with the elevation of an equal; then you will perceive the individuality of Titian's defective forms, of Parmegiano's occasional excess of gracefulness, of Raffaelle's hardness and want of impasta, of Michael Angelo's fierce vulgarity, of Rubens' grossness. But begin by absolute submission to the great names in the temple, believe them infallible, and by those means, and by those means only, you will bye and bye be able to avoid their errors. I dwell upon this, because when I was a student in the Academy, all those students who thought Titian might be better and Raffaelle not so hard have ended in obscurity.

There never were two men so totally opposite in art as our Reynolds and Lawrence, and great instruction may certainly be attained by a comparison. Lawrence got his expression and likeness by an intense perception of the individual parts, and keen perception of the best look of a sitter,—and I believe no man ever exceeded him in catching the best expression. Reynolds by a masculine comprehension of the masses. Reynolds's men had all the air of rank without being dandies,

Lawrence's were all dandies without being men of rank. Such were the gentleness, the sweetness, the chastity, the beauty, and bewitching modesty of Reynolds's women, that you would have feared even to have approached without apprehension; while you feel quite sure you might compliment the women of Lawrence to any excess without much fear of offending.*

Lawrence drew better than Reynolds, but Reynolds was never guilty of many ignorances of composition and design that Lawrence was guilty of every day.

In invention there is no comparison. Reynolds was a genius, and so he was in colour: whereas Lawrence had no eye, and I remember but one head of exquisite colour that might bear comparison with Reynolds—a head of Lord Bathurst; Gonsalvi, and the Emperor of Austria, *perhaps*, may be added. In composition, Lawrence was a child, and Reynolds a great master. Reynolds, from his knowledge of perspective, always planted his men on their feet; while all Lawrence's nobility stand upon their tip-toes, and will do so whilst the canvass lasts. Reynolds appeared, as Burke said, to descend to portrait from a higher style, while portrait and portrait only seemed to be the extent of Lawrence's understanding. Reynolds was the philosopher of art, Lawrence the gentleman, with a tendency to dandyism.

Lawrence's great power was seeing, transferring, and identifying the happiest expression of a sitter; and no man can bear testimony to this power more than myself, I had several under my own eye of the nobility he had painted; for the first half hour I saw no resemblance; at last, some lucky remark lighted up their

* I remember but one exception, his portrait of the Duchess of Sutherland.

features, and in these few moments I witnessed Lawrence's choice.

Before Lawrence went to Italy, which sobered his meretriciousness, Fuzeli used to say, and truly, that his pictures in effect were sweepings of a tinshop; but through all his works there reigns a sense of beauty, which if it had been tempered and corrected by a reverence for the great names in the art, instead of being pampered by medals, with other young gentlemen and ladies in early life, would have corrected his taste; though Sir George Beaumont feared his eye was defective, and Reynolds predicted his style would attract the ignorant and ruin the art; he has not ruined it, but he did it serious harm. There is an interesting anecdote of the two men, so completely illustrative of each, that I will relate it. At a nobleman's house, there exists an exquisite picture by an old master. Reynolds, when there, always had it taken down, and with due humility dwelt on it for hours. Lawrence subsequently used to visit the same house. The nobleman, astonished at Lawrence's apathy, offered to have it taken down, which Lawrence declined, and retired to billiards.

At West's death, there was no historical painter in the Academy to succeed him,—had there been, the art would now be on a very different footing; and I have no doubt a vote of money would have long since passed; but Lawrence came in with his delusive and fascinating appeal to human vanity; and though he turned the tide for several years, he only staggered the art, for it has taken root in the right way amongst the people; and though apparently sinking and fading, be assured it is but to revive and rekindle on a basis which will ensure its success.*

* Delivered in 1835.

Who does not gaze capitally, says the Edinburgh Reviewer of Van Raumer, with feelings of vexation and regret when standing at Charing Cross, and looking over the noblest '*Place*' in the world, at the poor, long, low, elongated National Gallery? And who does not remember with sorrow that all these consequences were predicted before a stone was laid; but alas! there was no faith in the sincerity of one who, though he has sacrificed himself for the art, was considered interested; but had Lord Grey listened to him, this disgrace might have been spared, and the finest site in Europe not sacrificed to keep up the preponderance of an eminent body of portrait painters, who are unable to place a man on his feet.

With all the faults of our English school, the faults are not faults of genius, but of knowledge, the faults of an impatience of study; and whatever may be our conviction of these faults, our taste is native and simple; we have none of the horrors of the French system, though the French draw better; but that can be added, and one is always disposed to resent unjust and insolent criticism, especially from foreigners.

Winckleman and Du Bos denied our genius, and said we were in too high a degree of latitude to be great painters. When Wilkie was born, they must have turned in their coffins; at any rate, if too high for genius, we are not too high for common sense; no English critic, at any rate, ever said that Judas was one of the eleven in giving the keys, when Judas's suicide and treachery had reduced the number to eleven; so much for Du Bos. Van Raumer, says the Reviewer, speaks of British art with a compassionate forbearance. Did you ever hear such insolence? but he is not to blame, there is no native National Gallery. Van Raumer went, of

course, to the Exhibition; there he saw a whole row of whole-lengths on their toes. Yet ought not the Reviewer to have set him right? Was it not cowardly for a Scotchman to cow under such impertinence, with Wilkie in his mind? Allow me to ask you, if Reynolds's Dido and Mrs. Siddons, Northcote's Princes in the Tower, Fuzeli's Midsummer Night's Dream, West's La Hogue, Barry's Adelphi, Hilton's Christ Rejected, Gainsborough's Blue Boy, Wilson's Adrian's Villa, Flaxman's Homer, Bayley's Eve, Chantrey's Children at Lincoln, Campbell's Lord Grey, Hopner's Pitt, Collins's Scenery, Wilkie's Blind Fiddler, Etty's Judith, and though last not least in our dear love, Solomon, and Lazarus, deserve to be spoken of with compassionate forbearance; and if they were all collected in one grand National Gallery of native productions, so that foreigners might walk in and look, whether Van Raumer would not alter his tone? I tell him, with all the hideous faults of a British exhibition, there is more real genius in one of them, than in any two, on the continent, of the same number of works.

For thirty years I have urged the point of public encouragement, independent of academic influence, and all our greatest men seemed absolutely abroad on the subject. Even Canning was not at all aware of the connexion of art and manufacture, or the moral importance of High Art as a commemorative power. They shewed the best dispositions; they took it up always with enthusiasm, because their common sense was appealed to; they then proceeded to inquire of the official academician. He replied, the nation had no taste, the artists did not require it; and the minister, astonished at such remarks, received me the next time

like a distempered madman. Lord Brougham, Lord Durham, Lord Farnborough, Lord Colborne, all took up the cause and dropped it in a fright. Wonder no longer at the fate of history, at Hussey's persecution, Barry's struggles, or my prostration of fortune.

Would you believe that a noble Lord, known to you all, to whom we all owe obligations, actually said to me, when laying before him my plan to adorn the House of Lords, in 1823, "Do you think the people will ever have any taste?" Suppose I had said to him, when he was founding a university, Do you, my Lord, think the people will ever have any knowledge? No, he would have replied, unless you give them schools and books, and open their understandings; and so I say of art. How can they have taste if you found not schools of design, or shew them fine works? Of all the ministers with whom I have had the honour of communication, none paid so much attention as the Duke of Wellington; he replied at once, gave his opinion, and received mine with the frankness of his character; he entered into the question, allowed me to argue it, and to prove him wrong if I could. I got no cold official sophistry from him, his mind is a mind not to be talked over by an academician; he saw the value to the country of public support to art, he lamented its dreadful condition, and I believe in my conscience he would have remedied its defects. I know he has said so since, but not to me.

To conclude—remember the elements of perfection in painting are grouping without confusion, action without violence, decision without hardness, expression without distortion, grace without affectation, and beauty without insipidity.

In effect, reality without vulgarity, air without feebleness, tone without blackness, splendour without grandness, depth without dulness, and light and shadow without obscurity.

Through life, always do your best, till you cannot help it; there is nothing the world has such an instinct for as genius, and be quite sure when you find it trying hard to prove you are without it, that it is the first evidence you are blessed. Do not believe in the fallacy that genius can be acquired, it cannot; industry will improve it, but will never supply it; and after all, the evidence of genius is in its development. The greatest men have been the most remarkable for application; and whatever your genius may be, there is not, as Reynolds said, any easy way of becoming a great painter.

I have thus detailed to you, as far as my experience reaches, the principles of form (comprising the bones and muscles of man and brute), composition, colour, light and shadow, light and dark, impasta, and execution. I have endeavoured to shew you, that reality is an assistance and not a hinderance to thought; that colour, light and shadow, are as necessary to its expression almost as drawing; and that the grand style is Nature elevated, and not distorted; and no style, however poetical, can justify dislocation of joint, whether your figures are heroes, gods, or human beings.

THE END.

LONDON:
Printed by Manning and Mason, Ivy Lane, St. Paul's.